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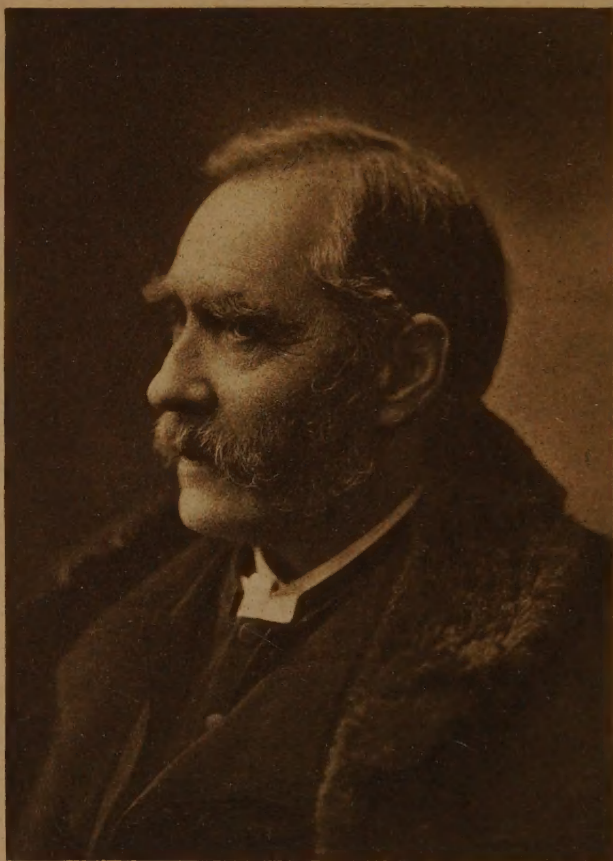
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**“FIGGIS
OF BRIGHTON”**



J. B. Figgins.

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"FIGGIS OF BRIGHTON"

A Memoir of a Modern Saint

By

J. WESTBURY-JONES, M.A.

Jesus College, Oxford

Minister of Lady Huntingdon's Church, London

With Appreciations from several Friends

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TO
MR. SAMUEL FIGGIS, J.P.,
FROGNAL, HAMPSTEAD,
THIS MEMOIR OF HIS BROTHER
IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

J. W. J.

P R E F A C E

FOR several months after the death of the Rev. J. B. Figgis a regret was generally expressed that no memoir was in course of preparation. As weeks passed, the call became more pressing, and I had the honour of being chosen to answer it by compiling this biography.

The work had to be done within a limited time, and that fact must account for omissions and imperfections which will be apparent to some readers.

I desire to express my unqualified thanks to the Rev. J. Neville Figgis, D.Litt. (Hon. Fellow of St. Catherine's. College, Cambridge), and Dr. Bradley Figgis, Preston Park, Brighton, for unreservedly placing at my disposal the memoranda left by their beloved father. My thanks are also due to many friends who so willingly rendered me assistance in the preparation of this memoir ; and especially to my Church Secretary, Mr. W. Williams, for his "labour of love" in reading and correcting the proofs.

J. W. J.

WEMBLEY PARK, N.W.
1917.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE	PAGE vi
CONTENTS	vii
IN MEMORIAM : SONNET. By the Rev. A. H. STORROW	viii
APPRECIATIONS	ix
The Right Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, D.D., Bishop of Durham.	
Rev. Prebendary WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A.	
Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, D.Litt.	
Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A., D.D.	
Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A, Birmingham Cathedral.	
Mr. DAVID WILLIAMSON, Wimbledon.	
CHAPTER I.—EARLY TRAINING.	I
(1) EARLY YEARS	
(2) TAUNTON AND TRINITY	
CHAPTER II.—PREPARATION FOR MINISTRY AND SETTLEMENT	20
(1) NEW COLLEGE	
(2) SETTLEMENT	
CHAPTER III.—BRIGHTON MINISTRY	63
(1) NORTH STREET	
(2) EMMANUEL	
(3) NATHANAEL	
(4) TOKENS OF A FRUITFUL MINISTRY	
CHAPTER IV.—THE WIDER MINISTRY	102
CHAPTER V.—CONNEXION, COLLEGE, CHURCH- MANSHIP	126
(1) COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON	
(2) CHESHUNT COLLEGE	
(3) HOME REUNION	
CHAPTER VI.—AUTHORSHIP	160
CHAPTER VII.—CONVENTIONS	194
KESWICK, &c.	
CHAPTER VIII.—TRAVELS	213
CHAPTER IX.—HOME LIFE AND FRIENDS	228
(1) PARSONAGE	
(2) LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF FRIENDSHIP	

PORTRAITS

In Memoriam.

J. B. F.

A man of God—he walked the saintly ways
Of one whose soul, from youth to age, had been
Obedient to the Heavenly Vision seen
Once by unclouded faith. And lest the praise
Or fame his gifts might win him, should upraise
Himself unduly and from others screen
His Master's glory, he accounted mean
And loss all save that with unrivalled gaze
Men should behold the Christ. Yet, verily,
Thus he, who was content to lose, did find
His life again; and in Love's hallowed shrine
Our hearts still hold him in blest memory,
With bonds nor Time nor Death may e'er unbind,
Until we, too, shall share his Joy Divine.

A. H. S.

Appreciation.

*From THE RIGHT REV. H. C. G. MOULE, D.D., Bishop
of Durham.*

It is a sincere regret to me, as I think of my revered friend in God, Mr. Figgis, that I am almost wholly unable to record details of recollection. For many years, certainly for nearly thirty, his name and person were familiar to me, through our common connection with the Keswick Convention, which I first attended in 1886, and at which, I think, Mr. Figgis had already then frequently spoken. But we met very rarely in private intercourse. Indeed, I am not sure that I ever had the privilege of anything like an intimate interview till I called at Mr. Figgis's house at Brighton, when he was already in seriously failing health, and was allowed to see him in his bed. For that one talk, face to face, I shall always be thankful, if only because it confirmed and deepened all the strong impressions which I had been receiving from time to time from his publicly spoken words and the manner of them.

In my long life I have known, to my exceeding gain, many men who were saints indeed. And among them, very high among them, I place Mr. Figgis, as eminently one of those Christian teachers who perfectly (in the human sense of perfection) harmonized in the characters as teachers the influences of divine truth in both its power and its beauty. Every utterance breathed mind as well as spiritual life. And in a noble measure, all the while, the mind evidently moved and worked in that atmosphere of humbleness and love, without which, in religion, keenest thought and perfect diction lose half their power at least.

H. DUNELM.

APPRECIATIONS

From PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A.

For many years past I have had the privilege and pleasure of counting the late Rev. J. B. Figgis of Brighton among my true and valued friends.

From the time of the great Brighton Convention in 1875 I have been, more or less, in communication with him, and especially at the Keswick Conventions, at which he was a frequent attendant. I am right sure that of all who have year by year been present at those gatherings to take part in its wonderful meetings few entered more truly into their spirit and purpose, and few, if any, sought more earnestly to carry out in their lives the true Gospel teaching there set forth in regard to "the obedience of faith" (Rom. i. 5 and xvi. 26) which is demanded of all Christians and the Divine promise for holiness, which God has so graciously exhibited and offered to all in and through the Lord Jesus Christ. Upon these and other kindred subjects Mr. Figgis was a faithful and helpful speaker, and though not often in touch with him in his private life, I believe we may faithfully say with regard to this that to him "to live was Christ and to die was gain."

Physically he never seemed to be very strong, but spiritually always seemed as if "Christ was all and in all" to him, and I have heard that his preaching was always "Christ."

For this, then, we humbly thank God on Mr. Figgis's behalf, and with affectionate remembrance of a life in which God was glorified indeed. We rejoice to think of our friend as now and "for ever with the Lord," and I earnestly hope that those who read his Biography may be led by the Holy Spirit and humbly follow in his steps, and glorify God as we believe that he did, in the body and the spirit, which are God's and His alone.

APPRECIATIONS

From SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

Mr. Figgis's ministry was notable and influential. He occupied the pulpit so brilliantly filled by Joseph Sortain, the preacher so much admired by Thackeray. Mr. Figgis drew an audience of his own. We remember attending an evening service in his church many years ago. He was very dark in complexion. His hair was at that time as black as the raven's wing, and he wore a black gown unrelieved. The church was full. When Mr. Figgis commenced to preach the lights were turned down and he was a strange figure in the pulpit. He had a high, shrill voice, reminding one of Paxton Hood. About his power as a preacher there could be no question. By the aid of vivid words, passionate appeals and abundant gestures he held the complete attention of his audience. His preaching was thoroughly and intensely evangelical, and the man himself, one could see, was of no common stamp. His affinities were with mysticism, and we believe that for years he was a great figure at the Keswick Conventions. His interests appeared wholly spiritual and religious. He published many books, mostly small books, and the titles show the bent of his mind. Perhaps the best known are "Christ and Full Salvation" and "Emmanuel." The latter in particular contains some fine things. Mr. Figgis resented the criticism that his preaching was not sufficiently practical, and published a very telling little book called "Homilies on Spending and Borrowing, etc.," full of good sense and right feeling. His long life was well and beautifully spent in the service which completely commanded him.

APPRECIATIONS

From REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A., D.D.

For many years I was on intimate terms of friendship with Mr. Figgis. There were long intermissions in our intercourse, arising from the demands of our respective activities ; but they made no difference in that mutual understanding, which never varied or needed reassurance.

It seemed as though his sources of comfort and courage lay in the lofty and solemn mountains of divine fellowship. He was ever looking to the hills from whence his help came.

As a little lad, in far-away days, I was permitted, for a great treat, to accompany my father to North Street Chapel. It was not the place of worship to which we were attached, but he had been greatly attracted by the preaching of Mr. Sortain, whom I faintly recall. After a gap, which my memory cannot fill, a new voice read the prayers and spoke ; and in after years it always recalled the scene in that crowded evening congregation. There was something in the intonations of Mr. Figgis's voice, both then and in subsequent years, which bore unfailing witness to the reverence, piety and earnestness of the speaker.

Always and everywhere he was the same, and constantly gave evidence of fine practical sagacity and statesmanlike handling of affairs. Not long before his decease I had tea with him, and we spoke much of the great movement for the quickening of the religious life, which had meant so much to us, and I was specially impressed by his wide acquaintance with its literature. His was a well-stored mind and a pure chastened soul ; and the trail of light which he has left will ever be an inspiration and guide to those who would learn how to emerge from the valley of shadow to the tablelands where God is Sun.

APPRECIATIONS

From REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A., *Birmingham Cathedral.*

It was my privilege to know the late Rev. J. B. Figgis fairly intimately during my ministry in Brighton from 1895 to 1903. Throughout this period he was regarded as the doyen of the Nonconformist clergy and held in reverent esteem by all of them. He did not mix much in municipal matters or public affairs in general. To the best of my recollection I never once saw him at a public function of any kind with the exception of visits of greeting and courtesy to members of other religious bodies. Thus he was present at my induction, and at the farewell gathering in Union Church before my departure for London he, as spokesman for the ministers of the neighbourhood, wished me God-speed in a speech of singular felicity and charm.

We knew him best as a great spiritual force, a man in the world but not of it, one set apart by his vocation for the service of high and holy things alone. Indeed, the note of holiness was very pronounced in him; he dwelt much alone with God, and the result was evident in all he said and did. I never saw him flurried or disturbed. He might easily have been so on occasion, for he had the Celtic temperament as well as the Celtic gift of imagination and eloquence, but to my knowledge he never was. His rare spirituality gave him perfect poise and detachment: he was one of the few latter-day saints in the best sense of the word. Ever kind, ever sympathetic, ever wise in counsel and ready to help a friend, he never gave his own soul into the keeping of any but his Maker.

His influence was very wide, not only in Brighton, but throughout the country, as everyone knows. His peculiar ecclesiastical position lifted him above ordinary controversies, even those relating to the Established

APPRECIATIONS

Church and Nonconformity, for in a sense he belonged to both and had as many friends and associates in the one as in the other. His personal weight was ever thrown on the side of moderation and mutual forbearance with regard to the burning questions of the hour.

No term could more truly describe Mr. Figgis than to say he was a man of God, a type all too rare in these strenuous days. His gifts of mind and heart, and they were many and rich, were all consecrated to this one end, that he might glorify God and do His will. Would that we could recover and spread throughout Christendom the noble and dignified piety of which he was so eminent an example for so many years.

APPRECIATIONS

From MR. DAVID WILLIAMSON, Wimbledon.

My recollections of Mr. Figgis are continuous from my boyhood when, on frequent visits to Brighton, I heard him preach at North Street Church and was always charmed by the illustrations from nature which illuminated his sermons. He was a personal friend of our family for over thirty years, and I cherish the happiest memories of his genial spirit. A child could not help watching with a certain awe Mr. Figgis's demeanour in church. Shall I ever forget that special pause in the service when Mr. Figgis descended the little staircase and entered the pulpit for the sermon? The organist interrupted the hymn for a few seconds, and then we saw that reverent figure ascend the pulpit and bow his head in prayer. His preaching always impressed me as being so thorough—the result of far deeper study and thought than go to the making of most sermons. And it was, in the best sense of the word, up to date. There would be some passing reference which arrested your attention and made you realize how well-informed Mr. Figgis was concerning all that passed in the world. At the evening service he was less restrained than in the morning, and the crowded church held a different congregation, though many of his hearers were, like Mr. Gladstone, "twicers." That reminds me of how enthusiastic an admirer Mr. Figgis was of Gladstone, Bright, Abraham Lincoln, Garibaldi, and other great leaders of the race. In the pulpit, of course, he knew no politics, and was scrupulous to avoid any allusions to party questions. His memory will be sweet in the hearts of all who knew him.

“Figgis of Brighton”: a Memoir of a Modern Saint

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS (1837-1849)

JOHN BENJAMIN FIGGIS was born in Camden Street, Dublin, on the 6th July, 1837.

His grandfather, Samuel Figgis, came to Ireland from Godmanchester, near Huntingdon, in the eighteenth century. Although he never knew his grandfather, the character of this good man and of the religious home he founded determined the social and religious atmosphere into which John Benjamin Figgis was born. Samuel Figgis was a lover of good men, and opened his hospitable doors to all earnest Christian ministers and workers visiting Dublin. His religious centre was the Congregational Church in York Street. This church was founded early in the nineteenth century as the result of a united religious movement, and, reminiscent of its origin, had for many years a liturgical service. In those days it drew its congregation from all sections of the Protestant community. Distinguished preachers, visiting York Street Church, found a generous welcome beneath the roof of Samuel Figgis.

John, the youngest son, in religious character and in the grace of hospitality, followed closely in the footsteps of his father. He was also closely attached to the York Street Church, as indeed were all the members

Figgis of Brighton

of the family. A sister had married one of its earlier ministers. He made his house the generous guest-house of all those who came to Dublin to preach at York Street Church, or on any mission or business connected with the evangelical churches. Long memories remained of the visit of Dr. Leifchild, of London, and of the great breakfast when the chief guest among a number of divines was Dr. Wardlaw.

Mr. John Figgis was happy in his marriage. His wife was a Miss Bradley; she had grown up under the ministry of John Angell James, at Carr's Lane, Birmingham. She was a remarkable woman, of forceful and vivid personality. Though she died when John Benjamin—familiarily known as John—was scarcely in his teens, yet she left upon his memory a most deeply-rooted impression of her saintly character, her practical goodness and her bright intelligence.

One of his early recollections connected with the home in Camden Street was the birth of a brother. This brother, now Mr. Samuel Figgis, J.P., of Hampstead—President of Taunton School, where he and his brother John were educated, and a Governor of Cheshunt College—will be known to many who read these pages as one after the family pattern, deeply and generously interested in all Gospel movements. Contemporaneous with this event, John could remember the special illuminations in Camden Street. The cause of this public rejoicing—as he rightly conjectured—was the birth of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII.

While he was still a child his parents moved to Leinster Square, in the district of Rathmines, still further away from the centre of the city. His memories become now clearer in outline. We get a more definite view of the happy life which the boy lived in this truly religious home, surrounded by an atmosphere of comfort and

Figgis of Brighton

refinement. Let us take the regular Sunday programme at this period. It was a strenuous day, and yet religion was so mingled with affection and was so real and vivid an interest that it must have been to the children a happy day. In the morning the mother gathered her little family in her own room and prayed with them and for them, as only a mother can. Then the parents, and those children who were old enough, had a two-mile journey to York Street—an expedition thoroughly enjoyed by the young folks. The journey, from Rathmines through the city, past Dublin Castle, and across the Liffey, was an event to be looked forward to. The two hours' service was followed by the Lord's Supper, a weekly observance, occupying half an hour, at which the children were allowed to stay as spectators. On Sunday afternoon the father heard the children repeat the hymns and Scripture which they had learnt with their mother during the week, then led, with his sweet voice, in singing hymn after hymn, till it was time to start for the evening service. It was a milestone in little John's life when he was considered old enough to accompany his parents to this service. "When I began to go," he says, "it was a great treat."

York Street Church had at this time a famous minister in Dr. Urwick, known far beyond the confines of the Irish metropolis and the circles of Congregationalism. Under his ministry the church became very prosperous. Mr. Figgis attributed to Dr. Urwick's influence his own reverence for the Holy Scriptures and the conviction that "the powers of the intellect should be employed to the fullest in the service of God and religion."

The daily family-worship was conducted generally by the father, and it is interesting to note that he used William Jay's Family Prayers, with occasional brief selections from his "Morning and Evening Exercises."

Figgis of Brighton

The sermons and prayers of this eminent divine, full of pith and savour as they are, had an immense vogue, not only in Congregational households, but among all the adherents of the evangelical community.

The devoted mother who, before her marriage, had some small experience in teaching and in writing, undertook the daily instruction of her young family. Before the close of this period there were four children, who were joined at their lessons by a little cousin, the daughter of a Dublin solicitor. Until he was ten years old, John had no other teacher. This exacting daily task did not mean that the mother neglected her other duties, private or social, all of which were most faithfully performed. She visited weekly a poor district of the city, distributing tracts from door to door. Although the majority of her poor friends were Catholics, yet, with Irish good nature, they accepted the little leaflet, which was distinctly evangelical and not at all controversial. They loved to hear her comforting religious talk, and valued her true sympathy and often her help in their many sorrows and difficulties.

The religious difficulty sometimes cropped up in the domestic arrangements. The servants were generally members of the Roman Church, though an endeavour was always made to get Protestant nurses. Usually the servants liked to attend the family-worship, no doubt finding it a comfort and help to them. John says that his "foster-mother," a Catholic, delighted in "The Peep of Day." A case is mentioned, however, of a servant returning one morning from a visit to her confessor, and declaring, with weeping eyes, that he had forbidden her to come to prayers any more.

The household included a cousin of the children, adopted by the family before their birth. Treated as a daughter by the father and mother, she was

Figgis of Brighton

regarded with great affection by the young folk. They had never known their grandfather, Samuel Figgis, but his brother, Thomas, was of the intimates of the domestic circle. He is remembered as a white-haired veteran, whose old-fashioned courtesy deeply impressed the young people, as also did his plaintive voice when he led the singing at the prayer-meeting. All the Figgises appear to have been endowed with the gift of song.

A journey to England when John was six years old enabled him to make the acquaintance of his maternal relatives, the Bradleys. They took steamer to Liverpool, the voyage occupying the whole of the night. First, there was the grandfather, Benjamin Bradley, to be visited. His home was at Bootle, now incorporated in the municipal area of Liverpool. Then the party, which consisted of the parents and John and his sister, journeyed to Worcester, where Mrs. Figgis's brother, John Bradley, lived, a friend of Canon Havergal's. Here, while their parents travelled on to London, the children were left for a few days, with their cousin, a playmate of Frances Ridley Havergal's, to help them to spend their time pleasantly. The next stage in their journey was to Manchester, to the house of another of John's uncles—Samuel Bradley. He gave the little boy a morocco-bound copy of Watts's Hymns. He was, we are told, of the somewhat straiter sect of Congregationalists, though his son became Canon Bradley, of Limerick. He was the superintendent of a Sunday School for thirty years. The family were interested in that branch of Christian work in connection with Moseley Street Church, of which Mrs. Figgis's uncle had been minister. John was taken to see their great Sunday Schools, where several of his mother's cousins were actively engaged. One of the Bradleys married a Milne, and belonged to the family

Figgis of Brighton

of Dr. Milne, the well-known colleague of Dr. Robert Morrison, the pioneer missionary to China.

At Leinster Square a pleasant feature was the evenings at home, which the whole family spent together. The inspiring and directing spirit was the mother, whose broad and cultivated mind saved the family from the narrowness which sometimes marks the distinctly evangelical outlook, and which characterized them in the days we are now describing, far more than at the present time. Mrs. Figgis created a red-letter day in the story of her little scholars by bringing home a volume of the best plays of Shakespeare. From this volume she read to them the tragedy of "Macbeth." On another occasion her treasure was Milton, selections from whose poetry she also read aloud. Even Paley's "Evidences" found a place in these evenings at home. The children seemed to enjoy this intellectual and literary fare. The secret lay, no doubt, in the good reading and the striking comments of the mother. Her eldest son, at any rate, testified at the latter end of his life that the celebrated "watch found upon a heath has remained with me as the surest, clearest illustration that God made the world which I have met in all books and evidences perused since." In the long evenings, the office of reader was shared between his mother, his sister Jeanie, and his cousin. The others "worked," John occupying himself in drawing. It was then he first made the acquaintance of Scott as an author, for the cousin's *fiancé* gave her a copy of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which charmed them greatly, and made them long for the evening to come that they might have the next instalment.

Among John's companions were the children of their neighbours in Leinster Square—the Terrace as they then termed it. There were the Grubb family, famous for making telescopes. Young Howard, who later in life

Figgis of Brighton

received a knighthood, was a playmate. There were also the Brennan boys, sons of Captain Brennan, R.N., all three of whom became clergymen. The youngest, Robert, was young Figgis's special chum ; he renewed the friendship when they met at Trinity College, Dublin, and yet later at Brighton, where his old chum appeared as a curate ; and later still, after a lapse of twenty years, at St. Leonards, where he became Vicar of St. Matthew's. When John Figgis went to a prayer-meeting at St. Matthew's, his old friend joyfully recognized him and persuaded him to take part in it. Further proposed forgatherings never came to pass, for Robert Brennan died suddenly.

The chum, however, who most influenced his early years was his cousin, Stanley Oldham. The Oldhams lived at Kingstown, and it was a great family event for the Leinster Square folk to be invited to spend Easter with them. There was an elder brother, William, who in later life received the high distinction of C.I.E. ; there were also several girl cousins, but Stanley, being nearer his own age, was John's special friend. John describes him as possessing an alert mind, inheriting from his mother a quite exceptional memory, and having a knowledge of books beyond that of any other boy he knew. If we add that Stanley had the characteristic Irish gifts of " a ready tongue and a quiet wit," we shall understand the influence which he exercised over his cousin.

John's early schools, of which we know but little, supplied him with other boy friends. He remarks, at the age of ten, of his first school, that he was troubled because its " atmosphere was unholy." It would be a mistake to conclude that this school, under the mastership of a clergyman named Jones, was in this respect different from the average school of the time. It was the boy who was different. He had been brought up in a home

Figgis of Brighton

where Christianity was not at all a matter of outward observances or periodical church attendances, but the very substance of its daily life. All Rathmines sent its boys to this school. It included the sons of the best families in the neighbourhood, as well as boys representing other social grades in the community. In this school he met the son of Lady Grace; a son of Lord Farquharson; and young Garnet Wolseley, destined to great fame, was one of the senior boys of the school when John Figgis entered. It is interesting to note that the natural science master was a brother of the Irish novelist, Samuel Lover.

The next school was at Kingstown and smaller than the first. He thought it a "nicer" school. A consideration with the family in choosing this establishment may have been that Mr. Eade, the head master, "read prayers" at Dr. Brooke's popular church The Mariners. Here John won the prize for Scripture given by Dean Moran, as afterwards he came to be; and here he noted among his schoolfellows William Napier, whose father rose to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

THE FAMINE AND THE REBELLION

The Irish Famine of 1847, which occurred just as John Figgis entered his first school, brought trouble and suffering upon all classes in the country, and left its indelible mark upon the Figgis family. Amidst the widespread ruin it brought about, Mr. John Figgis, senr., sustained losses from which he never fully recovered. The position of the family was permanently affected. They faced the situation bravely and in a Christian spirit. Little John was deeply impressed by the scores of beggars who waylaid his father in the morning, appealing to his generous heart with the tale of their want

Figgis of Brighton

and misery. The mother, too, forgetting her own anxieties, kept up her district visitation, though the tracts now became of secondary importance. The help she strove to give the poor folk conveyed to them her Christian message. In all the better-to-do families a self-denying ordinance was passed. In this period, when John was taken to their friends the Leachmans to dinner—one of the greatest of his delights—he remembers they had the plainest and poorest fare. The only person allowed butter with her bread at tea was the invalid daughter of the house. The fare probably did not much interfere with the boy's enjoyment. He was not brought up that way. "It was a Fast Day," he records, "on which we were not merely expected to 'afflict our soul,' but to deal our bread to the hungry."

Troubles seemed never to come singly to Ireland. The year following the famine, the rebellion broke out. The people were always living in a state of apprehension, for the Act of Union was never accepted as a final political fact. We see our small boy with his playfellow, Robert Brennan, gazing, with mystified wonder, at Charles Gavan Duffy, not then knighted by "the perfidious Saxon," who was next-door neighbour to the Brennans, leaving his house clad from head to foot in green, hastening to a Repealers' dinner. In 1848 things took a darker colour. The children knew little of the facts, but they were affected by the rumours, generally wild and extravagant, which filled the air. They were impressed by some terrible, though not very clearly defined, danger. The talk was of midnight drilling and the need there might be for the Government to sweep the streets with cannon. The children shuddered as they passed the house where John Mitchell lived; they even engaged in some juvenile faction-fights over him. But the climax was reached when his cousin's *fiancé*, Mr. Matheson,

Figgis of Brighton

who was in the Civil Service, brought from the Castle an actual pikehead to be used by the rebels—a murderous-looking construction of iron “with lance and hatchet and crook.” These, they were told, were being constructed in thousands; hundreds had already been seized. The young people were surprised, after such dark and fearful threatenings and having seen the actual pikehead, that the rebellion was so abortive and that Smith O’Brien made so indifferent a stand.

KINGSTOWN

Kingstown represented to the young folk of Dublin what Brighton at the same period was to young Londoners, with the advantage that it was much closer at hand. The Figgises as a family for several years spent some weeks at the fashionable watering-place, to the immense delight of the children. Stanley Oldham’s father and mother lived there, in Vesce Terrace, and sometimes induced their relatives to leave Dublin and spend an early brief holiday at Easter with them by the sea. In his pleasant memories of Kingstown it is significant that little John Figgis should turn so naturally to the religious life of the place. The family alternated in their Sunday attendance between the Presbyterian Church and one of the Episcopal Churches. Of the latter the favourite was the Mariners’ Church, the minister of which was Dr. Brooke, the father of Dr. Stopford A. Brooke, a man of strong personality. The evening service was a great joy to the young boy, especially when the herring-fishery brought the Cornishmen to Dublin Bay. They attended the Mariners’ Church in great numbers, and brought with them their sackbuts and their shawms to assist in the service of praise. Dr. Brooke had great success in

Figgis of Brighton

conducting Bible Classes, to which children and their mothers came in great numbers. The good Doctor had a word for them all. They were gathered in the long vestibule of the church, up and down which he would walk, his little Bible in hand, expounding his subject with the quaintest of illustrations, and asking the most unexpected questions. Pausing before Mrs. Figgis and her little company, and knowing very well that she was a Congregationalist, he asked her, "Do you teach your children the Church Catechism?" John remembered how his mother, with slightly flushed face, answered distinctly, "No!" But it was equally characteristic of Dr. Brooke that when a Dublin lady, a connection of the Figgis family and a member of the Church of Ireland, married Mrs. Figgis's brother, Mr. Samuel Bradley, and asked him what she should do in regard to Sunday worship, he answered her, with blunt promptitude, "Go with your husband."

There was yet another great attraction at Kingstown. The widow of the Rev. Thomas Gilbert, a former minister of York Street Church, had married again, and was now the wife of Mr. Parker. They lived at Kingstown, and their home was often a delightful refuge for her young nephew. Their daughter married Mr. Denham Smith, who at this time was the minister of a Congregational Church in Kingstown.

Mr. Denham Smith, a native of Romsey, and associated with the Congregational Church of which the Rev. John Reynolds—father of the Rev. Dr. H. R. Reynolds, best known as President of Cheshunt College—was for some years the minister, after receiving his education at New College, London, became pastor of the Congregational Church at Newry. From Newry he was drawn to visit the home of Mr. and Mrs. Figgis, where ministers of the Gospel were always made so welcome; and there he

Figgis of Brighton

made the acquaintance of their niece Miss Gilbert whom he later married. He was naturally a high favourite with the children of the house, and he entered into their games with great glee. He gave young John a ride on his rocking-horse "such as no one else ever gave." Later he became the Secretary of the Irish Evangelical Society, and took charge of a forlorn hope—a decayed cause at King's Inn Street Chapel in Dublin. Then he removed to Kingstown, where he erected the beautiful little Congregational Church in Northumberland Avenue. He was greatly assisted by his wife's friends and connections, especially by Mr. Leachman, who was a partner in business with one of the brothers Pollock—Scotsmen—who came to Dublin, and attached themselves to York Street Church. Another of the Pollock brothers became a partner with Mr. Figgis.

Among John Figgis's boyish remembrances was the opening of Mr. Denham Smith's new church. Dr. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, who it is said officiated at more church openings than any minister of his generation, was the preacher on this occasion. John was sent from the Manse, where the great preacher was staying, to carry the hymns to "Aunt Parker," who presided at the organ. At Northumberland Avenue, he heard Dr. Raffles also on many subsequent anniversaries, as well as other foremost preachers of the time, men whose names have not wholly died out from Congregational circles—James Parsons of York, James Sherman of Surrey Chapel, and others. With his strong religious interests, the attraction which the ministers had for him, even as a boy, together with the fact that the fashionable watering-place was the residence of some of his dearly-loved relatives, it is not to be wondered that a few years later he stated that all the poetry of his life hung about Kingstown, while Dublin supplied the prose.

Figgis of Brighton

BEREAVEMENT

Thus his early years were passed. Occasionally an event occurred which stood out of the throng of the commonplace circumstances. Twice a fire broke out in his father's business premises. On one of these occasions the family were spending the evening at the Rotunda, enjoying the dissolving views, when a voice startled them with, "Mr. Figgis, your house is on fire!" The little boy hastened along the street to the scene of the calamity, praying that God might stay the fire. "Perhaps," he says, recalling the event, "it was my first real prayer."

A children's ailment, which attacked him about this time, helps us to discern the kind of boy he was. His memory of it was associated with the discussions which his mother, when nursing him, had with his uncle Parker. Plymouthism had broken out very strongly in Dublin, where the situation was most favourable to its spread. The evangelical interest in the city was deeply in earnest, and without any very strong denominational ties or preferences. The new movement began to draw away members from the various churches, Mr. Parker among others; many left York Street. The little patient listened with close attention to the warm discussions on the Second Advent, the Reign of Antichrist, and the range of subjects which are classed as "prophetical."

All incidents, however, led up to the one great event which cut a furrow across the path of his life as nothing else could have done. When he was twelve years old, in 1849, his mother fell ill. The seriousness of the malady was largely hidden from the children. One morning, however, even they realized the gravity of the trouble, for the father, in the midst of family-worship, utterly broke down in tears, and pushed the Bible aside, unable to lead them in prayer. That same day the

Figgis of Brighton

four children were taken singly into the sick room to receive the mother's parting counsel and blessing. The beloved patient rallied a little, and the children thought she would recover. In the midst of it all, fever attacked one of the little daughters, who succumbed to the disease. John was sent to stay at the business house, and there, in his bedroom, with the Bible open which a fortnight earlier, on his birthday, his mother had given him, his father came to him with the news that the mother was gone, "gone for ever from their earthly gaze." There is the vivid memory of "going out as far as Ball's Bridge" to meet the funeral, and accompanying the throng to Mount Jerome Cemetery, where the devoted and saintly woman was laid to rest. It was the great sorrow of his life. We are probably not wrong in gathering from the brief but significant biographical details which have come down to us that, though her children were bereft of her care when the eldest of them was but twelve years old, her godly and assiduous training was the chief influence in permanently forming their religious character.

By this irreparable loss the outlook upon life was entirely changed. We observe for many years the absence of the decisive influence. The house could by no care on the part of the widowed father be what it was.

BOARDING-SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

TAUNTON SCHOOL

Had Mrs. Figgis been permitted to live, her strong feeling on the subject of children being kept under the parental roof-tree during the latter part of their school years and not sent to a boarding-school,

Figgis of Brighton

would no doubt have prevailed. But the loss of the mother is catastrophic. Arrangements had to be made under circumstances which allowed little option. The house in Leinster Square was let, and Mr. Figgis removed to his business-house, with a widowed sister, Mrs. Goodshaw, for housekeeper. The sisters were at once sent to school at Southport. The two boys, John and Samuel, went temporarily to the house of an uncle and aunt, with a maiden aunt specially to care for them. As soon as vacancies occurred they were both sent to the Independent College, now Taunton School, on the outskirts of that old Somerset town.

The principal, Dr. Bewglass, of Belfast and Halle, was not unknown in Dublin. Dr. Urwick started an institution in the city for the education of ministerial students, with Dr. Bewglass as his assistant. The venture had not a very extended existence, and when Dr. Bewglass went to the Grammar School at Taunton, he took with him John's great friends and playmates, Henry and Edward Leachman. All these circumstances, as well as the general character of the foundation, determined the selection of this school for the Figgis boys. Leaving home, the day and night sail to Bristol, the ramble on Clifton Downs, the train journey to Taunton, and the entry into a school of one hundred and twenty boarders, formed an event of first-rate importance in John's life. This admirable institution was to be his home for three years, with the usual intervals of midsummer and Christmas holidays.

It is difficult, in the light of what we have narrated, to realize that we are still dealing with a schoolboy entering on his thirteenth year, for he has so many of the tastes and predilections of an adult. The perfectly intimate life of parents and children in the home in Dublin and the early inculcation of religious doctrines and high moral

Figgis of Brighton

duties were no doubt chiefly responsible for this precocity. The long walk, the long service at York Street—two hours and a half at least, including the weekly communion service—never seem to have palled upon the little devotee. He was thoroughly interested in it all. This is also the final impression left upon our minds by Taunton. He met there many interesting personalities. One of the masters, then at the opening of his career, was Dr. Robert Harley, F.R.S., for many years a Congregational minister at Oxford, and distinguished as a mathematician and astronomer. Another master, a member of an old Irish family and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was Dr. Edward M. Dillon. Our school-boy found the conversation, after school hours, of these notable masters, “most stimulating.” When he reached the sixth form, which he did very soon, he profited by Dr. Bewglass’s teaching. The principal inspired his scholars with some real enthusiasm for Homer and Horace, and with a more than ordinary interest in general literature. For games John had little taste—a turn at fives being about his limit. Cricket he never understood. But he joined the Reading Society, also the Debating Society, in connection with which he delivered his first speech—an attack on Oliver Cromwell. The reading of Carlyle’s great book, introduced to him by Mr. Denham Smith, failed to alter his opinion entirely. To the end of his life he thought that the hero of Boyne Water was the greater benefactor of England. Besides these social institutions, and clearly of stronger attraction for him, there was a prayer-meeting, of which he was, inevitably, a member. Among the boys supporting this gathering were Edwards, afterwards the Congregational minister at Harlow; Henry Gervis, the distinguished lecturer at St. Thomas’s; and a youth to whom young Figgis was peculiarly drawn, William Chaffey, the boy

Figgis of Brighton

with "dark shining hair and eyes," whose premature death, when minister of the Congregational Church at Huddersfield, was widely deplored.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

At the age of fifteen, John Figgis was removed from Taunton and was at once involved in what he afterwards regarded as the greatest conflict of his life. The question was the choice of a calling for him; the time had come to determine that grave issue. It is perhaps more the custom in Ireland than in England to call in the advice of relatives. We find that the family council was convened to determine to what profession Oliver Goldsmith should devote himself. The family circle in the present case offered their wisdom and, unfortunately, were very strongly and very unitedly of opinion that John should go into business and help his father. There was no doubt much to be said for their view. The business had never recovered the prosperity it enjoyed in the pre-famine days; his father's means had been permanently curtailed, and the introduction of the young man's vigour and intelligence into the business might have been of the utmost value. There was, however, one dissentient voice in the family council, and that was his father's. The means at his disposal were restricted, and not without difficulty could he further his son's entering upon a professional career. But he had noticed his son's tastes, his love of books, his strong desire to enter college and to qualify himself for one of the learned professions. The father courageously sided with his son, and heartily encouraged him.

He, therefore, was installed with the celebrated "coach" W. G. B. Wheeler, to prepare for T.C.D. Later, Wheeler having little time for junior pupils, he was sent

Figgis of Brighton

to a Mr. Dunbar, with whom he spent an hour and a half daily. He had to appear at 6.30 a.m. in summer and 7.30 in winter, after half an hour's walk from home. Five minutes' unpunctuality was regarded so seriously by Dunbar that he would threaten to forgo the lesson, while a false quantity might lead him to abruptly close the book and dismiss his pupil for the day.

John applied himself very closely to his studies, getting through a good number of classical works, reading on his walks abroad as well as in his own room, and putting in about eight hours a day, in addition to one hour and a half spent each morning with his tutor. We have seen that he had little taste for games. When he had an hour or two to spare, and could so arrange it, his recreation was to go for a country ramble with a favourite companion, and, by choice, with his cousin, Stanley Oldham, whose store of knowledge about poets and authors generally, conveyed fluently and eloquently, was a source of great delight. Another favourite companion for an afternoon's ramble was James Anderson Carr, who afterwards was known by his "Life of Archbishop Ussher" and as the editor of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*—the *Church of Ireland Gazette* of a later day.

In conjunction with his two friends, Oldham and Carr, he assisted in founding a Debating Society, which met first of all at Oldham's house and subsequently in the Whitefriars Street Schools. A barrister, named Foley, often presided at their ordinary debates, and on one or two public occasions Dr. Urwick was induced to take the chair. The Society provided our young student with a very valuable experience, and to these efforts in public speaking and to his training in viva voce translation and in the classics he considered he owed any fluency of speech he possessed.

Figgis of Brighton

He did well at matriculation, being third in a list of the eighty students who sat at the July examinations at T.C.D. in the year 1853. The next on the list was his friend and neighbour at Brighton in later years, J. J. Browne, who gained a scholarship, which Figgis modestly acknowledges he failed to achieve. On a second attempt, however, he succeeded in gaining a Sizarship of the value of £20 (Irish) per annum. Among the men of his year were Sir Philip Smyly, Dr. Mahaffy, later the Provost of the University, and Edward O'Brien, "brilliant and indolent," son of the agitator. Lillington, the well-known vicar of St. James's, Clapham, was a contemporary. Of Sir Philip Smyly, as illustrating the character of the distinguished surgeon, Mr. Figgis recounted that it was his fellow student's generous rule to bestow all fees he obtained for performing operations on Sundays to some charity. On one occasion, however, when he left home on Saturday and returned on Monday—thus occupying two of his working-days, besides the Sunday on which the operation was performed—it involved a little casuistry to determine into which of the two receptacles the fee was to go. He was led to a decision by his wife, who quickly decided, as became the daughter of Archbishop Plunket, that, of course, it must go into the charity-bag. Figgis, at this time, had some thoughts of the bar as a career, and haunted the law courts, especially when he discovered that any brilliant advocate was taking part in the proceedings. He often had Smyly for his companion. The celebrated Mount Garret Peerage case gave them a valuable opportunity of hearing some of the distinguished lawyers of the day—Napier, Whiteside, Butt and other able men.

Preparation for the Christian Ministry

CHAPTER II

PERSONAL RELIGION

IT would be difficult for any one, unfamiliar with the interior life of an evangelical home and of a social environment deeply and determinedly evangelical—an evangelicalism in Ireland, we must always remember, is daily confronted with its credal antithesis, Roman Catholicism—to understand the nature of the religious change which Figgis underwent at this time. The brief account of his life up to this point which we have been able to give, shows that from his earliest childhood his mind had a positive religious bias. His spiritual nature had been most lovingly and assiduously nurtured. As a schoolboy, religion was to him the principal thing. He loved the services of his church. As a boy he found delight in the Children's Missionary Meetings at York Street. In holiday-time at Kingstown, the churches and their ministers and services were the chief features of the place. At Taunton he joined the voluntary association for prayer. We cannot speak of the "conversion" of this godly youth. He had consciously from his earliest intelligence lived in the fear of God, and loved and venerated the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. But we know from his own recollection of the period that there was a definite settlement of the spiritual edifice of his life upon the Foundation which had been

Figgis of Brighton

so well and truly laid. Doubts about God floated into his mind, transient and sceptical misgivings about things fundamental, which really serve to show that our convictions are not inevitable, not matters of course, apart from the choice and determination of the soul. He became conscious that his doubts about God and the great things were vanishing, and every fear in regard to his relation to God had ceased to trouble him. Any doubt whether he had "given his heart to God" was laid finally to rest. It was no incident of a day or an hour. He himself could not explain the result except by falling back upon the prayers and teaching and consistent example of his father and of his saintly mother, the consistency and manifold ability of his pastor, and the religious influences by which he had always been surrounded. No other explanation is needed. Under God's Spirit his spiritual life had attained its stage of conscious maturity, not the end, but the beginning, of his conscious manhood in Christ Jesus.

ECCLESIASTICAL ORIENTATION

Having arrived at that stage, he, to use his own words, "saw his vocation." We therefore find him announcing to his father that he would like to enter the ministry. The father manifested no surprise, but he asked "What ministry?" He was, however, possibly surprised by the reply, "That of the Church of Ireland." It may also surprise, perhaps, some who read these memoirs; but only by their failing to realize how feeble were the denominational distinctions among the sections of the evangelical community in Dublin. They differed materially from those in Ulster, where Presbyterianism was strong, and the difference between Episcopacy and

Figgis of Brighton

Presbyterianism was a substantial issue, by no means overshadowed by the yet greater difference between the various Protestant Churches and Roman Catholicism. Mr. Figgis, senior, placed no ban on his son's preference.

What influence his mother would have had upon his convictions we cannot say ; but she came of a strongly Congregational stock, and grew under the influence of the great ministry of John Angell James. John's companions at this time, he tells us, were "churchmen." The Irish Church, moreover, numbered in its ministry many notable and thoroughly evangelical preachers, whose spiritual gifts were of a type that appealed strongly to him then, as they did throughout his life. He himself lays stress upon his decided preference for a liturgical form of worship, a preference which he traced back to his early attendance at Dr. Brooke's Church The Mariners', at Kingstown, and which the experience of a lifetime only tended to confirm. We must recognize, however, that to those who had real convictions upon the question of Episcopacy and Congregationalism, and of churches legally established and churches that are free, the use of a prescribed and written form of worship is scarcely a sufficient reason for leaving one's ancestral ecclesiastical home even for what Figgis describes as "the leading Protestant Church of my country." The truth is that these distinctions never had any serious significance for him, and he could, therefore, without compunction, leave the very small and uninfluential body of Irish Congregationalism for the leading Church, because it had a liturgy which he admired and felt to be exceedingly helpful. So we find him going much to Episcopal churches, especially on Sunday evenings. With perfect candour he admits that, for a little moment, he looked towards High Churchism, and thought there might be great comfort in priestly confession, and in the word of

Figgis of Brighton

absolution spoken with authority. This merely passing phase of thought occupied his mind when at Fermoy, where he was acting as a teacher. A fellow-master was urging upon him belief in "the Power of the Keys."

This contact with the claims of the High Church served a useful purpose. It set him thinking more closely on the issues before him. He had to discover that more was involved than the question of worshipping God through the medium of a prescribed liturgy or of a minister moving freely under the impulse of the Spirit of God. More was involved than the question of Episcopacy, considered merely as an expedient method of church order and administration. The problems presented to him as an Evangelical Protestant were those which presented themselves to the religious convictions of a section of the people when Elizabeth re-established the Protestant order in her realm in 1558—an order made rigorous under the various Acts of Uniformity, culminating in that of 1662. They were the same to the letter. What determined the Nonconformity of Elizabethan Protestants, and of many of those in later reigns, determined his. The elements of sacerdotalism remained in the Prayer Book, and still remain untouched. He therefore could not accept its baptismal teaching, because he found it not in agreement with Biblical teaching upon that point.

He found insuperable difficulties in the Ordinal, as, for example, where the ordaining bishop gives the Holy Ghost to the ordinee. He was unable to approve of the opening sentences of the Catechism and the absolution in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. "These," he says, "and the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed became, and have been ever since, stumbling-blocks which I could not get over." He quotes words said to have been used by Archbishop

Figgis of Brighton

Sumner : " Give me leave to alter twenty lines in the Prayer Book, and I will bring in twenty thousand people." Nor was he hopeful, in the days when he penned the words, of any prospect of such alterations ever being effected : " If it were impossible when you had Sumner occupying Canterbury and Chester, and Evangelicals occupying Ripon, Carlisle and other sees, what prospect was there of such changes being made," he asks, " when Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury vied with each other in filling the episcopate with High Churchmen." He lived to see the prospect become even more hopeless.

His definite conclusion we can give in his own words : " These being my convictions, I returned to the Church of my fathers, and sought membership amongst the flock of the revered pastor of my earliest days, Dr. Urwick ; and, save John Gregg (later Protestant Bishop of Cork), there was hardly a more honoured name in Dublin. He had baptized me in infancy, and now, before I was out of my teens, he gave me the right hand of fellowship, and received me formally into York Street Congregational Church under his care."

As an appendix to this record he adds that the " Life of Dr. Urwick," written by his son, sometime Professor of Hebrew at New College, London, a Congregational institution of which we shall hear more in our next chapter, was " a cherished volume."

NEW COLLEGE, LONDON

Having made the great decision as to his vocation in life, he began tentative essays in the ministry. Absence from home, fulfilling tutorial engagements, delayed the final arrangements as to a ministerial training ; but

Figgis of Brighton

he was not unmindful of his new calling. At Wakefield, with his old schoolmaster, Dr. Bewglass, he preached to the boys on the text "These things write I unto you that ye sin not." At Cork, where he spent a year with Mr. Otway Herbert, during that gentleman's illness he timidly ventured to pray aloud by his bedside. He was probably more at home with the poor folk in the cottage-meeting at Dublin, where with youthful ardour, and no doubt with a rhetoric rightly becoming his flowering age, he discoursed on the words "Enoch walked with God."

But the time had come when he must enter a theological college. Dr. Urwick's son, after graduating as M.A. at T.C.D., had gone to the Lancashire Independent College, and his good pastor suggested to Figgis that he should follow that example. His relative, Mr. Denham Smith, asked, "Why not New College?" "A residence in London," he added, "was an education in itself." Eventually it was decided that application should be made to enter that institution. In the autumn of 1857 he found himself for the first time in the metropolis, with his name duly inscribed on the roll of the College. It was only after reaching London that he discovered that there was a strong link between the Lady Huntingdon Connexion and Cheshunt College, and that in the Cheshunt College Chapel, as in all the foundations of Lady Huntingdon, a liturgical service was employed in public worship. If he had known of this fact earlier, no doubt Cheshunt would have been the College of his choice. Later, and for the rest of his life, though always loyal to his Alma Mater, he was closely associated with the Connexion and Cheshunt; so closely, indeed, that many of his friends jumped to the conclusion that he received his ministerial training at the Hertfordshire institution. "Think of it," said Paxton Hood at a College anniversary,

Figgis of Brighton

“in the name of all that is fitting, John Figgis not a Cheshunt man ! ” Notwithstanding the new claim upon his sympathies, he thoroughly appreciated the advantages he derived from the choice he had already made of New College, which led him by a way he knew not to the pastorate of the church of Lady Huntingdon's Connexion at Brighton, with which his name will always be identified.

Standing in the angle formed by the junction of Finchley Road and College Crescent, and lying well back from the great main road—an admirable site—are the buildings of New College, chapel, library, lecture rooms and principal's house. The late Cardinal Manning is credited with the saying that New College was the only building in London belonging to the Congregationalists of which he envied them the possession. It forms a collegiate group that might well have strayed from Oxford to Swiss Cottage. The College, formed by the union of Homerton, Coward and Highbury Colleges in 1850, was a new building when John Figgis became a member of its community. The faculty at the time consisted of an unusually interesting group of men. At its head was the Rev. Robert Halley, D.D., a theologian of repute, the historian of Lancashire Puritanism, and a man of considerable culture. He was a preacher of distinction in Manchester before coming to New College. In a period of prevalent theological restlessness he was generally regarded as a “ safe ” man, travelling along the tried paths of a moderate Calvinism.

His colleague, Professor Godwin, greatly impressed a whole generation of divinity students by his lectures on New Testament exegesis. He also taught philosophy ; but the impression left on his students, of whom only a small number are now left, was usually that the philosophy lectures were somewhat dull and forced. He treated the Greek Testament, however, as a living

Figgis of Brighton

document, and by his method, as well as by his doctrine, he succeeded in making the Scriptures, on which the work of their ministry was to be based, an effective instrument in their sacred calling. His lectures Figgis found to be "full of life, of stimulus, and even of inspiration."

Dr. Alfred Newth, erudite and competent, later to become principal of the College, and one of the company of Revisers of the English New Testament, at this time lectured on Mathematics and Church History. Mr. Nenner taught Hebrew and German, and few of the earlier students ever indulged in reminiscences of their college days without referring, half humorously, half affectionately, to "Old Nenner." Natural Science was part of the curriculum, and was taught, at least interestingly, by Dr. Lankester, who was a champion of the old pre-Darwinian school of biology. It was inevitable that his distinguished son, Sir Edwin Ray Lankester, should be an evolutionist—who of the new age is not? But Lankester, senior, would have none of the monkey-origin of men. One professor still remains to be mentioned—Dr. William Smith, the knight of later years, who achieved fame as a writer of school-books, grammars and dictionaries, chiefly of the Greek and Latin languages, and of antiquities. In those days he was, by the common judgment of his students, a most competent classical tutor.

We have at hand little or no details as to the curriculum of study at New, but it is clear that with such a teaching and lecturing staff, a young student, already an M.A. of T.C.D., had every facility and inducement to pursue his professional studies. The student, in whom we are here so deeply interested, did no doubt profit greatly by his work in college, as well as by those extra-mural experiences which were foretold by his relative,

Figgis of Brighton

Mr. Denham Smith, when he said that residence in London was an education in itself.

The influences, during his college career in London—beyond the tuition and personal friendship and counsel of his professors—which tended to mould his character and prepare him for the varied duties of a Christian minister, were many. Young men in close comradeship, forming a *collegium*, all devoted to a great and sacred calling, do much to educate each other. They form for themselves a standard of conduct, and determine the amenities of mutual intercourse. Their good-humoured banter and criticism of each other is a valuable discipline for one who has to live in close and intimate relationship with the members of a Christian community. Entering the College the same year with himself were men whose friendship it was a privilege to possess: Edward Hassan, whose long ministry was divided between Wavertree and Salisbury, and who so worthily sustained the dignity and urbanity of the Congregational ministry; William Darton, who impressed his classmates by his cleverness; the minister of Matthew Henry's Church at Chester and afterwards of the Church at Clifton; William Hewgill, whose name is still, by reason of his long and admirable work at Farnworth, inseparably associated with the name of that busy Lancashire town; Dickerson Davies, whom he met later as a fellow-worker in the county of Sussex; William Clarkson, the sincerity of whose devout life impressed his fellow-students, and whose career, both as pastor and as secretary, revealed in equal measure his devotion to the Church of Christ and brotherly-kindness to all his fellow-ministers. Then there were others, some his seniors and some his juniors, who attended lectures with him, whose names he loved to remember; Alfred Norris, whose hymns we sing, and who became his valued neighbour; Arthur Hall; Hubert

Figgis of Brighton

Bower, whose name comes into this memoir a little later on; Alden Davies, *nomen venerabile et dilectissimum*; Thomas Martyn, who went as a missionary to Korea; and R. Vaughan Pryce. His estimate of the last-named may be inferred from the fact that, when in later years the name of Dr. Vaughan Pryce was brought forward as a candidate for the principalship of the College, Figgis very strongly urged the qualifications of his old fellow-student upon a leading member of the Council, and no doubt contributed to the influence which brought about that desirable appointment. Altogether, as we scan this list of names, we can but count him fortunate in his college contemporaries.

It was an important period in the history of scientific and religious thought. Darwin's theory of the origin of species was given to the world during Figgis's studentship, and forthwith raised up a furious controversy throughout the civilized world, all the more bitter because it directly challenged the theological views of the great majority of religious people, who adhered to the literal interpretation of the method of creation in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis as being an inspired account. Biblical interpretation and criticism, however, was itself busily loosing itself from its own moorings, and submitting itself to the conclusions of a more rigorous scientific method and a more searching and a more daring scholarship.

The volume of "Essays and Reviews," published in 1860, the year after Darwin's epoch-making book, raised an extraordinary storm. It contained an article on the cosmogony of Moses, which showed the futility of the various methods of reconciling the Creation story of Genesis with the results of geological research, and an article by Dr. Rowland Williams, reviewing Bunsen's "Biblical Researches," a work which, among other

Figgis of Brighton

things, identified a second authorship for the later prophecies of Isaiah. Dr. Williams, the vicar of Broad Chalk, in Wilts, and formerly vice-principal and professor of Hebrew at Lampeter College, suffered a good deal of persecution for his share in this volume of essays. To-day it is difficult to understand the heated and even fierce controversies which the book occasioned, and even more difficult to understand why a learned and pious clergyman should be persecuted for holding any of the views set forth in its pages. Additional fuel was provided when the traveller, Du Chaillu, returned from Central Africa with an account of a wonderful anthropoid ape—the gorilla, which, if not the missing link in the evolutionary series culminating in man, was considered the nearest approach yet discovered to the physical form of man among the lower animals. Along with these critical and scientific assaults on the old theories of Biblical interpretation, which found most support from the Broad Church theologians, the High Church Oxford Tractarian controversy was still raging furiously throughout the land, so that our budding theologians had abundant stimulus to thought and speculation. It was a transitional time of unusual interest and importance, and afforded subjects for endless talk and discussion among the New College students.

Dr. Halley lectured on "Essays and Reviews." So prominent a place did that volume take in the mind of the public that many were fearful—though we may to-day smile at their apprehensions—lest the younger generation should drift away from the Evangelical faith. Figgis, at any rate, was not one to be moved out of his course by every doctrinal squall. The subject he chose for the paper he read before the College Debating Society was "High Church, Low Church, Broad Church; being a Defence of the Doctrines called Evangelical." In

Figgis of Brighton

deference to the principal, the title was altered. Did not defence imply attack? Well, no doubt it did, but why it should be objected to on that account is not easy to understand. However, it is satisfactory to know that the actual course of the debate was not affected by the change in the title.

In London he met a number of his old companions. William Chaffey, one of the supporters of the prayer-meeting at Taunton, was in business in London, and living at Islington. He was an influence in the life of Figgis, maintained by correspondence since the old college days and now renewed by personal intercourse. They earnestly discussed the temperance question, and, soon after arriving at New, Figgis took the College temperance pledge. He lived at Haverstock Hill, for New is not a residential college—and when Chaffey offered himself for the ministry and was looking forward to entering Cheshunt, Figgis would walk over to Islington to give his friend a little help in the classics. Some years of close application to business had naturally dulled Chaffey's knowledge of Greek and Latin. But Figgis always protested that he received more than he imparted by his intercourse with so devout and sterling a character as Chaffey.

Others of his former schoolfellows of whom he saw something were Henry Gervis, house surgeon at St. Thomas's; Frederick Madgin, whose father was a minister in London; and W. A. Garraway. A more important friendship was that which he formed when he first left home to fulfil a tutorial engagement at Fermoy. There he met John Edgar, who subsequently entered the Indian Civil Service and was knighted. Edgar had been a student at Queen's College, Cork, and then at T.C.D. Both the young men were of a religious disposition and formed a close friendship, and great was Figgis's joy

Figgis of Brighton

when he found his friend had come to London to study for his second Indian examination and desired to share his lodgings. In the old Fermoy days Edgar's desire was to become a missionary, but the needs of his family convinced him that his duty was to take up a secular calling. The young men were very happy in their quarters ; they went together to hear notable men speak and preach, and frequently discussed Du Chaillu and the gorilla, and the more famous contributions to " Essays and Reviews."

Besides these old school friends there were relatives at Walthamstow, whom he visited, and with them attended the ministry of the Rev. John Davies, a man of great influence in his day. He was also happy in his acquaintance with Mr. Henry Spicer and his family. Mr. Spicer was a brother-in-law of Mr. Leachman, of Dublin, and he often invited young Figgis to spend Sunday with him at Islington. One of the attractions of his visits to this hospitable family was that he could go with them to Dr. Allon's church in Upper Street. There he not only heard Dr. Allon, but also Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, and other notable preachers of the day. He had an introduction from his pastor, Dr. Urwick, to Samuel Martin, whose highly spiritual and sympathetic ministry was drawing a great congregation to Westminster Chapel. Upon Dr. Urwick's advice he joined Mr. Martin's church. Westminster Chapel is only a few minutes' walk from Buckingham Palace, and on the evening on which he was received into the fellowship there was also admitted one whom Mr. Martin described as " of Caesar's household." Figgis took up Christian work at Westminster, had charge of a district in a very poor and miserable neighbourhood, and at times accompanied the City Missionary to haunts not only of poverty, but of infamy and vice. He did his

Figgis of Brighton

share of the work in so earnest and consecrated a manner that the report of it evidently impressed Mr. Martin. Later, at Brighton, when a man said to Mr. Martin, "Mr. Figgis is only half a Congregationalist"—and probably he was not so much as that—the venerable Congregationalist warmly replied, "I know he is more than half a Christian; I am sure he is more than half a minister."

Alive to the advantages which residence in the metropolis affords of hearing preachers famous in the pulpit of the day, our student seized every opportunity which other duties permitted of listening to many notable men. Canon Henry Melville, of St. Paul's, was naturally one of the first to be heard. He was probably the most popular preacher in the city when Figgis entered New College. At Cambridge he had distinguished himself as a mathematician, and was second wrangler in 1821. He drew all London to the Golden Lecture at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, a post which he relinquished the year before our student's "London education" began. But he notes that he went to hear "the English Chrysostom," as all divinity students did—many of them endeavouring to fashion their own pulpit style upon the popular model. To-day we have to accept the contemporary accounts of the great power of the popular Golden Lecturer, for its secret cannot be discovered in the printed reports of the sermons, which are commonplace in thought and wordy to wearisomeness. It is easier to understand the popularity of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, whom Figgis and Leachman heard under the dome of St. Paul's. Wilberforce was much more than a laborious rhetorician, and he had the fire of a natural orator. There were also distinguished Congregationalists to be heard. Thomas Binney was exercising a virile and commanding ministry at the King's Weigh House, and Dr. Alexander Raleigh

Figgis of Brighton

an earnest and cultured ministry at Kensington. Figgis tells us that he never knew a wiser man than Binney or a more eloquent than Raleigh.

Of all the great occasions when the Congregationalists of London looked for the highest examples of pulpit oratory and spiritual power, the annual sermon of the London Missionary Society came easily first. The greatest men on the greatest of themes then delivered themselves. The services were held in the old Surrey Chapel, and it is interesting to read Figgis's brief references to occasions on which he was present. A sermon by David Thomas, of Highbury, Bristol, on "The Approval of Christ," Figgis thought, writing towards the close of his life, "unapproachably the ablest sermon I ever heard." Other testimonies to the great preacher enables us to understand this high judgment, even when we remember that the receptiveness of the hearer, youthful and enthusiastic, was one of its chief factors. Two other discourses remained in his memory as only less excellent: Dr. Alexander Maclaren's sermon on "Why could not we cast him out?" and Dr. R. W. Dale's on "The living God who is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe." We of another generation have much sympathy with him when, in the later years of his life, he wrote, "These were great occasions, and I almost weep to think that Surrey Chapel is gone, and that the L.M.S. services are held in another place and conducted after a different fashion."

The evening meetings of the L.M.S., held at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, were also notable occasions, and there he heard memorable discourses by James Parsons, of York, on "Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus," and Thomas Jones, of Bedford Chapel, whose fine poetic eloquence deeply stirred the metropolis, who preached "a

Figgis of Brighton

most memorable sermon " on " He will famish the idols."

He was naturally drawn to Surrey Chapel, apart from the popularity of Dr. Newman Hall. Being one of Lady Huntingdon's chapels it had a liturgical service, which always had so prominent a place in Figgis's esteem. One Sunday evening, having walked to Surrey Chapel, he found to his regret that Dr. Newman Hall was absent from his pulpit. His disappointment, however, vanished when he found that the preacher was James Sherman, a former pastor of the church, who delivered a characteristic evangelical discourse full of moving power. He took some part in the work of Surrey Chapel among the poor—slum work and visiting the common lodging-houses. A day on which he took the curate's part in the services we can give in his own words. The afternoon's service was sparsely attended, but morning and evening there were crowded congregations.

" As we crossed Westminster Bridge Dr. Newman Hall said, ' This is my sowing-place,' and he scattered many copies of ' Come to Jesus,' and other of his books, right and left. During the service he was just below the reading-desk, and when we reached the Venite, he whispered, ' A little faster and a little louder and then you'll do.' The ordeal of ' reading prayers ' for the first time in my life in such an assembly was great, but it was a joy as well as an ordeal."

His college course, and his larger intercourse with the religious world of the great city, tended to broaden his mind. He confesses that when he left Ireland he " believed in a *limited* Atonement." But in many ways he obtained a wider outlook on life. Besides hearing others preach, he gained for himself some experience in preaching. First of all there were the " class sermons " to be prepared and delivered periodically. These

Figgis of Brighton

received the usually frank criticism of his fellow-students and the judicious summing-up of Dr. Halley. Then there were the ordinary opportunities for preaching in town and country churches, supplied from the College weekly preaching list. The second Sunday he was at College he was appointed to preach at a mission hall, and a little later at Mill Hill School. Then he accepted regular bi-monthly duty at Hunton Bridge and at Poyle. An event happened which offered him an opportunity of service which he much valued. The Ritualists were daily growing bolder in their Romish innovations, with the consequence that in many places there were small secessions from the Established Church. One such migration from a parish church happened in a neighbourhood where the College held some property, and the principal seceders requested the authorities of the College to allow the students to conduct their services after the form of the Church of England in the iron building they had erected. From what has already been said it will be easily understood that Figgis was forward to render them help, not only because of his sympathy with their evangelical protest, but from his great delight in a liturgical service. It may be safely assumed, however, that he did not recite the Athanasian Creed, nor teach the Catechism, nor use the Prayer Book forms when he visited the sick. There was one church of the established order in the near neighbourhood at which he enjoyed attending when his Sundays were not already engaged. The incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead, belonged to the most Evangelical section of those who found it possible to minister within the bounds of the Establishment. Of him Professor Godwin, of New College, said, "Some preachers affect you with a pleasure which is not religious, but some with a strictly religious pleasure. Now Mr. Bickersteth is one of the latter class."

Figgis of Brighton

THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND, 1859

It happened, providentially, that before our student completed his theological training at New College that a great religious and evangelical awakening broke out in Ireland. He was brought into close contact with the movement, and was deeply confirmed in his already strong evangelical sentiments by the extraordinary scenes he witnessed. Men who have passed through such experiences never lose their influence. Whatever mental changes they may pass through, whatever development may take place in their theological thinking, to the end their garments will smell of the fire. In the judgment of Figgis the extraordinary movement was a mighty ploughing up of the fallow land, not only in Ireland but throughout the United Kingdom. It made possible, and in some measure was directly accountable for, the evangelical and "sanctification" movements of later years. Moody's campaigns and the Keswick Conferences followed in its wake and prospered because of the phenomenal energies of the Irish Revival.

Figgis wisely directs the attention of those who were suspicious of the extraordinary scenes witnessed in Ireland in 1859 and were tempted to question the religious and spiritual quality of the forces lying behind such manifestations, to the testimony of so sane and unimpeachable a witness as Principal John Cairns, of the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh, and earlier famous as the minister of the Golden Square Church, Berwick-on-Tweed. It is contained in "Dr. Cairns' Life":

"The whole of Ulster," he says, "seems to be laid hold of by God, and constrained for once to attend to the eternal truths of the Gospel. . . . There is not a

Figgis of Brighton

family in Monaghan but has family worship. Open sin in every form has disappeared. God grant it may last ! . . . From Belfast to Londonderry and to Monaghan one pervading impulse has laid hold of the people. It is as if Bunyan's ' Grace Abounding ' had been translated into the experience of multitudes. . . The magnitude of the movement takes it out of the reach of contempt and ridicule. I know of no explanation of the phenomena but one—the working of the Spirit of God. The solution of the difficulty by ascribing them to excitement and epidemic does not explain anything. It is not natural to man to be excited in masses to read and hear the Bible and to pray. . . . Nature does not contain any epidemic so like to Christian conversion and yet different ; and even the unbeliever must admit that whatever goes by the name of conversion in quieter times is here reproduced on a larger and wider scale. . . . Hysteria and catalepsy will explain something of the bodily manifestations. But what predisposes the body to these manifestations in connection with Christian doctrine, or how does the explanation serve in the innumerable cases where there has been no bodily affection at all ? ”

Figgis had spent his summer vacation of 1857 partly in Cork and partly in Dublin. The vacation of 1858 he spent chiefly in Broad Chalk—the parish of Dr. Rowland Williams of “ Essays and Reviews ” fame—preaching in two of the neighbouring villages on the Sundays and spending his week-days in reading for the Harris Scholarship at New, which he was successful in gaining. In 1859 he was free to spend his time with his relatives in Dublin. All the talk was of the marvellous things happening in Ulster, a part of Ireland of which he tells us he knew but little. But his friends were the more amazed that such extraordinary religious emotions should have possessed a people so naturally restrained

Figgis of Brighton

and unimpressible as the Presbyterians of Ulster, whose Scotch descent marks them off so distinctly from the vivacious and emotional Celt of the rest of Ireland.

One of the outstanding figures in the first stage of the Revival was that remarkable evangelist, Dr. Henry Grattan Guinness—how remarkable those of a later generation but faintly realize. His popularity rivalled for a time that of Spurgeon. He came of a notable family. His grandfather, Arthur Guinness, as far back as 1786, established in Dublin the first Sunday School in Ireland. His father, John Grattan Guinness, an army captain, married a daughter of Cramer, the violinist and composer. When he married her she was the widow of J. N. D'Esterre, who was killed in a duel with Daniel O'Connell. Their son, Henry, when young went to sea, and travelled in Mexico and the West Indies. He then came under strong religious influences and became a converted man, and resolved to devote himself to preaching the Gospel. He entered New College, but only remained there a little more than a year, leaving the College just before Figgis arrived. He was ordained in 1857 as an evangelist. He had every gift for his vocation, a handsome and impressive presence, dark hair, bright expressive eyes, an excellent voice, a natural dramatic gift of oratory, and a deep and passionate earnestness of purpose. Figgis could recall how the young evangelist gathered great crowds in Cork. A year or two before the Revival he was also one of a great audience of 3,000 or more, chiefly young men and some of them Roman Catholics, gathered in the Rotunda Hospital at Dublin, when Grattan Guinness preached, with moving eloquence and with youthful fire and enthusiasm, on "The green tree and the dry." He was then only a little over twenty years of age. He threw himself with ardour into the work of the Revival, which

Figgis of Brighton

had now reached Dublin and the south. For a time he seemed to be the very embodiment of its spirit ; but before the fervour of the great movement subsided he left, in 1859, for a mission in America.

In Dublin and the south of Ireland the full power of the Revival was not felt in the same measure as in Ulster and the north, though even in the south its manifestations were very striking. All who took part in it, though working in the midst of a population mainly Roman Catholic, felt it was a very blessed and glorious time. The most conspicuous figure in the work throughout this section of Ireland was Figgis's relative, Denham Smith, already referred to as the Congregational minister of Kingstown. His own congregation at Northumberland Avenue were deeply moved by the new spirit abroad, the place became " too strait " for the crowded congregations that assembled ; an enlargement of the building was followed by a still greater enlargement of the multitude eager to attend Mr. Smith's ministry, and the erection of a vast tabernacle in the grounds of the manse was only prevented by the intervention of the stronger and more prudent members of the community. These facts will serve to indicate the extraordinary power and popularity of his ministry at this period. His management of the meetings was admirable. His persuasive, alluring power of speech seems to have been irresistible. Dr. Brooke, of the Mariners' Church, no doubt with a touch of Irish humour, warned his people against coming under the fascination of a man who could " whistle a bird off a bush." Besides speaking to the crowded congregations on Sundays and several evenings in the week, Denham Smith's ministry was ubiquitous. On other evenings he would preach at the Metropolitan Hall in Dublin to great audiences, inspired by his ardour to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. Swift excursions were

Figgis of Brighton

made into the provinces; even far-off Kerry had the benefit of his phenomenal ministry. Country houses eagerly opened their doors to accommodate his meetings; judges and barristers felt and confessed the power of his ministry and the breath of the new time, and yearned for "a closer walk with God." Even the crews of the steamer service from Dublin to Holyhead, fired by a visit from him, held prayer meetings during the voyage. It was a very wonderful time and Mr. Denham Smith's a very wonderful ministry, though, as the Revival spirit in its more active forms subsided, he gradually forsook his denominational relations, and associated himself chiefly with the Plymouth Brethren.

LAST YEAR AT COLLEGE AND SETTLEMENT IN THE MINISTRY

In the autumn our student returned to New College, freshly inspired by the marvellous things which he had seen and heard in Ireland, the influence of which had spread to Scotland and many parts of England. The last year at College is naturally one in which a student is anxiously anticipating his entrance into the ministry, and wondering what door may be providentially opened for him. Others, besides himself, were interested in his settlement. His pastor's mind was turned towards a sphere of work in London. Weymouth was thought of and subsequently dismissed. The Congregational Church at Dover was a more serious proposition. He visited this church for a month or more, but was not drawn to it as a sphere of permanent work. His first visits to Brighton were fortuitously brought about; but they had no relation apparently to his eventual settlement in the fashionable watering-place. The Rev.

Figgis of Brighton

Alex. King, the minister of the Union Church, a fine new building in Queen's Square, falling ill, his deacons applied to the College in February, 1860, for the services of a student, and Figgis was appointed to undertake the duties. Mr. King was an old friend of his family, which added much to his interest in the visit, extending over a couple of Sundays. At the Communion Service, on the first Sunday, great was his relief to find that the well-known minister, John Clayton, of the Poultry Chapel in London, then living in retirement at Brighton, was asked to preside. The following Sunday Mr. King was sufficiently recovered to preach in the morning, his young friend assisting in the service, and in the evening taking the whole of the duties. We learn that he did not greatly admire the long rows and squares of large houses on the sea-front on his first acquaintance with Brighton, though in later years his judgment considerably changed on that point.

His fateful visit to Brighton came a little later, and was brought about in a very simple fashion, as we shall presently narrate. The town was then only at the beginning of its ecclesiastical development. Among the Nonconforming churches there were three of the Congregational order—the old church in Union Street, the London Road Church, and the Union Church already referred to. The Congregationalists had no church in Kemp Town, in Preston, or in Hove. In Hove no Parish Church had yet been built. The Wesleyans had one church, that in Dorset Gardens; the Presbyterians one, in Church Street. The Baptist churches in Holland Road and Gloucester Place were then unknown. The Countess of Huntingdon's Church in North Street had been in existence for a century.

At this time Brighton was religiously associated with the names of two men, Frederick William Robertson

Figgis of Brighton

and Joseph Sortain. Robertson had died in the summer of 1853, after a ministry of only six years. But it was an extraordinary ministry. The small proprietary chapel, known as Trinity Chapel, was quickly crowded by his eloquence and by the freshness and vitality of his teaching. He attained a very considerable influence over the working classes, and became an undoubted power in the town. His influence after his death spread throughout the country by the publication of his sermons, although they suffered the disadvantage of being compiled from the private notes of his hearers, or from his own brief pulpit notes—in some cases short outlines written by him from memory at the urgent request of some of his friends. From the general tenour of his teaching Robertson, with some show of reason, has been claimed by the Broad Church school in the Establishment. He really occupied a more or less detached position. He thought out the problems of his day for himself, and was fearless in expressing his convictions. Nor did he escape the penalty and persecution which preachers of an independent mind suffer at the hands of ecclesiastical authorities.

Joseph Sortain was a preacher of a different type, whose sermons were founded on a different range of theological convictions, and whose posthumous influence is nothing comparable with that which Robertson has exerted through the wide circulation of his sermon volumes. Few men have had so much influence on the preaching of Nonconformity during the next generation ~~than~~ "Robertson of Brighton," to whom reference was made so frequently from its pulpits. Sortain lives to-day only in the waning tradition among men of middle age as a great pulpit personality. His books, sermons and tales and what not, are dead. "Hildebrand and the Empire," published in 1851, was issued in a third

Figgis of Brighton

edition within a year. To-day it is unreadable. Yet the testimony we have at hand leaves no shadow of doubt as to Sortain's immense and widespread popularity as a preacher. He was not a mere rhetorician after the manner of Canon Melville, but an orator of consummate gifts.

We are compelled to tarry with Sortain and the chapel in North Street, if only for the reason that Figgis was his successor. The church was founded by that famous lady, Selina Countess of Huntingdon. Its site lay immediately behind her house. It was opened for public worship in 1761, a very plain building, fitted up with apostolic simplicity. But it drew to itself a full congregation by the eminence and ability as well as by the gospel fervour of the clergymen of the Church of England whom the Countess was able to bring to its pulpit—Romaine and Berridge and Henry Venn, outstanding names in the story of the Evangelical Revival. In six years' time it had to be enlarged, and Whitefield preached to a thronged audience at the reopening. In 1774 it was clearly too small for the multitude flocking to its doors, and was rebuilt. At the opening celebrations Romaine and Rowland Hill preached. The tide of prosperity flowed on, and in a few years the congregation was moved to improve the interior arrangements of the church by fitting it up with permanent pews. Hitherto the congregation had to be content with bare, movable forms. A further significant development took place when, in 1832, it was determined, in the interests of the community, to appoint a settled pastor, and the choice fell upon Joseph Sortain, then a young man of twenty-three. He had studied for the ministry at the Baptist College, Bristol, and at Cheshunt College. He then became a student at Trinity College, Dublin, and only completed his graduation a year after he entered the

Figgis of Brighton

ministry. That he was soundly and explicitly evangelical in doctrine goes without saying. This doctrine and the use of the liturgy of the Establishment at the public services were the characteristics of all the churches founded by the Countess. He must also have been a young man of promise, and it is certain he quickly developed oratorical gifts, which caused him to be widely talked about in Brighton. He assiduously cultivated this faculty till he became an orator, finished in style and of commanding power. In a *Spectator* review, published in 1886—twenty-six years after Sortain's death—to which Figgis in his notes draws our attention, the writer compares him with Robertson, who was the subject of this article. "For pulpit eloquence," the writer remarks, "Joseph Sortain, who at that time preached hard by at North Street, was no mean rival. . . . With a weak and peculiar voice, he had the force of a born orator, and no man could have succeeded better in arresting attention during his short sermons." The writer of this review, Mr. Figgis comments, had heard the most distinguished pulpit orators of the day, and once or twice at least had listened to Robertson; but of the eloquence that "depends less on what is said than on the manner of saying it," he remembers no preacher comparable to Sortain. And it must not be supposed from this remark that Sortain's sermons were empty wind-bags. The manner in which the speaker expended his wealth of illustration and argument on a central point, and impressed that one point on his audience, was very striking. A superficial thinker or a sham orator would not have influenced men like Macaulay and Thackeray, like Sir James Stephen and Judge Talfourd. In reviving the memory of this great preacher, that is for us, perhaps, the significant fact. Men have occupied pulpits and by meretricious and sensational means have drawn a crowd. But men

Figgis of Brighton

who can not only arrest the multitude that seek an evangelical ministry, including the poor, but can also command the admiration of such names belong to a vastly different order. If fluent platitudes and much beating of the pulpit cushion be capable of deceiving for a while, though only for a while, the humble seeker after the bread of life, they will not draw to them, as Figgis reminds us, "a litterateur like Dickens, a judge like Justice Mellor or a dignatory like Canon Hervey."

The "Memorials" of Sortain contain the following letter :

Rev. and Dear Sir,

Although personally a stranger to you I venture to offer you the expression of my thanks for the noble and generous eloquence with which you have to-day thrilled me, and with it to seek your acceptance of a copy of the recent edition of efforts by which I have sought to manifest a love of literature without pretending to participate in its power. The fortunate accident of remaining for a Sunday at Brighton has enabled me to renew the intellectual enjoyment which I received last autumn on a similar occasion in your chapel, and to feel the influence which, even to one who has heard Robert Hall, is wholly unsurpassed ; the only drawback from perfect gratification arises from a fear lest efforts so great of the intellect and the feeling should exhaust too much the physical energies of a frame which contains them, and the restoration of which to perfect health must be an object of earnest desire to all who wish the long continuance of the first—powers devoted to holiest uses. I therefore venture, as one deeply interested in their preservation, to echo entreaties you must often hear, that you would not, by too lavish an employment of your energies, allow them so to injure the tenement in

Figgis of Brighton

which they are enshrined as to risk their long continuance with us. With earnest wishes for your perfect health, all I can desire for you,

I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

T. N. TALFOURD.

Another letter which will be read with even greater interest is from a still more distinguished writer:

My Dear Sir,

to Sefton

I shall value your book very much, not only as the work of the most accomplished orator I have ever heard in my life, but, if you will let me so take it, as a token of goodwill and interest on your part in my own literary pursuits.

I want, too, to say in my way, that love and truth are the greatest of Heaven's commandments and blessings to us; that the best of us—the many especially who pride themselves on their virtue most—are wretchedly weak, vain, and selfish, and to preach such a charity at least, as a common sense of our shame and unworthiness might inspire in us poor people. I hope men of my profession do no harm who talk this doctrine out of doors to people in drawing-rooms and in the world. Your duty in church takes them a step higher, that awful step beyond Ethics, which leads you up to God's revealed truth. What a tremendous responsibility his is who has that mystery to explain! What a boon the faith which makes it clear to him! I am glad to have kind thoughts for you, and to have the opportunity of offering you my sincere respect and regard.

Believe me most truly yours,

My dear Sir,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Figgis of Brighton

This letter, which is dated from Young Street, Kensington, acknowledged a copy of Sortain's sermons and has a P.S.—“ Your book finds me at my desk writing, and I leave off to begin on a sermon.” The great novelist, we may further explain, attended one of Sortain's lectures delivered for the benefit of the Brighton Athenaeum, and at its close introduced himself in the kindest manner to the lecturer.*

This then was the man whom Figgis was destined to follow; himself a young and, as yet, almost untried student, now closing his theological course at New College. His introduction to North Street came about in a very simple manner. Dr. Halley was visiting his widowed daughter, Mrs. Cheetham, who was making a prolonged stay at Brighton to recover from a serious illness. At his daughter's house he met her doctor, Thomas Bradbury Winter, whose names suggest to us his descent from Bradbury, of Fetter Lane and Carey Street Chapels, and Bradbury's son-in-law, Dr. Winter, his successor at Carey Street. We are not, therefore, surprised to find that Dr. T. B. Winter was one of Sortain's most active helpers, and that on meeting Dr. Halley he should have enlarged on the great bereavement they had suffered through his death. Dr. Halley would have lacked one of the primary qualifications of a principal of a theological college had he not informed Dr. Winter that there were men at New who might fill the vacancy. It was thirty years later that Figgis heard from Mrs. Cheetham that her father's reply was that “ if he were an angel from heaven, they would not have a young man.” But they were presently persuaded to hear a student, and Figgis was selected, partly from the accidental circumstance that, like their late pastor, he had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His first experiences at North

* “ Memorials,” pp. 321-323.

Figgis of Brighton

Street may be given in his own brief record. It was toward the close of 1860.

"The church was full, galleries and area, and, somewhat to my confusion, two clerics sat in the front pew. I read prayers, Litany and all, and when I got half through my sermon found that my time was gone. I closed somewhat abruptly and came away anything but satisfied with my work. However, I preached the next Sunday with more ease. I preached also on Christmas Day. For this service I had written a sermon on Galatians iv. 4, 'God sent forth His Son.' Then it flashed across my mind that I had read a sermon on that text. After a search the sermon was found. It was one of Mr. Sortain's, preached only a year before, one of many I had bought when in Brighton early in the year. I sacrificed the text, of course, and much of the sermon, and felt only too thankful to have escaped from a *faux pas*. A month later I was asked to preach for six Sundays, and after that, for three months, with a week-day service thrown in! The College authorities ought to have forbidden this last, for I had to return to town each Monday to attend lectures till Friday afternoon, preaching that evening at Brighton."

We are compelled to agree in his judgment that the College authorities did less than their duty in permitting the three months' services, including the Friday evening service, concurrently with attendance at lectures all the week at New. When and how he found time and material for the composition of the necessary sermons we cannot say. No doubt he owed something to his fluent Irish tongue. But he must have possessed the true preacher's gift and a facility in gathering homiletic material, or he could not have survived so unreasonable a probation. The result, however, was that by a vote of the congregation, taken not at a meeting but quietly

Figgis of Brighton

by letter, the Trustees were requested to appoint Mr. Figgis as pastor of the church. This they forthwith did. It was a courageous thing on their part to do, and on Figgis's part to accept the appointment to succeed one of the greatest pulpit orators of that age. Not that the grave officers of the church approved of the choice of the people. Thirty years later Figgis discovered that, with the exception of Dr. T. B. Winter, they all thought the choice unwise, the Secretary in a letter to the Trustees going so far as to predict ruin if he were appointed. But he was able to testify, in after years, that the Secretary always showed him every courtesy, and among his warmest friends were some who had not seen their way to vote for his appointment.

The great event subsequent to his appointment was his ordination, which was not his official appointment to an order of ministry. He had already fulfilled, without question, all the offices pertaining to the full Christian ministry. The solemn service was a confirmation of all that had gone before ; an impressive public setting-apart of this young servant of God according to apostolic usage ; a public testimony to his worth by those who knew him best, and whose testimony was of value because of their high and recognized standing ; with exhortations addressed both to him and to the church on their respective duties, with his own personal statement of his views. No one could doubt that it was a service fraught with blessing, and that it established his orderly claim to be regarded, and the claim of the church which had chosen him for its minister that he should be regarded by all Christian churches and peoples, as a minister of the Gospel, with the pastoral care of the church meeting at North Street.

From Figgis's own notes we are able to give a brief outline of the impressive service, which began on the

Figgis of Brighton

last day of July, 1861. On the evening of that day the congregation met in the schoolroom, when Dr. Urwick testified to his life-long knowledge of the new minister, adding, as he was able to do, references to his father—who was present in the congregation—and to his mother, “a woman,” he said, “of such power and piety that great things might be expected of her children.” The ministers of the town then welcomed him. The Rev. S. S. England reminded him and the people that there had been but one pastor of the church. Twenty-eight or twenty-nine years earlier “a young man came amongst them, who, till his Master took him, had run a consistent, holy, devoted, and he might say, splendid course. Joseph Sortain had left a name fragrant in the hearts of thousands.” Representing the Lady Huntingdon Connexion, the Revs. T. E. Thoresby and G. Jones welcomed him into their body. In his own statement at this meeting Figgis referred to England’s debt to Conformists and Nonconformists alike. As for himself he said that he “could never feel comfortable in belonging to a sect, and rejoiced to become minister of a people who were practically unsectarian.” He evidently regarded the general adoption of the liturgy of the Established Church as freeing his own church from the reproach of sectarianism, though his dogmatic differences from that Church, as seen in the determined disavowal of the theology implied in her offices, were matters of really far deeper moment, and caused a more vital division between him and the ministry of the Establishment than any rift that could be occasioned by the disuse of prescribed and the adoption of extempore forms of prayer.

The service was continued the next day, when the ministers attending ordained Figgis to the ministry of the Gospel, “by the laying on of the hands of the

Figgis of Brighton

presbytery," while " they invoked, above all, the mighty ordination of the pierced Hands." During this solemnity Dr. Newth, of New College, offered the ordination prayer. Dr. Urwick delivered the " charge " to the young minister, taking for his text 1 Timothy iii. 1, " This is a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." At the close of the address he said :

" Your acceptance with your Master depends on your fidelity, not on your success. Keep yourself in good heart by constant fellowship with your Lord. May the future of your earthly life be that of a good minister of Jesus Christ ; and at its close you will pass to yet nobler service. Nor shall your passing be a solitary one ; many you had known below as brethren, especially those you had turned to righteousness, having arrived before you, will press around you to bid you welcome. I conclude with a doxology, which, the longer I live, opens itself to my heart in greater fulness, ' Unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.' "

In the evening the Litany of the Prayer Book was used. It was read by Figgis, as he is careful to note. Then the charge to the people was delivered by his London pastor, the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, who based his discourse on Hebrews xiii. 17, " Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves : for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief : for that is unprofitable for you." Speaking to them of the work of the pastor Mr. Martin said :

" Through much searching, a leader of souls has found some green pastures and a stream of living water. Here he would have his flock lie down ; but they wander in

Figgis of Brighton

a dry and thirsty land where no water is. If he deserves the name of shepherd, this makes him keep his watch with lamentation. Is not this unprofitable to *them*? He would lead his charge into a higher Christian life, more perfect faith and conformity to the will of God. They prefer to crawl, as wounded worms, to mounting up on wings as eagles. Again the pastor's watch is kept with lamentation. Is not this unprofitable to *them*? . . . Your pastor is Jesus Christ's gift to you. He was from the beginning chosen, we believe, by the Saviour to come and fill, as far as can be filled, the void which the bereavement of death has made. We have been through three or four years of pastoral connection with him during his College course. When we first heard of your loss, our thoughts turned to him, and the name we mentioned was his name. He stands among you in weakness; be his joy, and give him strength. He stands before you in much trembling; be his joy, and inspire him with confidence. Hold him in reputation; let him lead you in Christ's name, with Christ's voice, for Christ's sake. And take care that he leads you *joyfully*."

The Lord's Supper was then administered according to the form of the Church of England, the only form that North Street had ever known, and the great congregation remained either as communicants or as spectators. Mr. Thoresby and Mr. Jones, the ministers of the Connexion, officiated. Mr. Thoresby spoke on seven names given to the Holy Supper. Mr. Martin also addressed the spectators, which was a regular practice in those times, when it was customary for non-communicants to remain as spectators. And so closed a memorable day in Figgis's history and in the history of his church.

Figgis of Brighton

EARLY MINISTRY

It is pleasant to note that the long pastorate now inaugurated—it extended to seven-and-thirty years—gave abundant indication that the public as well as the majority of the regular congregation thought highly of the appointment of the young minister. He set about his work with energy and enthusiasm. Although the memories of Joseph Sortain and his fine and compelling oratory were fresh in all minds, the pews began once more to fill, and what is more significant of the favour bestowed upon him by the people of Brighton, the treasury was soon replenished.

The services were improved by a greater attention being paid to the congregational singing. A number of the leading members of the congregation assembled on one evening each week, together with the choir and organist, to practise the psalms and hymns selected for the Sunday service of praise. It was the period when, not without considerable opposition from a sturdy puritanic minority, chanting was being introduced into Nonconformist churches. It was supposed to savour of formalism. Extremists, in their unintelligent opposition, saw in chanting the very “mark of the beast,” though why the singing of one class of hymns should be allowable and the singing of another class be prohibited is not easy to understand, for most of the hymns sung with approval were prayers in metrical form. In Mr. Sortain’s time even the *Te Deum* and the *Canticles* were read. Once and once only he induced his congregation to sing these ancient hymns. The experiment, however, led to the secession of one or two members, and he had not the heart to continue the practice. But the general feeling remained strongly in favour of their being sung,

Figgis of Brighton

and Mr. Figgis wisely used the enthusiasm and good favour which accompanied the opening of his ministry to introduce the practice. One person only withdrew from the church on that account, though there was a little heart-burning in one or two quarters. It was soon, however, acknowledged on all hands to be a real help to devotion.

The churches of the Lady Huntingdon Connexion are very closely associated with Congregationalism. Its ministry is supplied from the ranks of men trained, almost without exception, in Congregational colleges. In one very important point, however, the practice at North Street under Sortain and Figgis had not followed the Congregational rule. It is not clear that under Sortain there was any roll of church members, or any formulated rules of admission into the church. Figgis claimed to have made some approach to a formal admission to membership: it really amounted to admission to the Lord's Table. Moreover, this admission was granted, though not without careful inquiry and sometimes a delay for fuller consideration by himself. The church, now consisting of those allowed to communicate at the Lord's Table, had no share in granting this permission. In fact, no meeting of the church was ever held, and Figgis distinctly states that after weighing the matter carefully he never felt that the introduction of a church meeting would be "to edification." There was a rudimentary church organization managing affairs, and a committee, with its secretary, which conducted the election of the minister. The nominators were the congregation, as we have seen, the regular attendants at the services of the church; but the appointment lay with the Trustees of the Connexion. Admission to the Lord's Supper, which was regularized by Figgis, was granted by him alone.

Figgis of Brighton

He also exercised discipline in the very rare cases in which it was necessary.

North Street, it will be seen, differs from other churches not so much in its organization as in the absence of organization. It was Figgis's practice, month by month, to announce that he would be in his vestry, after a particular week-evening service, "to see such as desire to join us at the Lord's Table." He required the applicants who came to testify to their faith, as in the case of candidates for membership in other evangelical churches. "Occasionally," he writes, "it seemed good to detain candidates for a month or two, to make sure that the way of salvation was firm under their feet, or that their consecration was genuine and true." We are not surprised that, among those coming to him for permission to join the company at the Lord's Table, there should be some desiring to be "confirmed." In such cases he had no difficulty in arranging with friendly clergy that those who had this desire should be admitted to their classes. Nor does he appear to have made any difficulty himself out of the fact that in order to receive confirmation by the laying on of episcopal hands, all his candidates had to learn the Catechism, certain points in which were among the obstacles which prevented him from entering the Episcopal Church in Ireland.

Naturally, being himself young, and not less because he recognized its importance, he gave much time and thought to work among the young. First, there pressed upon him the needs of young men. Remembering how he had himself benefited from his association with a mutual improvement society, he determined to found such an organization in his own church. But before the scheme was floated, the neighbouring Congregational Church in Union Street had invited to its pastorate his College friend, Vaughan Pryce, and the Young Men's

Figgis of Brighton

Society of Union Street Church were allowed, with neighbourly hospitality, to meet in the more commodious room at North Street. So the happy arrangement was made for the young men of both churches to combine to form a united society, the ministers presiding alternately at the meetings. The room at North Street soon became too strait to accommodate the numbers that assembled, but they were able to secure the King's Apartments at the Pavilion. In its new location the Mutual Improvement Society became a Parliamentary Debating Society, and continued for years to serve a useful purpose in gathering young men and exercising their gifts. The church, however, after a while, had to found a Society for Young Men more directly connected with its own work, although by that time the range of its minister's public duties had so far widened that he was not able to bestow upon it the time and attention he so freely bestowed upon the original society.

The children of the church did not miss his thought and care. He started a Bible Class for boys and girls. When he married, two classes for elder boys and girls were accommodated in his own house. Mrs. Figgis took charge of the girls—she had been a devoted teacher in her old home—and he the boys, and in good time his own boys were among the number. In this department of Christian work he also profited by the example of Mr. Martin at Westminster, by instituting a monthly sermon for the young, a practice which was continued to the close of his ministry at North Street.

It was the age of public lectures. In every town the lecture was the favourite means of extending knowledge among the people, and especially patronized by those who avoided the theatre. It was unusual in the 'sixties for regular church-goers to frequent theatrical performances, and among all sections of Nonconformists

Figgis of Brighton

it was regarded as inconsistent with church membership. But the popular lecture was regarded by them with special favour. It served to diffuse knowledge on literary, scientific and historical subjects, and in the hands of a lecturer of popular gifts was a passable form of entertainment. Ministers of the Gospel were often found in the ranks of lecturers, and Figgis took part in this work. In the Pavilion he lectured on Socrates, and in 1862, when the bicentenary of the Ejection of the Puritans on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, was being celebrated throughout the country, he lectured on Bunyan. This opportunity enabled him to point out not only the intolerance of the Episcopalians towards the Puritans, but also, in his chosen part of a sort of neutral between the contending ecclesiastical hosts, to show the intolerance exhibited by the Puritans towards the members of the Society of Friends.

It was no easy matter for Figgis to maintain, as he did, the close friendship of the leaders, lay and clerical, of the Evangelical party in the Established Church and yet to bear witness against the anti-Evangelical elements in the Prayer Book, which directed their worship. With his general theological position they would agree; but, in a sermon delivered during the bicentenary celebrations, under the simile of the Thorns on the Rose, he had to point out that there were thorns on the "very beautiful rose of the work of the Church of England." These were sacerdotalism and sacramentarianism. These words pierced many tender consciences and kept them out of the Church, for he assumed that all Evangelical Christians would, or at least ought to, join the Church, and were only kept out by the prick of these thorns. It was a reflection of his in later years on the position taken in this sermon, one of the earliest he printed and published, that "the thorns remain there all the same"; and he

Figgis of Brighton

could not find that these kindly friends, who refused to treat him as a heretic, had combined to make a serious effort to get them removed. That was the great difference between the expulsion of the two thousand Puritan clergy and the expulsion previously of the Episcopalians. In each case the act of expulsion was to be deplored. The thorn-hedge, the barbed-wire fence, if you will, that ejected Episcopalians was taken away at the Restoration; the barriers that ejected the Puritans still remained. That was, he thought, the reason for making ado about the intolerance in the latter case. And he asked why Englishmen could not learn to live and let live, and, as the one barrier was removed, remove also the other.

THE CENTENARY OF THE CHURCH

The settlement of the pastor at North Street in 1861 somewhat obscured the fact that it was a century since the church was founded. It was felt, however, that so interesting an anniversary should not be passed over without some public celebration. The members, therefore, determined to commemorate the event in 1862, and the meetings were held in May. Both the social gathering and the evening meeting were crowded by friends and well-wishers of the church. Three addresses were delivered, sermonic in form so far as they were each based on a text of Scripture. On the words "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all," Mr. Thoresby gave a sketch of the life of Lady Huntingdon. One quotation which he gave from a letter written by Whitefield, who was her chaplain, enables us in some measure to realize the influence which the Countess exerted.

"Good Lady Huntingdon for a day or two has had five clergymen under her roof, which makes her lady-

Figgis of Brighton

ship look like a good archbishop with his chaplains around him. Her house is a Bethel. To us in the ministry it looks like a college. We have the sacrament every morning, heavenly conversation all day, and preaching at night. This is to live at court indeed."

Another minister of the Connexion, the Rev. George Jones, followed with a sketch of the life of Sortain, taking for his text the words "A good soldier of Jesus Christ." There is one point in which Sortain anticipated the course taken by his successor. After leaving Cheshunt College he went, as we have already stated, to Trinity College, Dublin. While there he wrote: "On points of Episcopacy, I am not yet settled in my mind; but on the general question of Dissent the result to which I have come after earnest thought and prayer is decisive. I cannot conform; I wish I could; for often the wishes of my relatives and of my kind friends here make me desire to do so. The doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, as I cannot but think it is, admitted into the Ritual, is enough to prevent me from being a clergyman of the Church of England. I could not read the Baptismal Service, nor the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed."

This was the position also of his successor, who also endorses Sortain's words in a letter of later date:

"You cannot have a doubt of my most unqualified Athanasianism so far as the doctrine of the Trinity is concerned. I believe the distinctions of that creed to be as scriptural as they are clear. But I could not rehearse it because I have no right to impose my distinctions upon other men."

It was hoped that a third minister of the Connexion, the Rev. T. Dodd, of Worcester, would speak on the "History of the Church in North Street." Failing him, Figgis

Figgis of Brighton

himself undertook the task, and took for his text, " Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." He gave an interesting account of the earliest movement, which led to the founding of the church ; the death of the son of Lady Huntingdon at Brighton ; the conversations the Countess had with various humble folk ; the association with the little company, unconsciously forming, of a notorious worldling, leading to the summoning of her ladyship's chaplain, George Whitefield, who preached in a field at the back of the White Lion Inn. Then came the story of the sale of her jewels to build the church ; for she habitually gave away all her money as it came in. They produced £698 15s. Allowing for the difference in the value of money, the sum realized sufficed to build only a small sanctuary. It had to undergo, as already recorded, successive enlargements. The distinguished men called by the Countess to her aid helped greatly to popularize it, and at first most of them were Evangelical clergymen in the Established Church. One of the last of those in " Holy Orders," who stately ministered to the church, was Rowland Hill.

This address closed a very enthusiastic and largely attended gathering. The church under its new minister was now proceeding busily and prosperously on its way. The Sunday attendances were all that could be desired, filling not only every pew, but the aisles upstairs as well as down. There was a contingent of worshippers bearing noteworthy names: Mr. Pugett and his relative, the Earl of Kintore ; and, also relatives of the Earl, the family of Lord Radstock. Even more interesting is it to read of attendances of members of the family of F. W. Robertson, though Figgis had no opportunity of any intercourse with them. The widow married a clergyman of considerable private means, named Johnson, who rented a number of sittings for the

Figgis of Brighton

use of his family when in Brighton. The first intimation of their attendance at North Street was a request from Mrs. Johnson and her daughter, who later became Lady Shuckburgh, to be permitted to sit in the minister's pew. Later came a somewhat embarrassing request from Miss Robertson asking if the Rev. Mr. Figgis would prepare her for confirmation, a request which he was compelled to decline. Mr. Johnson he met afterwards at the house of the Earl of Chichester. Years later, at the funeral service of Lawrence Peel, observing a tall, distinguished-looking man in the company, he ascertained that it was Charles Boyd Robertson, the only son of Frederick Robertson.

As the prosperous years passed by, the organizations of the church developed. Figgis formed the excellent plan of getting groups of workers to meet at his own and other houses, finding there was more real fellowship in the meetings in the homes than in the vestries of the church. One excellent venture was the establishment of the Book Society. It was a vigorous society, its meetings well attended, and strongly supported by the readers; who were eager to bid at the sale of each year's selection of books at the close of the year. This Society still continues a useful existence as The Brighton and Hove Book Club. Another interesting venture was the taking of the vacated Baptist Chapel in the Grand Parade for Christian work on the lines of his own church. He had in his mind when taking this building that an old fellow-student, Hubert Bower, was available to take charge of the work under his direction. Bower was not entirely dependent on the ministry for his support. He was a man of refined literary tastes; he had written poetry and "Parables of the Christian Life," and there seemed every prospect that good work might be done in the building.



INTERIOR OF NORTH STREET CHURCH.

Brighton Ministry

CHAPTER III

NORTH STREET

TO follow the renowned Joseph Sortain was no mean task, especially for a young man straight from College. It was a time of testing for a young minister. He knew—as all ministers do—the importance of first impressions, and that the first pastorate generally decides the standard of success which a young minister is likely to attain.

Although young and to a great extent inexperienced, Figgis was largely endowed with those qualifications which are absolutely necessary for the due discharge of the various functions of the Christian ministry. He entered the work fully realizing the immense responsibilities which are inevitably involved in this sacred office. Furthermore it was a time when in all quarters it was felt that inefficiency could no more be endured in the Christian ministry than in other responsible walks of life. It was this demand that brought greater emphasis to be laid on the importance of schools of theology in the older Universities and the establishment of new ones in the more modern academies of learning.

Figgis was a scholar of no mean status: he had held a high place as a Classic in Trinity College, Dublin; he had won the Harris Scholarship at New College, London, and had made good use of the theological training

Figgis of Brighton

through which he passed in that institution. In mental efficiency he was well equipped to guide the thoughts of men and women, not only in the divine culture which is characteristic of the Christian life, but also in many subjects which tend to enrich the human intellect. Among his contemporaries in this sacred work, no one more zealously discharged the various functions of the ministerial office; no one brought to it richer qualifications of zeal, education and sympathy, and a vision that the gospel which he preached was universally applicable. After entering the ministry he did not, as some are wont to do, abandon the reading of books and the habits of the student; rather he carried the atmosphere of the college into the study of the minister, and he continued to furnish his mind with those equipments so necessary for a leader of thought. He was fortunate in coming into touch with men of culture, and being well read he could take his place in many circles where learning formed the chief topic. To avoid the dangers which sometimes threaten the characters of teachers who live almost entirely in the society of those who are intellectually beneath them, Figgis maintained, through the best literature, a constant converse with intellects and persons greater than his own.

He appreciated to the full the advance of modern thought in the theological and religious world. He was well versed in the results of what is termed "Higher Criticism," although not in sympathy with some of the views propounded by this school; but being tolerant of other men's views and believing that

"The love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,"

he never indulged in any pulpit polemical denunciation, because he felt that his own faith rested on an immovable

Figgis of Brighton

foundation. With these mental endowments, with which in varying degrees he had been enriched, he entered upon his ministerial work and consecrated his entire personality—his national characteristics, his social position, education and experience—to his work. Each of these was a factor which was sanctified and morally consecrated to promote the purpose of his ministry.

But a still more important qualification for the work of the ministry was his deep sense of the divine call. At the time of his ordination—and ordination meant to him something more than the human elements—this conviction was intensely present, and it was maintained through long years of ministerial work: it was this perpetuation of the divine call that gave efficiency to all his work.

He felt that there were two conditions of a successful ministry. First, the conviction of a call from God; secondly, a love for man, and therefore a desire to serve man. Fortified with these strong convictions he commenced a ministry which lasted over half a century in the same town, and from the very outset his preaching was simple, positive, evangelical and practical.

Under such a ministry we are not surprised to find that the crowds which flocked to the North Street Church soon overtaxed the seating capacity of the building: it was this almost phenomenal—and in some quarters unexpected—success which compelled the rebuilding of the church.

THE REBUILDING OF THE NORTH STREET CHURCH

The old edifice, only twenty-four feet high, with its green venetian blinds, and here and there a curtained pew, had yet a certain air of dignity about it—an old-world air, if you like, but one which indicated both comfort

Figgis of Brighton

and refinement. But the place was so packed at the Sunday services that a clever local caricaturist drew a picture of "a sitting in North Street Chapel," in which a gentleman was represented as nursing his hat and umbrella and sitting with hands carefully before him, because there was no elbow room. At first it was thought that some slight alterations and enlargement might suffice. Ultimately, the feeling came to be very strong that an entirely new and very much larger church must be built. The immediate difficulty related to the site for a new building. Mrs. Haweis, a friend of Lady Huntingdon, had bequeathed her house next door for this very purpose. But the Statute of Mortmain had annulled the legacy. Efforts were made to secure one of the adjoining houses, and it was even suggested that the old frontage should be sold, reserving only a small approach, and that the building should be erected on ground behind. But the negotiations in these directions fell through, as did the attempt to find another site. At length, the conclusion was reached that there was no site so good as the one on which the existing church stood, and that what had to be done was to make the best use of that. "God," said Mr. Figgis, "who had been so good in keeping us on the hallowed spot, passed by tens of thousands every day, was also very good in increasing the dimensions of the site." Through the kindness of the lord of the manor and his solicitor, a strip of land, from a large garden at the rear of a place of business next door, was secured for a nominal sum, and this generous act of a good churchman made just the addition to the ground required to render North Street Church the proportioned building it now is.

Some delay arose in connection with the laying of the foundation stone, but at length, as the stone itself records, "This memorial stone of the Church, erected on the

Figgis of Brighton

site of that built in 1761 by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was laid on August 15th, 1870, by the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G."

During the ten months of building operations the church services were held in the Dome—the largest public meeting place in the town, and a congregation numbering more than sixteen hundred persons, some of whom rarely attended any church, frequently gathered. But it was with great gladness of heart, something like that which Israel must have felt when passing from the curtained tabernacle to the marble temple, that on Monday, March 20th, 1871, the new church was entered, and its opening services were held. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Mr. Figgis. The Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., of London, preached from 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17 : " Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, etc." The Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., of Islington, a ministerial Trustee of the Connexion, preached in the evening from the subject of " The Alabaster Box," and it was remarked that "if the morning sermon was forceful as a Highlanders' charge, the evening's was beautiful as that of a highly skilled English workman." The church was crowded on both occasions.

In the interval, luncheon was served in the Banqueting Room of the Pavilion. The Earl of Chichester presided, the Earl of Kintore (a frequent worshipper at North Street) supporting him. Lord Chichester said : " It is a privilege and duty to come, for it happens to be my way of thinking that Christians should work together on catholic principles. As to the building, I have never seen my ideal so completely realized as in this new church. So long as the plain and simple Gospel was preached there, and to my knowledge it has been for many years, we may be sure God's blessing will rest upon it." Lord Kintore, who proposed the preachers

Figgis of Brighton

of the day, also expressed his satisfaction at the signs of true catholicity in the church. Dr. Dexter, of Boston, U.S.A., speaking in a similar vein, prayed that God would grant a richer, nobler, fuller measure of the spirit which makes all who love Christ one, while the Rev. Albert Creak trusted that it would be possible some day for Mr. Elliott, Mr. Snowden Smith, and Dr. Winslow (who also was present) to appear in the pulpit at North Street. So concluded a happy and memorable gathering.

Many ministers know something of the trials, anxieties and burdens which accompany the building of a new church; for the greater part of the burden generally falls upon the minister. Such was the case at the rebuilding of North Street Church. All the ordinary work had to be done as usual, sermons prepared and preached, the sick visited, the different organizations kept going, and a hundred and one details demanded attention. So great was the burden and so heavy the strain that Mr. Figgis used to say that the rebuilding of North Street Church took ten years out of his life. But the success which resulted from his efforts was an adequate compensation for the hardness of the labour. In a short period nearly £8,000 was raised; the magnitude of this amount would have appeared an impossible task for many a young minister and his congregation; but the faith Figgis and his people had that God would lead them step by step and always in the right way, strengthened them for the effort which was crowned with success.

It was at this time that Mr. Figgis clearly manifested that he possessed the rare gift of successfully appealing to the generous liberality of Christian people. During the ten years of ministry which preceded this building enterprise Mr. Figgis had impressed his own stamp on the hearts and lives of the people, He had trained them

Figgis of Brighton

in the Christian axiom that after giving themselves to God it followed that they must give liberally of their substance to support the work of God. He knew the grounds upon which a Christian minister should appeal for liberal giving and the methods he should employ in asking for subscriptions. When we hear sad complaints of the want of generosity in professing Christians, we are inclined to say that this is due to the lack of clear teaching in the all important matter of Christian giving.

Mr. Figgis regarded liberality as a proof of the presence of the grace of God in the heart, and taught that the result of Christian generosity was not impoverishment of ourselves, but that God will cause us to abound, if not in material wealth, yet in that wealth which God deems best for us. Permeated with such teaching it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Figgis succeeded in raising the amount necessary to clear the whole debt. The constituency to which he appealed was not limited to Brighton: he travelled through many counties, and in this work developed the faculty for getting funds and earning the reputation of an "accomplished Protestant mendicant friar."

"On the whole," he declared afterwards, "had it not been for the inroads upon time, and these were serious, I should set it down as very pleasant work."

Yet he estimated that about fifty per cent. of his applications failed. The amounts of the gifts too, for their largeness and their smallness, were full of surprise. Often when much was hoped for, little was obtained; and sometimes where little was expected much was given.

"I remember one bitter day," said Mr. Figgis, "when sleet was falling, a gentleman on whom I called not only gave me a donation, but also a good luncheon, and the

Figgis of Brighton

loan of an overcoat." "On one occasion," he said, speaking of another incident, "want of tact (or was it warm Irish impulsiveness?) led to defeat, and this in North Street too!"

It was shortly after the opening of the church he ventured to express his disappointment that the collection on the previous Sunday was not larger, and exclaimed, "Shame, oh shame, on such parsimony." This rebuke led a member of the congregation to withhold the gift he intended for that service.

In his notes Mr. Figgis relates another incident which has a sense of humour in it: "A rich man in the congregation had given ten pounds. Mr. James Spicer, who knew him, said, 'Go and tell him it is his duty to give one hundred pounds.' That I could not do; but as he professed great interest in the Sussex County Hospital I ventured to urge upon him the duty of doing something for that noble institution. The only result was that a Stilton cheese he had been wont to send me at Christmas never appeared again. We must be very wary in dealing with covetous people or else, as Peter Mackenzie used to say, 'they will think that the covetous man is in the pulpit.'"

That spacious, handsome Gothic structure, which stands in one of the busy thoroughfares of Brighton, is a monument and a witness to the noble efforts of this good man. One cannot stand within its hallowed walls without hearing the echo of his voice still ringing the words of salvation. Well might one say in approaching this building: "There stands the church of St. Figgis."

The noise of axe and hammer having ceased and the dedication services in the new church being concluded, Mr. Figgis settled down again to regular work, to be continued in the same sanctuary for twenty-seven years more, only interrupted by annual holidays—on one

Figgis of Brighton

occasion, for health's sake, extending to three months. In the "trivial round, the common task," the devoted pastor found constant delight, and proved the truth of the poet's words:—

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

An aged and greatly loved Christian lady, when some one complained of monotony, said, "Let no one object to monotony; I love it!" So Mr. Figgis might have said. God gave him a heart to love every part of his work—preaching, visiting, organizing, letter-writing and even collecting money! "Some of my happiest hours," he said, "have been spent in pastoral visitation, and some of my happiest visits have been to houses of the poor; not merely to relieve their poverty but to seek to lift their souls. Be they rich or poor, there is no greater joy than getting religiously into contact with people, face to face and heart to heart; and God gave me in the vestry, at the Parsonage, and from house to house, much of this heart to heart converse."

One of the secrets, and a great secret of Mr. Figgis's success as a pastor, lay in his deep sympathy with all who were in any kind of trouble. His was naturally a lovable nature, and when the heads of any of his people were "bowed with woe," and they mourned "the loss of dear ones," the whole wealth of his loving, gentle heart was given out in tender sympathy. It would be easy, did space permit, to quote from many consolatory letters, written to those in sorrow. They were always radiant with hope and restful in the expression of unfaltering trust in the goodness of God. No wonder that they came to the burdened heart as an

Figgis of Brighton

echo of some angel song, "singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night." Here is just one such letter :

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"So the end has come—that end which is the beginning ! Your beloved wife has for years and years been 'numbered with God's saints in glory everlasting,' numbered with them by likeness of character, and now she shares their likeness of surroundings too. How perfect those surroundings must be, and how infinitely precious 'the presence of the King' !

"I know that your unselfish heart will be 'joyful in her joy,' rather than dwell on your own sorrow, though that must be keen. For I think you had found one so truly a helpmeet, so fully one in thought and purpose and desire, that to part with her must be a parting indeed. Well, we who are thus *alone*—'wrecked outright on Jesus' breast,' as Charles Fox puts it, must try to make more of God and dwell the more in His counsel and His love.

"I am, my very dear friend,

"Your brother and companion in tribulation,
and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus
Christ,

Yours ever,

"J. B. FIGGIS."

Another striking feature of his North Street ministry was the interest taken in meetings for Prayer, and this grew remarkably in the early years in the new church. In the old days the prayer meetings were held in the Committee Room, where praying was almost entirely in the hands of three good men—the Scripture Reader, who was greatly gifted in prayer, and two men in humble life. But soon the large vestibule of the church was full, the gathering often overflowing into the church itself, through the open windows of which late comers

Figgis of Brighton

had to be content to listen. This happy result was brought about through the unwearied efforts of the pastor, who by weekly reminders through the post and personal persuasion, created a fresh and deeper interest in the prayer meeting, and led a goodly succession of the leading men of the congregation to join in audible prayer. Visitors frequently took part. It may be mentioned also in this connection that a prayer meeting for young men was established, at which not a few converts learned to break the ice. The meetings were held at a late hour in the evening of a week-day, so that the busiest might be free to attend. Many young men took advantage of this, and, after spending a happy hour in communion with God and fellowship with one another, delighted to accompany their pastor to his house and see him safely home. This furnished mighty and blessed opportunities for spiritual influence and guidance.

On the important ministerial functions of extempore prayer and pastoral visitation a friend from Brighton writes :

“ The Rev. J. B. Figgis had a rare gift of extempore prayer. He was never known to repeat himself, so great and extensive was his command of language, and that language was of the choicest. He always approached the throne of grace in the spirit of humility and true reverence ; and yet with holy boldness. Many people came to the week-night service at North Street attracted by his prayers as much as by his sermons.”

Writing to his son—the Rev. J. Neville Figgis, D.Litt.—as recently as May, 1916, he uses these words :

“ Your letter about your Dorset ‘ Pilgrimage of Prayer ’ interests me very much. Some friends heard you at St. Thomas’s with keen interest. Your extempore

Figgis of Brighton

prayer specially interested them. I do not wonder that it should draw upwards the hearts of others. I wonder the less, because Mrs. Colvin has spoken of the effect of extempore prayer as she had heard it used by Cardinal Manning and Father Bernard Vaughan. Then I do not wonder that you find visitation in the homes of the people useful. There is nothing like heart to heart ministry. It is partly the lack of this that has led to the restoration of the Confessional !”

The central position of the North Street Church made it a favourite place for the solemnization of marriages. The impressive way in which Mr. Figgis conducted the marriage service, and the wise words of advice which he gave, left the impression upon the contracting parties that it was indeed a sacrament, and his prayer would always live in the memory of those attending these services. But some of the weddings were not without a humorous side, and no one more than he enjoyed the somewhat ambiguous responses from bride or bridegroom which sometimes happened during the ceremony. At a very early date in his ministry a widower was married. The bride was in a state of consternation when she discovered in the vestry that the wedding ring of the former wife had been placed on her finger, while the new ring had been allowed to repose in the waistcoat pocket of the bridegroom. So an exchange had to be made : but the bride was not satisfied until the words from the prayer book concerning the ring had been repeated by the bridegroom.

On one occasion the bridegroom was the son of a well-known baronet, but as the party had brought no witnesses with them, two had to be improvised in the persons of the vergers and the “ parish clerk ” whose name was Samuel Thompson. Years after, when the baronet died, the announcement of the wedding appeared in *The*

Figgis of Brighton

Times to the effect that it had been performed in North Street, Brighton, by the "Rev. Samuel Thompson." The error was due to the fact that Thompson's signature in the marriage register was so bold that it overshadowed all others, and especially that of Mr. Figgis, the officiating minister. On another occasion, he used to say, he almost failed to pilot a couple to the port of holy matrimony. At her first answer the bride hesitated. When the second should have come she was silent. The pause was so long that Mr. Figgis said to her, "If you do not mean this, you ought not to say it." At this, with an earnest look from the bridegroom, she answered the question and the marriage was completed in due form.

But as a minister of Christ Mr. Figgis was above and before everything else a preacher. He felt convinced that Christ had commissioned him to preach the gospel, and to fulfil this commission was his life's work. To this all other aims and activities were subservient; beside this all else was secondary. He never failed to preach that gospel, and the gospel was not limited to a few isolated texts, but to the whole Bible, and especially the gospels and epistles.

He was the last man in the world to advertise himself or to regard anything that he did as an opportunity for self-glorification. He preached the truth as he experienced it first in his own soul, and he preached it for the sake of the souls of those to whom he ministered. His message came from his heart, and its object was the salvation and edification of souls. But behind the message there was the sanctified personality of the man, and the impress of his personality was seen upon all his work and on all his teaching. His smile was a benediction, his counsel better than gold; for he lived on week-days the gospel he preached on Sundays. He was more than

Figgis of Brighton

a machine performing the functions of the ministerial routine. One writer states : " The Christian minister is a workman ; not a machine. In the Church, as in the world, there is to-day a danger of machinery being the master and man the slave. But the Christian minister must be an artist in the highest sense of the word, and his personality or character must enter into all his work and be impressed on all his material." All who came under the teaching of Mr. Figgis, or indeed came into contact with him, must have felt that " personal magnetic " influence. It is impossible in the highest sense for a personality to influence a personality apart from moral or religious qualities ; the man who possesses these qualities exercises an immeasurable influence upon his surroundings. In Mr. Figgis Christ was uplifted ; for, in addition to attracting and attaching others to himself through that magnetic personality which was his, he often succeeded in attracting them to Christ. His message was Christ, and he lived his message in that he could use the Pauline expression " to me to live is Christ."

EMMANUEL CHURCH

A few years after his advent to Brighton, Mr. Figgis noticed one day—on a corner where the respective boroughs of Brighton and Hove meet—a board on which was printed in prominent letters the words " Free English Church." Soon after he was informed that this church was to be erected for Dr. Octavius Winslow, so widely known as the writer of many devotional books.

Dr. Winslow in his early days had thoughts of "taking orders," and had he done so he would have attained a distinguished position in the Established Church, not only on account of his marked abilities, but also on

Figgis of Brighton

account of his friendship with the Lord Chancellor of the time. It is recorded that a guest of the Winslows was kept awake one night by the constant pacing to and fro in the room overhead. In the morning the enigma was explained; it seems that young Octavius had—like Nicodemus of old—been spending the dark hours of the night in seeking guidance on the perplexing ecclesiastical problem which was troubling him; the result of the struggle was summed up in the following words: "Mother, I cannot conform."

After several years of successful ministry in churches of the Baptist denomination, he resolved to spend the afternoon of his life in Brighton, and in a church closely resembling one of the Countess of Huntingdon's, no doubt having in his mind Mr. Figgis's church at North Street, where the Liturgy of the Church of England was used in a simple and unpretentious way.

Accordingly, in 1868, this "Free English Church" was opened under the name of "Emmanuel Church," Hove. The inaugural sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. John Cumming, of the Established Church of Scotland. It was rather refreshing to hear this Scotch Presbyterian giving a stirring panegyric, in an emphatic Northern accent, on the Liturgy of the English Church. The evening sermon was preached by a clergyman of the Church of England from Portsmouth, who for his courage in rendering this service was inhibited by his bishop. The church with its fifteen hundred sittings was crowded on both occasions. The tenure of the church was not made known to the public; this called forth the remonstrance of a wealthy gentleman who was present at the opening. He said, "I would not give a penny to it, for it is not put in trust." Dr. Winslow's ministry was very successful in drawing the visitors to his church, especially those who were familiar with his books. In

Figgis of Brighton

seven years Dr. Durnford became Bishop of Chichester, and, being a close friend of Dr. Winslow, the latter was induced in his old age to take the step he had failed to take in early manhood: so one day he received Deacon's Orders, the next he received the full powers of Priest, and the same evening preached in Chichester Cathedral. This change made no difference to the congregation or to the order of service at Emmanuel. It was prophetic that Dr. Winslow, on more than one occasion, expressed the wish that Mr. Figgis should be his successor. On the death of Dr. Winslow the church passed into the personal possession of the Rev. J. G. Gregory, M.A., formerly Rector of Bonchurch. He purchased the property, and after structural alterations he had expended some nine thousand pounds. He held a licence from the Bishop of Chichester to conduct services and to administer the Lord's Supper at Emmanuel.

In the early years of North Street Mr. Gregory and his family during their holidays at Brighton used to attend the ministry of Mr. Figgis; but it was not until they met as guests in Mr. Donald Matheson's residence in Queen's Gate, London, that they formed a friendship which became closer as time went on.

An American lecturer in the Dome inadvertently dropped a sentence supposed to be derogatory to the Mother of our Lord. He hinted that the brothers of our Lord were actual brothers, a belief held by quite half of Christendom. Mr. Gregory was in the chair, and his omission to call this "heretic" into account called forth the censure of some of the ecclesiastical authorities, and much controversy followed; but Emmanuel was crowded and remained so for many years. Very few ministries in Brighton have been so effectual.

In 1897 Mr. Gregory accepted the incumbency of Christ Church, Leamington; but he was very much

Figgis of Brighton

exercised about the future of Emmanuel Church, Hove, where he was closing a twenty years' work. Meeting Mr. Figgis one day, he said, "Though I am Churchman enough to prefer a minister of my own Communion, I fear that I may have to look to a Nonconformist to fill the post. Would you take it?" The result was that an arrangement was made for Mr. Figgis to take over the ministry of Emmanuel Church. At first it was thought possible that Dr. A. T. Pierson—a renowned American preacher—should become Mr. Figgis's colleague, and to unite North Street and Emmanuel under a conjoint ministry; but it was discovered that this arrangement was not feasible.

In the circle of providence it must be stated that the present successful incumbent of Emmanuel is Mr. Gregory's son—Rev. Herries Gregory, M.A., who is ably supported by his wife, the daughter of the beloved Bishop Eldridge, D.D.

The appointment of Mr. Figgis in 1897 to Emmanuel Church was the realization of the late Dr. Winslow's prophetic wish; and if a church had been ordered for Mr. Figgis, nothing could have been more in accord with his principles and churchmanship than Emmanuel. The building, services, atmosphere, etc., were all he could desire.

It was a severe wrench to leave a congregation to whom he had ministered for seven-and-thirty years, and it was an equal grief to the people to lose such a pastor. But the prospect of a wider sphere of usefulness, and the sense that those who had been associated with him in the ordering of church affairs were ageing, and that a younger man might be more serviceable to the newer generation of worshippers, led Mr. Figgis to accept what he believed to be the will of God for him, and to migrate to a sister church that called for his ministry. It was

Figgis of Brighton

no light undertaking to follow Mr. Gregory, or to assume the many and heavy responsibilities which such a following involved. In his address to the North Street congregation he said that to leave them was "to relinquish the kindest and most loving of congregations, and a band of church officers who had worked with him, not only with perfect harmony, but in thorough sympathy with all his spiritual aims. But he hoped that a stranger coming—perhaps with the youthful ardour he had had when he came to them in 1861—would excite an enthusiasm which would, by God's blessing, make the church at North Street more prosperous than ever. He asked the prayers of the congregation for himself in going to Emmanuel, and upon the appointment of his successor at North Street—that the future ministry should be true to the Bible, the whole Bible, the gospel of the grace of God, as it had been on the lines of Henry Venn, Romaine, Whitefield, Sortain and others who had preached on that spot. Very touching was the Farewell meeting at North Street. A resolution was moved by Mr. William Hilton, expressing a deep feeling of sorrow and a sense of loss; but also voicing the conviction that Mr. Figgis was being led in the matter by the Divine hand. "Happily we are not losing on this occasion our minister by death, or, sadder still, by differences and estrangement, but by the providential opening of a new sphere of work which probably no one else could undertake with the same prospect of success. We shall in future have in this town two places of worship which we trust will be one in faith and love, in community of thought and feeling and common service."

On Wednesday evening, December 1st, 1897, Mr. Figgis was introduced to the Emmanuel Church congregation by the Rev. J. G. Gregory, who referred to the circumstances of his own removal, and dwelt on the

Figgis of Brighton

similarity of services and of truths which he was sure would characterize the ministry that day begun, and which was a far more important thing than ecclesiastical identity. Mr. Figgis, when called upon to speak, took up the same line, and said how ready he would be to welcome all who had love for Christ, and how the needs and even wishes of those who loved Him, in different communions, would be met—as they had been at North Street—under the broad banner there. With hardly a sentence changed the Morning, Evening and Communion Services of the Book of Common Prayer would be used, though in the Occasional Offices of that Book certain simple revisions would be made.

On the first Sunday in December Mr. Figgis occupied the pulpit of Dr. Winslow and Mr. Gregory for the first time—a “greater ordeal,” he described it, “than attendance at the social meeting which welcomed him as minister”—preaching to good congregations, in the morning from Josh. xiv. 12, “If so be the Lord will be with me I shall be able”; and in the evening, from 1 Cor. xi. 2, “I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,” setting forth the aim which he had set before himself and the strength upon which he relied to carry it out.

In the same spirit he expressed his feelings in a printed letter to the congregation, from which the following extracts may be given:

“Called in the providence of God to holy ministry among you, I ask your prayers for God’s Spirit to come with renewed power upon us all.

“Following such a pastorate as you have had—so strong, so earnest, so faithful to the Truth of God—I shall need all your indulgence and forbearance. But there is something more difficult even than to follow the devoted servant of Christ who has laboured among

Figgis of Brighton

you in the Lord, and that is to rise to the height of God's own ideal of an evangelist, pastor and teacher.

'Tis work might fill an angel's heart,
And filled the Saviour's hands.

The longer I have been engaged in it the more I feel my unworthiness of it, but the glory and the beauty of the occupation fill my soul with increasing joy and praise. I want to try to be a true pastor, feeding the lambs and tending the sheep, dwelling amongst my people, and getting to know them and to enter into their needs, their cares, their sorrows and their joys. Bear with me if it takes time to do this, and, if I cannot come to see you in your homes as often as you would wish, send for me and I will hasten my coming, or visit me at my own house and I shall always delight to be of any service that I can. But I want to be a preacher, too, 'yea, woe unto me if I preach not the gospel,' and, for this, quiet and prayer and meditation are a necessity, or else the truth will seem only half true when I tell it, and the teacher only half taught when he should teach others also. I am giving you my confidence, as I hope you will give me yours. . . . I hope always to realize that Christ's 'kingdom is not of this world,' that 'not many great, not many noble, not many mighty are called,' and that only spiritual hands should touch the Ark of God."

During his ministry he expounded some of the most profound portions of the New Testament ; first, indeed, and wisely, as being somewhat simpler, taking up the life of St. Paul, and going on to his letters, the three of the Roman imprisonment, and then the great Epistle to the Romans. Later on the three Epistles of St. John were dealt with. Each sacred book was gone through, paragraph by paragraph, not merely to obtain a general idea of the characteristics of each, but to get at the minds

Figgis of Brighton

of the inspired writers in all the connections of their thoughts.

His sermons made a deep impression upon all who heard them, and some were reported in full in the local press, and revealed the manliness and strong convictions of the preacher.

At length, the end of the second stage of J. B. Figgis's Brighton ministry came—not unexpectedly yet not without sorrow. The lease on which the church property had been held was expiring, and although it was generously offered him on a yearly tenancy—an offer which he greatly appreciated—he felt that the time had come for the stirring up of his nest, and that it should be accepted as God's providence for him.

His farewell sermon was preached on Sunday, January 28th, 1912, on the believer's outlooks: "Looking unto Jesus," and "Looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus unto eternal life."

During his work at Emmanuel he was ably assisted, first by the Rev. A. H. Storrow, then by the Rev. Walter Downham, and lastly by the Rev. S. P. Hodgson. When his pastorate at Emmanuel terminated he took a few weeks' rest. In February, 1912, he was staying at Mentone. Writing to the friends at Emmanuel he expressed his feelings in these words:

"By the kind permission of your pastor, the Rev. Herries S. Gregory, I am allowed to render this account, as if I were still one of you. And indeed I never felt more one with the people at Emmanuel Church than on the last Sunday before I left England—a silent Sunday for me—when I worshipped with you. As I joined in the service, so simply and sweetly rendered, and listened to a sermon that went to the depths of Scripture and experience, I 'thanked God and took courage.'

"Here, I am in a very different scene. Imagine a

Figgis of Brighton

sea as blue as indigo, a sky of azure, a sun that shines every day and all the day, and you will get some idea of that which is for the most part before me. Then, if you lift up your eyes unto the hills, you will see them studded with villas in the midst of lemon groves and orange trees, and olives, aloes, and eucalyptus, while here and there the mimosa spreads its bright yellow, and the almond its tint of sweet lavender, and the rose its profusion of crimson. With all this beauty and the lovely weather (which I am told awaited my arrival), I ought to be the halest and happiest of men. But a cold—a genuine English cold—crossed the Channel with me, and is as reluctant to say ‘Good-bye’ to me as I was to say ‘Good-bye’ to England. Still more, all the loveliness around, and pleasant fellow visitors, and occasional bits of work for the Master, cannot make amends for the breaking of the pastoral staff. I am in the house in which Mr. Spurgeon died, and near the spot where Dr. Maclaren sojourned. He wrote—perhaps wrote here—‘To enjoy a well-earned rest is a delusion.’ This is saying too much. I would rather say, with a dear friend, ‘Give me my wish, and it would be to die in harness.’ But, if God wishes me to rest meanwhile, I believe He will give me grace to rest gladly.”

NATHANAEL CHURCH

In the summer of 1912, an opportunity for work such as he might easily do, came to Mr. Figgis. In a road close behind that in which he lived, and in which he had resided for half a century, there was a little church belonging to the Reformed Episcopal Church.* At the

* For information concerning this Church, see “The Origin, Orders, Organization and Worship of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the United Kingdom,” 7, Buckingham Road, Brighton; price 3d.

Figgis of Brighton

time it was under the charge of Dr. P. X. Eldridge, Presiding Bishop of that Church in England, who, having come to reside in Brighton, officiated, as frequently as his other duties allowed, at this little church in West Hill Road, known as Nathanael. The Bishop was an old and valued friend of Mr. Figgis, and when it became known that Bishop Eldridge found constant ministry at Nathanael incompatible with claims of churches in other places, Mr. Figgis offered to help his friend by giving a sermon a week, and assisting in such other ways as might be possible. The position left Mr. Figgis free to attend Conventions, and "supply" other congregations as he might desire. The offer was at once and most cordially accepted, and he became one of the ministers of Nathanael Church, without resigning his ministry in the Countess' Connexion; for the Reformed Episcopal Church welcomes to its pulpits the accredited ministers of all evangelical denominations, and no man ever had a heartier welcome as a brother beloved in the Lord than did Mr. Figgis. The arrangement for this joint ministry was exceedingly happy. It enabled Mr. Figgis to exercise his still great gifts as a preacher as his strength permitted; it gave many of his attached friends and members of his former congregations the privilege of hearing him more or less regularly, and it set the Bishop free for other work, and relieved him of part of the Sunday duty. Of this Mr. Figgis wrote: 'I attended the other services also at Nathanael on Sundays, and enjoyed reading the lessons and helping at Holy Communion and hearing the Bishop's quiet, spirit-charged sermons. I hope also that I was useful, for the great difficulty at the little church was to get a morning congregation; and old friends of mine (most of them unequal to two services a day) came in the morning and so met that difficulty.'

Figgis of Brighton

Thus "at evening time" it was "light." The shadows were falling fast around each of the two associated ministers at Nathanael. The sun of each was westering. But the zeal and hope of the early dawn had not faded; the zeal was as keen and the hope as confident in the gloaming as at morn. Indeed, none who heard Mr. Figgis, as he read the Scriptures, or preached in his own impressive and inimitable way—with even deeper feeling and stronger voice than usual—would have imagined he had come to a patriarchal age. The mutual service was carried through in blessed harmony, with perfect sympathy and understanding. Both men were friends of many years; both had been disciplined in the school of suffering; they were of one mind and heart, with a common desire to please the one Lord; and so, for the two or three years during which they laboured together, the happiest relationship was maintained. Of his colleague Mr. Figgis wrote, "I am sure that to know Bishop Eldridge is to love him and esteem him very highly for his work's sake. I felt this when I knew him long years ago at Spalding; I feel it now that I have worked side by side with him in Brighton." And of his deep affection and admiration for Mr. Figgis the Bishop gave public expression in the funeral address which he delivered in North Street Church when the body of the beloved friend and pastor was on the way to its resting place.

His last sermon (inscribed by his own hand as "the last sermon I ever preached") was delivered in Nathanael Church to a very large congregation on Sunday morning, September 12th, 1915. Its subject was, "Sowing and Reaping," the text, Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6, and lxxix, 3, 6-8. It was a discourse full of fervour and earnest appeal, alike to all, and it closed with the repetition of the following lines, found in the Bible of Martin Cleavor, of the

Figgis of Brighton

Egypt General Mission, who had been taken to God earlier in that same year (and as the conclusion of Mr. Figgis' last sermon, it was almost prophetic)—

When I am dying,
How glad I shall be,
That the lamp of my life
Has burnt out for Thee.

So ended the Brighton ministry of this venerable, devoted, and beloved servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the words of his successor at Emmanuel Church, it may be said that "No man has ever exercised the same uniting influence amongst many schools of thought. He is—he will be—greatly missed by all who loved and esteemed him."

Although he was a fluent speaker and master of words, his preparation for the pulpit was most assiduously done, his work was never scamped, and even when pastoral visits increased, pulpit preparation was not diminished.

The freshness of his preaching was maintained by his constant reading of good books, through which he came into contact with the greatest teachers. He was a voluminous reader. In his Old Testament studies he interpreted the prophets in the light of present day events, and made them speak to the present century. In the New Testament he found his greatest teachers. First and foremost he regarded our Lord as the one perfect and complete ideal teacher. For the Christian minister the teaching of our Lord must remain for all time the perfect and ideal standard. When speaking of our Lord's perfect character and perfect teaching Mr. Figgis might well have quoted the poet :

But thee—O Sovereign seer of time,
But thee—poet's poet, wisdom's tongue,
But thee, O man's best man, love's best love,
O perfect life, in perfect labour writ.

Figgis of Brighton

Thee, all men's comrade, servant, king and priest,
What least defect, or shadow of defect,
O what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, Thou paragon—Thou crystal Christ?

Next to our Lord, he placed the outstanding teachers of the New Testament, maintaining that the teaching of these writers on the problem of "Salvation" must ever remain not only the chief authority on the subject, but an authority beside which all others sink into insignificance. These teachers were the men specially commissioned by our Lord to develop the work which He had begun in the days of His flesh.

To those who are versed in Mr. Figgis's published works, and especially those who had the privilege of attending his ministry, it is clear that he specialized in the teaching of St. Paul. It has been stated that "if we take the three great teachers of the New Testament, we shall find that in the early ages of the Church the greatest importance was attached to St. Peter; that during the Reformation the appeal was mainly to St. Paul; while in these latter days the Church needs especially to meditate upon the teaching of St. John."

To a certain extent Mr. Figgis concurred in this statement. In his notes he wrote: "While at Emmanuel I published a small volume on 'The Anointing and other short studies' in the First Epistle of John, wherein I sipped a little of the nectar of flowers than which I know none sweeter in all the garden of God."

Again his last published work called "Visions" deals with St. John's experiences in the Isle of Patmos; but time after time he returned to St. Paul. In his notes we find: "I preached on the life of St. Paul, on his Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, etc., etc." Of course, he did not neglect the great and important presentations of the faith as

Figgis of Brighton

found in the New Testament by all its teachers. At any rate he did not agree with the French writer, M. Renan, who said: "The Christian doctor *par excellence*, St. Paul, is now coming to the end of his reign." He was much more in agreement with Matthew Arnold's opinion of St. Paul: "The reign of the real St. Paul is only beginning, his fundamental ideas will have an influence greater than any which they have yet had."

In another chapter it is recorded that Mr. Figgis travelled widely: consequently he would have to spend a great amount of time in trains and steamers; but he never started on a journey, however short, without the company of two or three volumes of books, and in the hubbub of chatter and gossip which often characterizes railway compartments he could fix his attention on his reading. He made good use of the great English classics. When down with diphtheria on one occasion he found "The Ring and the Book" a delightful companion.

He greatly enjoyed biographies, not only of noted preachers, theologians and missionaries, but also of Macaulay, Carlyle, etc. Well marked, showing diligent use, were his Froude, Emerson, Motley, etc.

Good class fiction also engaged his interest, and during the last two years of his life on earth, years in which he showed as much vigour of body and mind as in his younger days, he was busy storing his mind with knowledge, and of him it is true that "he died learning." A colleague of his remarked: "It is surprising how forceful and fresh his sermons were towards the end of his ministry." That freshness was certainly due to the fact that he kept his mind and intellect fresh right up to the day of his death by reading the best literature. No minister discharged his ministerial duties more faithfully than he did, and no pastor was more beloved. His integrity, his diligence, his scrupulous regard for

Figgis of Brighton

every call of duty, his sympathetic discharge of it, his strong unfaltering faith, his well stored mind with all that is best, his unique forgetfulness of self and his loyal devotion to his Master Christ qualifies him for a place in the Calendar of Saints.

TOKENS OF A FRUITFUL MINISTRY

To exercise a ministry for over half a century in the same town is a great achievement ; but when that ministry can carry with it the epithet "successful" it is more than an achievement ; for it ranks as extraordinary. The term "successful" is relative, and when used in connection with a Christian minister it does not always connote the swaying of multitudes by torrential eloquence or the delivery of discourses marked by erudite scholarship ; rather let it be said that the successful minister is he who constantly lives on a high level of spirituality, and by his life and example impresses his flock and the community in which he lives with the conviction that "he has been with Jesus and has learned of Him." In another chapter it is stated that North Street used to be crowded ; but when crowds ceased to assemble, Mr. Figgis's ministry was no less successful ; and even when, towards the close of his life, he preached on Sunday mornings to the few but select souls at Nathanael Church, he was keeping up the level of ministerial success.

It would be next to impossible for such a ministry to fail in tokens of love and appreciation. Great churches do not always mean great salaries : this axiom held good in his case. The three churches in which he ministered in Brighton had no endowments, and although in North Street Church he had large congregations, the remuneration was not by any means proportionate to

Figgis of Brighton

the numbers that filled the church. The words of St. Paul well applied to Mr. Figgis: "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel."

He gave freely, and received but little. He did not teach for gain. The power and influence of such conduct, of such personal example, were extremely great. The least suspicion of seeking after self-advantage is fatal to the highest ministerial influence. Often did he experience the joy to which our Lord referred, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." When the ministry has remembered the great principle enshrined in these words it has been mighty for good; when it has forgotten that principle it has, at least as a power for Christ, failed. But few men have been the recipients of so many tokens of love as were lavished on him. It was a means of grace to be privileged to extend any kindness to him, and to serve him in any way was a benediction. He appreciated all kindnesses, because he was abundantly endowed with that exquisite grace of gratitude. It has been said that "gratitude always gives sight, and is a fine lens through which to look upon man and God."

First of all, there were material tokens which were clear indications of a fruitful ministry, and bore witness to the special kindness of friends. The earliest of these was the occasion when he brought his bride home and found his drawing-room beautifully furnished. In the course of his ministry he contracted scarlet fever when paying a pastoral visit. When he became convalescent a purse full of gold was handed to him to enable him to seek rest and change. The shelves of his study, the tables and walls of his drawing-room, all bore witness to the love and esteem of his friends. A very solid inkstand came from the Children's Class. The Senior Bible Class presented him with a Hexapla Copy of the Bible, which

Figgis of Brighton

belonged to his renowned predecessor, the Rev. Joseph Sortain, and thus, after a circuit, found its way to Mr. Figgis's study.

Twenty years of hard work at North Street had left their marks upon him, and the doctors ordered him a long holiday. The friends who had enjoyed and had been blessed by this twenty years' ministry decided to show their appreciation in some tangible way, and on the eve of his leaving for Italy and the Riviera he was presented with a cheque adequate for the expenses of the holiday. An account of the tour is found in another chapter.

Five years later came the semi-jubilee of his ministry, which was celebrated in a great and enthusiastic meeting in the Pavilion. His brother, Mr. Samuel Figgis, of Hampstead, presided, and after addresses by Mr. McLean, Mr. Tufnell and others, Mr. Figgis was presented with a cheque for several hundred pounds, which greatly astonished and gladdened him.

Birthdays also were not forgotten. One of them, celebrated on July 6th, 1888, was brightened by the gift of a beautiful gold watch. This gift used to remind him of some words of his friend, the Rev. Paxton Hood. When some adverse event came, Paxton Hood used to take out his watch, the gift of his people, and say to his wife, "We will go on again: yes, we will work a little longer." Mr. Figgis, too, had adverse events, but when he looked, not only at the watch but at a host of other gifts which adorned his Parsonage, he could say, "I will go on again. I will work a little longer."

Tokens of affection came not only from the churches over which he presided, but also from the town and district, and sometimes from a wider area.

Another outstanding day was July 6th, 1907, when he attained his seventieth birthday. After presiding at

Figgis of Brighton

the prayer meeting in the morning—a post he filled for 30 years—at the Y.M.C.A. rooms, a cheque for £400 was handed to him, with the best wishes of friends near and far, but chiefly in Brighton and Hove.

The Countess of Huntingdon's Churches held their Annual Conference in 1910 at Brighton. At a public meeting, held in Emmanuel schoolroom, Mr. Figgis was the recipient of an address and a cheque, subscribed by the members of the Connexion. Among the speakers on this occasion were Bishop Brook-Lander, D.D., of Teddington, and others.

On December 6th, 1911, came his Jubilee. This he declared was the "highest of all the highdays" of life, "when the sands of fifty years of ministry had run out." On the previous day there had been a prayer meeting, with addresses, in Emmanuel Church rooms, in which the Revs. Seymour Terry, James Steele, Ambrose Spong, C. Bentley Jutson, S. P. Hodgson, and Colonel Philips took part.

At the meeting, held in the Pavilion, on December 6th, Mr. C. Thomas-Stanford, M.A., J.P. (Mayor of Brighton), presided, and a host of Mr. Figgis's friends attended, several of whom delivered congratulatory addresses. The Mayor remarked in the course of his speech: "I think that the name of Mr. Figgis will go down among the general inhabitants of the town for one thing more than anything else. It has been said of him that he was a link between all the churches of Brighton. I am brought into relations with ministers of every church, and am greatly gratified to find that the prevailing spirit of the time is a most happy tolerance of each other's opinions and a great ambition for joint effort."

The Vicar, Canon Hoskyns, after expressing his congratulations, added, "I can certainly say that Mr. Figgis's attitude towards all good work, whether he

Figgis of Brighton

differed from it or not, has been that of a true Christian gentleman. All who are outside his own Communion feel with me the greatest possible respect and admiration for the faithful life and splendid service which Mr. Figgis has given to Christ and to the town. I suppose I may say, without fear of contradiction, that he has not an enemy in the town or elsewhere."

The Rev. Walter Downham—formerly Mr. Figgis's assistant at Emmanuel—spoke of Mr. Figgis as "an Irishman to the backbone," and as "Ireland's missionary to England. . . . He has done his work right well. . . . He is a master in the art of doing good. There is not a street in the town which does not know him for that. You have all heard him beg. He never begged for himself. You never saw him give ; that is the art of giving—his right hand knowing not what his left hand does. Though he begs with the heart of a demi-god, he gives with the heart of God Himself. . . ."

Canon Flynn spoke of visits of Mr. Figgis to "Holiness" meetings at Dublin, and of impressions made which time would never efface. He also referred to Mr. Figgis's "moderating, healing, and unifying influence" in Brighton, especially amongst ministers of every persuasion. He had minimized differences, healed little sores, and had done everything possible to bind all Christians together.

The Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer told an interesting reminiscence of his listening, when a lad, to Mr. Figgis preaching in Mr. Sortain's church very soon after he became that minister's successor. The "new voice" warmed his heart, whilst Mr. Sortain had "seemed far away," and his great subjects could not be remembered. "We have known and loved one another, and as the years have passed, and life has become sterner, one has crept back again and again to the friendship of the earlier

Figgis of Brighton

days, always finding in him an unchanging tenacity of affection. . . . He is honoured by Free Churchmen of every name. Everybody claims him, because he comprehends us all in one love of God."

Mr. Samuel Figgis, J.P. spoke of the influence upon his brother and himself of their father and mother, and related an incident which had occurred during his visit to Australia. His name was on his bag, and one day when travelling a young man came up and asked, "Is your name Figgis?" "Yes." "The greatest friend I had on earth," rejoined the questioner, "was a man named Figgis." The young man had strayed, against his will, into a prayer meeting, or a class, at North Street Church, Brighton, and he was now leading an honourable life, "thanking God that John Figgis had been born." Mr. Figgis went on to speak of his brother's struggles in early life, and how he came out the victor in the end.

Mr. W. A. Hounsom, J.P., gave an interesting account of the ministerial changes in Brighton since Mr. Figgis began his work. It was no slight task which Mr. Figgis undertook when he became the successor of Mr. Sortain. "He came, he saw, he conquered; he conquered through a life devoted to the Master, and throughout the fifty years he has been going in and out amongst the people, 'wearing the white flower of a blameless life.'"

Mr. Hounsom then made the presentation to Mr. Figgis, consisting of an album of names, and a cheque for £1,100.

In acknowledging the gifts and expressing thanks for all the kind things which had been said, Mr. Figgis quoted a remark made by the Rev. James Vaughan when some one had commended him for his fine work during a fifty years' ministry. "Take care! take care! do not bring your tinder box too near my gunpowder!" Mr. Figgis felt almost impelled to repeat that remark when listening to the gracious words of the speakers, which were

Figgis of Brighton

a temptation to pride and vanity, and also to repeat the words of the Master, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." After a short review of his labours and calling to mind the names of many fellow-workers who had passed away, he said he was inclined to moralize, in the words of the brook,

Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river.

Mr. Figgis then eloquently reaffirmed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, his love for the Gospel, and his love for the work of God. On the differences amongst Christians he remarked, "I cannot for the life of me see why looking at passages of Scripture, one in one light and another in another, should be the cause of any division between souls that love the same Saviour. As a Latin father said, 'Where there is Christ, there is the Catholic Church.' At all events, that is my creed. I live in it; I hope to die in it."

The Rev. J. Neville Figgis, Litt.D., expressed the thanks of his brother and himself, and of other relatives, for all that had been said and done at the meeting, and added that he believed, as his father had asserted, that faith in the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, which had made the meeting possible, was our only hope in the future, in a fight, which, in some respects, would be more difficult than any of earlier days. That faith was the one thing that was standing up amidst the wreck of almost every principle on which the world had been accustomed to base itself. The unity of life in the Cross would be strength in times of weakness, a hope when all looks gloomy and dull, and a light amid the countless perplexities of the times.

Figgis of Brighton

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, moved by a Brighton veteran, Mr. W. Stevens, J.P., seconded by the Rev. C. Bentley Jutson, and the Mayor's acknowledgment, followed by the singing of the Doxology and the invocation of the "Peace of God," brought this memorable meeting to an end.

These material fruits of his influence and work kindled the warmest appreciation and thankfulness in Mr. Figgis, and enabled him to open his purse more fully for needy men, women and children, and thus gratify the generous and compassionate instincts which were so prominent in his character. It should be remembered that, although quick to recognize and appreciate acts of kindness, yet he never allowed such tokens of goodwill and affection to minimize the force of stern rebuke when deserved by any from whom those tokens came. He had no fear of man, and if any church member happened to be guilty of conduct incompatible with the Christian profession he never hesitated to reprove the culprit, and, if necessary, to exercise discipline. His censure, however, was always preceded by tactful kindness or an expression of thankfulness or praise for the culprit's good qualities. "The man who begins with praise," as Dr. Joseph Parker once said, "and then passes to censure, medicates his censure, and the censure becomes a ministry of healing. If a man comes into your garden and goes about enjoying your flowers, you can put up with him when he points out a few weeds, because the man who can intelligently admire the flowers will be the best counsellor as to what to do with the weeds." Mr. Figgis always spoke admiringly of the flowers before proceeding to point out the weeds.

Passing on to the more important fruits of his ministry—the moral and spiritual—it may surprise some of his friends that he felt he was deficient in the gifts requisite for making a successful evangelist. He conceived that

Figgis of Brighton

his special mission was to "feed the flock of God," rather than to bring souls out of darkness into light—to gather wanderers into the flock. At the same time, he thus emphatically speaks in one of his papers: "Some evangelists are unfitted to be pastors, but one can hardly conceive of a pastor who ought not to be an evangelist."

When we consider some of the spiritual results of his life and work, we cannot but feel that he undervalued his gifts of tender, earnest appeal and persuasion, which his ministry and his books so often attested. We think he may be correctly described as an admirable "all-round" minister and pastor, who, having reached a high plane of spiritual experience, never ceased in earnest longing and effort to draw his people to the same heights of trust, and faith, and love.

Packets of letters from his correspondents and other papers confirm the view expressed as to his "all-round" qualities. They abound with instances of the uplifting of the sorrowful through his labours; the reclamation of wanderers from the paths of rectitude and godliness; the conversion of the irreligious and careless; the removal of doubt and unbelief from the horizon of wavering souls, and of light and direction given to those whose pilgrim-way was rendered painful and dangerous through brooding over perplexing problems or by faulty ideas of duty and service. Truly, he did far more than "feed the flock of God."

In the early days of his labours, a husband and wife listened, by chance, to his preaching at North Street. They were deeply affected and they soon sought admission into the church. In a comparatively short time they were remarkable for their devotion and zeal in Christian work. Later on their son dedicated his life to God and became a winner of souls.

Another record contains the story of a man who was

Figgis of Brighton

led to Christ, and who testified to the reality of his conversion by constantly going about doing good. Of quite a different kind is the story of the wild son of a publican—brought low by disease—scowling at the minister on his first appearance at the bedside, but finally grasping the good man's hand and kissing it, and dying in peace. Before passing away he persuaded his parents to give up the public-house, and they carried out their promise.

An imprudent and extravagant man, who had run through a fortune, swallowed a dose of poison to end his troubles. The wife's prompt action in sending for the doctor was the means of saving his life. Before taking the dose, however, he wrote a tragic farewell message to the minister, who at once hurried away to see the man, and found that the doctor's remedy had counteracted the effect of the poison. With the minister's help and guidance, the would-be suicide gradually "came to himself," and then came to Christ, spending a great part of his later life in enthusiastic service for God.

"Come and hear Figgis," said a Christian man to his careless, worldly-minded brother. The invitation was accepted, and the worldling's heart was captured by the love of Christ.

A drunkard reeled out of an inn, and fell on the pavement. The minister helped him up, locked his arm in his, and took him home. The man "raged and raved." To wean him from the drink mania was a long and difficult task, but it was accomplished at last, and the home became a transformed and delightful place.

The son of a clergyman was wrecking his life by misconduct. In God's mercy the time of repentance came, and after many years had passed away the minister had the joy of learning that the former rake was still walking in the path of purity, faith and peace.

A lady, who had lived in the world and for the world,

Figgis of Brighton

realized her folly and her need of Christ as the minister spoke of the grace of God and the attraction of the Cross. At Emmanuel Church she testified that she had become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

The wife of a London business man, knowing something of religious truth, had never felt its reforming and renewing power. She began to attend North Street, and there "the day dawned."

Thus wrote a gifted woman, after forty-six years' journeying along the pilgrim way: "To you there must ever be a joy in remembrance, even if no other soul was given for hire, or for encouragement in your work at Brighton. A thousand scholars, Bible classes, mothers' meetings, C.E. Societies, and our own little flock in the home, bear witness to the influence of your teaching—to the sympathy, patience and generous confidence with which you treated me. I and they owe more than we can ever know. You have given; I have received. How blessed is your portion, therefore, though I too would fain share it."

A letter of thankfulness from another correspondent may be quoted: "May I express to you my gratitude, for your words from time to time, by the blessing of God, have been helpful to me, helping me to take fuller possession of our spiritual privileges in Christ, to appreciate more clearly the possibilities of a life of trust and faith in God, of an indwelling Christ, subduing sins, and dealing with all the events of life, great and small." A long time after writing that letter, the correspondent saw Mr. Figgis, and assured him that he had been the means not only of showing her the truth about sanctification, but also of helping her to meet difficulties, to bear troubles, and to look to God as her light in the midst of many things that had been mysterious and dark.

An extract from a letter from an old friend must conclude

Figgis of Brighton

these testimonies of the moral and spiritual fruits of Mr. Figgis's ministry: "Dear, kind, unselfish saint of God—what a friend you have been to each and all of us. I have realized it much this week. Old memories have come crowding in—from the first, when, a stranger, alone and forlorn, I came to Brighton. How you befriended, helped, cheered—and to this day the same! You have been with us through every sorrow, and through every joy, as no one else; so that when now I think of any future without your guidance and help, my heart fails."

The Wider Ministry

CHAPTER IV

FOLLOWING the example of the pastor of his boyhood, Dr. Urwick, who was his ideal of a Christian minister, Mr. Figgis manifested a deep interest in various societies not directly connected with his own church. It is almost a subject of wonder that he was able to find time for this extended ministry. We know how affectionately devoted he was to his family and his flock; how he found time for a considerable amount of literary work; for intercourse with his brethren in the service of the one Master; for wide travels in his ministrations to other churches, and for conducting the regular services of the week. But in addition to all these labours he threw himself with intense zeal into the great endeavours of his fellow-Christians to save the world and bless the Church. He was deeply impressed with our Lord's teaching that His Gospel was a Gospel for the whole world; therefore, as soon as he settled down as a minister, we see him directing his energies towards the great work of Foreign Missions.

Convinced of the indispensability of the British and Foreign Bible Society as an essential factor in the Foreign Missionary movement, Mr. Figgis lost no time after his entrance into the pastorate of North Street Church in devoting his energies to furthering the interests of this world-renowned institution.

Figgis of Brighton

Two years after his settlement at Brighton, at the special request of the Committee, he accepted the post of honorary secretary to the East Sussex Auxiliary, and so far as numerous other claims upon his services and time permitted, he loyally endeavoured to serve God in this capacity for more than half a century. This entailed not only arranging for the annual meetings in one town, but planning and toiling to advance the Society's interests throughout the eastern part of the county all through the year. He arranged several conferences and helped to map out districts for house-to-house canvassing, with the view of extending a knowledge of the Society's operations and enlisting the practical sympathies of a wider sphere. For the first twenty-five years of his secretariat the difficulty that besets many societies was happily absent. There was no trouble about a chairman. The Earl of Chichester had already been President for a quarter of a century, and he continued in office until his death a quarter of a century later. The Earl believed that "it is the duty of a President to preside," therefore he was regular in his place. The President and the secretary became close friends.

In another chapter will be found an account of the delightful conversations he had with this devout and gracious nobleman, whose mind was stored with memories of notable men and knowledge of books. The secretariat of such a society was the means of adding considerably to the number of his friends and acquaintances; some of them men and women of wide reputations, who became his friends for life.

Among the speakers who from time to time came to address the meetings of the Society at Brighton and other centres were missionaries from India, Africa, and other lands—men and women of unique missionary experience and intense enthusiasm, such as Daniel

Figgis of Brighton

Crawford, who became his guest during his visit to Brighton, and that most interesting lady, Mrs. Barclay, of "The Rosary" fame. Other presidents of the East Sussex Auxiliary during Mr. Figgis's secretariat were Lord Hampden and the Rev. Francis Pelham, who succeeded to the Earldom of Chichester.

Mr. Figgis's work in this capacity brought him into close contact with leading representatives of the various branches of the Christian Church and prominent men in the civic and social life of the community. Among his many friends were to be numbered bishops and high dignitaries of the Established Church, leaders of thought among Nonconformists, mayors, magistrates, public functionaries and titled people. This fact furnished him with increasing opportunities of furthering the ideal of his varied ministry—"the oneness of all Christians in Christ serving as the basis of a united Christendom brought about by a united Church."

The annual meetings of the Society were invariably preceded by social gatherings, the genesis of which was due to the generous invitation of Dr. Griffith, Principal of the Brighton College for Boys, to all interested in missionary effort to partake of luncheon at the College.

A very useful branch of the Society is the Brighton Ladies' Bible Association, which meets in the spring. For many years the officials and workers of this Association were the guests of Mr. Figgis, who received them in his own house to spend the afternoon before proceeding to the Pavilion. The duties of honorary secretary did not end with organizing and arranging meetings in his own town; it meant a great amount of deputation work. A series of meetings organized in Wiltshire entailed travelling the county twice over. On each occasion of holding the meetings in the town of Marlborough, Mr. Figgis was fortunate in securing as chairman the

Figgis of Brighton

then headmaster of Marlborough School. His visits on behalf of the Society took him at one time to Windsor, where he spoke to the boys of a large private school; then to Romsey, where the Honourable Evelyn Ashley presided at the meeting. He was fond of relating an interesting incident which happened in the rectory at Newhaven, where he had spoken at a Bible meeting. One evening the deputation from London—his next journey was to Cornwall—when he talked of retiring for the night, pulled out his watch, and said, "This was John Wesley's watch." "What a hero you will be with the Cornish people," Mr. Figgis remarked. "Yes," said the deputation, "Wesley visited my grandfather, and after dinner, my father, then a little boy, was sent to show the founder of Methodism where he could rest. My father used to tell us that he saw Mr. Wesley take out his watch and heard him say: 'Now for five minutes' sleep.' He fell asleep immediately, and when, on awaking, he again consulted his watch, it had moved just five minutes!"

Another deputation-visit story he used to relate as follows: "At Alton I remember staying with Sir George Pechell on the occasion of the Bible Society's meetings in that town. He was an old-fashioned Presbyterian and strongly opposed to organs in church; but when I entered his dining-room an organ was one of the first things that caught my eye. He was a total abstainer, but also a keen huntsman. He is said to have remonstrated with a neighbouring gentleman, a member of the Society of Friends, who owned a brewery. Sir George wondered how a 'Friend' could be a brewer. The brewer turned the tables by expressing his wonder how a Christian could follow the hounds."

Special interest attaches to one of the meetings which he took in the Centenary year, viz., that at Marnhull,

Figgis of Brighton

Dorset, where his son, Dr. J. Neville Figgis, was rector. Here he was told by the rector that "country people like a long speech." He made use of the latitude offered him and in his own words he "ranged the world from China to Peru," with the result that one lady remarked that she "had no idea before of the vastness of the work of the Society."

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

His first impressions of the enormous importance of Foreign Missions were received at a meeting in Dublin when quite a boy. It was a meeting in connection with the London Missionary Society, held in the large room of the Rotunda, when Mr. Freeman, who had just returned from Madagascar, gave an account of his experiences, which were painfully interesting. It was the time when the Mary Tudor of Madagascar had come to the throne. Bitter persecutions had broken out; Christian missionaries were driven from the country and many converts were put to death. A Malagasy woman (Rafravavy), who had been a victim of the persecutions, came to Dublin and gave a vivid account of the terrible times through which the people in that unhappy country were passing. The boy Figgis was deeply impressed by her visit and story, and the flame of missionary enthusiasm in him was fanned by the Dublin Juvenile Auxiliary of the London Missionary Society. The meetings of the Auxiliary were held in the house of one of his uncles, where the little people came to present their cards and contributions. The room in which they deposited them left a lasting impression on the mind of the boy Figgis, because the walls were covered with pictures illustrating the romantic life of Don Quixote. Business over, the children

Figgis of Brighton

descended to the dining-room where tea was served. The addresses of the missionaries thrilled the lad, nor did they cease to fire his zeal when he settled down to his ministerial work. So it was that in these juvenile meetings he was baptized and confirmed in the work of Foreign Missions ; and in after days he always felt it both a joy and a duty to promote the good work in every possible way.

Mr. Figgis became deeply interested in the work of several missionary societies, as we shall see later on, but his heart seemed to give preference to the London Missionary Society, whose meetings in his native town had so powerfully aroused his enthusiasm in his early days. The world-wide appeal of the Society for men and financial assistance, and the unsectarian basis of its constitution stirred him to a remarkable degree, and created an atmosphere congenial to his own temperament. In one sense Mr. Figgis belonged to no religious sect, and in another he belonged to all, and in this Society he discovered an institution possessing features characteristic of himself.

During his North Street ministry, of over thirty-seven years, two sermons were preached annually on behalf of the Society. He maintained that its leading principle was not to send to the heathen Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy or any other form of church government, but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. In his later days he regretted the fact that this guiding principle was not so strictly adhered to as in former days, especially in the selection of missionaries and in their work abroad. He would like to have seen more of the China Inland Mission ideal, which proves the possibility of wideness in the choice of workers, a wideness which requires the sanctified genius of a Hudson Taylor to conduct, a society in which one of the missionaries

Figgis of Brighton

would be a Baptist, one an Episcopalian—even a bishop, and another addressed as plain Mr., working on the lines of the Brethren.

Another factor which drew him to the London Missionary Society was its close association with his own Communion—the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion. It was cradled in the atmosphere of the Connexion. The first sermon on its behalf was preached in Spa Fields Chapel, and during its early difficulties, Dr. Haweis, Lady Huntingdon's clerical ally, said that he would sell his coat off his back rather than see the enterprise fail. He gave £2,000 for the relief of its financial need. For many years the annual sermons of the Society were preached in Surrey Chapel, which, though not strictly in the Connexion, was closely associated with it, and the sermons were among the greatest he ever heard. "I never heard such preaching in my life" Mr. Figgis used to say. The preachers whose sermons lived with him ever after were Dr. David Thomas, of Bristol, Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, and Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester.

For several years Mr. Figgis held the post of local secretary to this Society. This office brought him into contact with such men as the celebrated Robert Moffat, whom Sir Harry Johnston places in the very forefront of African missionaries. Among Figgis's treasures were letters from the great Moffat. In so far as his many duties permitted him, his labours for the Society were not confined to the town in which he dwelt; he travelled near and far on its behalf. During one of his visits to Yorkshire he met the Rev. J. B. Paton, afterwards better known as Dr. Paton of Nottingham, but then minister of Wicker Chapel, Sheffield. "It was," he said, "a great privilege to get into touch with one of those through whom God caused living waters to flow

Figgis of Brighton

to many of the waste places of human ignorance and sin." On several occasions he preached on behalf of the Society in London churches. Under the stimulus of the Oxford and Brighton Conventions many hearts were stirred and some led to practical consecration to missionary work. In North Street Church his constant appeal for men as well as for money for mission work in foreign lands brought forth fruit, no fewer than five of his North Street young men being led to offer themselves for missionary service.

In the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion he found a "Society for the Spread of the Gospel at Home and Abroad." Its foreign field was Sierra Leone, West Africa, where the work is still carried on. Africa has stood almost unparalleled among the ancient Christian Churches. During the first five hundred years there were no less than 500 dioceses, each diocese presided over by a bishop. Some of these bishops were among the most devoted men the world has ever produced, for instance, Athanasius, Cyprian, Augustine, Origen, Tertullian, etc. Our grand Te Deum is said to have been written by two African bishops. Africa has always had a fascination for men and women of extraordinary missionary enterprise. In this part of Africa, well over a century ago, churches were founded which bore the name of the noble Countess of Huntingdon. These churches, in comparison with those of other missionary societies in Sierra Leone, are few in number, yet they have a history of their own. It is strange to relate that for many years their existence was unknown or forgotten by the churches in England bearing the same name.

The Countess after giving her heart to God had her thoughts directed not only to the revival of the Church at home, but also towards sending the Gospel to other lands. Speaking of America she once remarked, "I

Figgis of Brighton

cannot help thinking that before I die the Lord will have me there, if only to make coats and garments for the poor Indians."

When the Rev. George Whitefield, died in 1770, he left the Orphan Home in Georgia, America, to Lady Huntingdon. This circumstance first directed her attention to America as a field for missionary work. She immediately appealed for missionaries to go forth without delay. Her motto was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The 9th October, 1772, was set apart through all the churches in her Connexion as a day of special prayer for God's blessing on the enterprise. The result was that several young men were set apart for mission work in America. Her ladyship wrote, "Nothing was ever so blessed as the spirit in which they went." Unfortunately, however, the mission work was disturbed and finally given up through the war which broke out between England and her Colonies; but the preaching had not been in vain, and men had been converted to God under the preaching of Whitefield. Those negroes, many of them liberated Africans, who took part with the British troops in the war, had upon the termination of the war a home assigned to them in Nova Scotia. Here under the ministry of the Revs. Fornage and Marrant they formed a Countess of Huntingdon's Society.

Towards the end of 1792 a number of them decided to emigrate to Sierra Leone. After landing there they marched towards a forest with the Holy Bible—their preachers (all coloured men) leading the way—singing a hymn taken from the Countess's Hymn Book, beginning, "Awake, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb," then, upon their knees, they thanked God for His goodness and mercy in bringing them in safety to the land of their forefathers. In 1794 the Governor of Sierra

Figgis of Brighton

Leone wrote : " There are five or six black preachers among the Nova Scotians, raised up from their own body, who are not without a considerable influence ; and it is supposed that the discipline which they preserve in their little congregations has contributed materially to the maintenance of the general morals of the community." These black preachers were the founders of the Countess of Huntingdon's Missionary Society in Sierra Leone. This good work is proceeding to-day, supported by the Connexion and the Free Church of England. So " wonderful is God in counsel, so excellent in working. He doeth great things, past finding out ; yea, and marvellous things without number."

This Society, although it came second in Mr. Figgis's missionary programme, was a good second to the London Missionary Society. Knowing its romantic origin and being a part of the Connexion in which he spent all the years of his Christian ministry, it was natural that he should by every possible means promote its welfare. He preached in its interest year by year, arranged public meetings in which such a distinguished man as Canon Babington—a godchild of William Wilberforce—commended its work.

In later years he showed sympathetic and practical interest in the China Inland Mission, the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, South African and other missions, and to his last days on earth his heart did not cease to pray to God nor his lips to plead with men, nor his hands to gather and to give for the work which seeks to carry out the last commission of our Lord.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE

A society which appealed strongly to Mr. Figgis, and naturally claimed his practical services, was the

Figgis of Brighton

Evangelical Alliance. Great credit and honour are due to those who with Christian ardour and spiritual affection originated a movement whose object is to deal with the important question of intercommunion between all who are called after the name of Christ, and the foundation of a circle in which workers of all Christian communities can find a congenial atmosphere in which to realize the motto "All one in Christ." The very title responded to his largeness of heart, and it is doubtful if in any part of the work in which he was engaged he felt so much spiritual freedom as he did in that of this Society. Here again we find the result of his early training: for he was cradled in its principles. One of the happiest reminiscences of his boyhood was a great meeting in the Pillar room of the Rotunda, Dublin, convened in the early days of the Alliance, at which the Rev. John Angell James and other notable Nonconformists, together with Dr. Blackwood and other leading Conformists propagated its fundamental ideas. He was too young at the time to realize the many hindrances to union then existing, but the meeting left a favourable and lasting impression upon his mind.

Soon after he came to England there was an effort at an interchange of pulpits. One of the leading advocates of this effort was the Hon. and Rev. Edward Bligh, who proved his sincerity by occupying Mr. Figgis's pulpit at North Street. It was felt, however, that the movement must not be confined to England, but that it should widen its scope and expand its influence so as to embrace the world. A new title, therefore, with a wider connotation had to be found. This resulted in the name which it bears to-day, "The World's Evangelical Alliance," and as such it was launched for the daring task of dealing with questions of religious unity abroad.

This world-wide aspect of the Alliance was always emphasized at the annual conferences held in different

Figgis of Brighton

towns each year. In 1872 Mr. Figgis co-operated with Dr. Winslow in an arrangement for the annual conference to be held in Brighton. The meetings were most successful. The addresses delivered by Count Bernstorff, M. Saint-Hilaire, Rev. Marsden, of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and by others thrilled the audiences. Their words were charged with the ring of truth and the warm flow of love. Mr. Figgis, with untiring energy, kept Brighton in close touch with this holy league of brotherhood. Some meetings were held in the Pavilion : others at Stanmer, under the hospitable roof of the Earl of Chichester, who was a staunch supporter of the movement, and one memorable *Ne Temere* meeting was held in the Dome in 1911. His high expectations in the form of practical results were not, however, realized. He wrote of it thus : " It is to be feared that the desire of many devout Churchmen and Nonconformists for Christian union found far less expression than it ought. Many valued more the organizations of their own churches. And many others were so overwhelmed with other claims and calls that this was either not listened to, or not obeyed. Oh ! for men to arise who shall feel the recognition of the oneness of Christ's body, the Church ; the claim of God Himself, and the call of our Lord Jesus Christ. What denominational duty is so paramount as the Christian duty of manifesting—yes, *manifesting*—grace unto all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity ! Until this desire for Christian union becomes a real passion with us, one part of our Christian testimony remains lacking."

It was through his efforts that the week of prayer was established in Brighton every year ; and on some occasions these gatherings were closed by the meeting together of friends from different communities round the Lord's Table. In later years he became the secretary

Figgis of Brighton

of the Brighton branch of the Alliance. During his time of office he arranged many meetings for prayer and organized social gatherings in its interests. He considered it a great honour to be invited to and to take part in the Decennial Conference which was held in New York in the sixties : but owing to other pressing engagements he had to decline. During a holiday in Switzerland he was fortunate enough to find that one of these Decennial Conferences was to be held at Basle. Coming down from the Engadine to Basle he found quarters in an hotel where he stayed with Colonel Duncan, General Field, and others. He was much impressed by a series of striking addresses by Dr. Stoughton, and he greatly enjoyed a garden party, the enjoyment being much enhanced by delightful intercourse with Canon and Mrs. Battersby, and with the Rev. Carr Glynn. There he also met Professor Godet, Canon Cheyne, of Oxford, and an old acquaintance in the person of the Rev. E. W. Moore, with whom he conversed on the spiritual aspect of the Alliance as they rambled round the cloisters of the Cathedral. To that holy shrine members of the Alliance were invited on the Sunday to partake of the memorials of Christ's dying love. The vast congregation, made up of representatives of the different churches, went up in files to the Holy Table, behind which stood four clergymen in their black robes ; the communicants, according to the Lutheran form, received the elements standing and a vergier led them back to their seats. In this service Mr. Figgis saw clearly the possibility of realizing the Master's wish, " that they may be one, as we are."

Another Decennial Conference of the Alliance which he attended was held at Copenhagen, and there also he was present at the United Communion Service. The Sacrament was administered in French in the Reformed

Figgis of Brighton

Church. The clergy of the State Church of Denmark, though in a way friendly in their attendance at the Conference meetings, nevertheless shrank from united communion, an attitude quite contrary to the principles and aims of the Alliance. Among those who came to the Holy Table was a Count, together with his wife and daughter, and Mr. Figgis noticed that after receiving the sacred elements the Count and Countess kissed their daughter much as people do in Denmark at the close of dinner. He was more than delighted to see at the inaugural meeting of the Conference the King of Denmark, and with him the Crown Prince ; also the reigning King of Greece and the rest of the royal family attending a meeting held in Bethesda—a Free Church of Copenhagen. The attendance at these two continental conferences produced in him a regret that he had not been able to attend others abroad ; and he became more convinced than ever that this Society of the Evangelical Alliance had been a channel of immense blessing to continental nations, and even to remote countries like China, where the week of prayer is so valued that sometimes it is extended to a fortnight, people travelling long distances to attend the gatherings.

His firm faith in the spirit and principles of the Alliance led him to invite a few Conformists and Nonconformists to his home to tea early in 1911. He was honoured by the presence of seventeen guests, to whom he explained the chief object of the gathering, which was to hear an address by the Rev. Charles Inwood on his recent visit to Africa. Mr. Figgis, convinced that such fellowships might contribute something to strengthen Christian union, reminded the friends of a minute which had been adopted at the Lambeth Assembly of Bishops and others, at which assembly he himself was present, viz., " that private meetings of ministers and laymen of

Figgis of Brighton

different Christian bodies for common study, discussion and prayer should be frequently held in convenient centres," also "meetings for common acknowledgment of the sins of division and for intercession for the growth of unity." Others who took part in this gathering at Mr. Figgis's house were Bishop Eldridge and Canon Flynn, who in their turn invited similar gatherings to their respective homes. At one of them Canon Flynn gave an account of the Edinburgh Conference, remarking that he had been favourably impressed by the devoutness with which the Bishops of Birmingham and Southwark, Dr. Gore and Dr. Talbot, had followed the prayers of Presbyterians and other Free Churchmen at that wonderful Conference.

Another meeting was held at Mr. Figgis's house to discuss the "Kikuyu Controversy." Anything that developed a tendency to separate Christian people caused him deep grief, and it was but natural for him to be stirred by this dispute. After some words by Canon Flynn, Mr. Figgis turned to his pet theme, viz., the forces that were at work bringing about a closer co-operation between the people of God. He felt sure that the signs of the times justified him in believing that in all parts God's people were calling and were ready for Christian union. He referred to the custom of the S.P.G. missionaries in China, who received "guests" to the Lord's Table, in addition to members of the Church of England. He also recalled a recent visit to Aberdeen when, on visiting the Marischal College, he was told by the verger that the Bishop of Salisbury had lately preached there, a thing no bishop had done for three hundred years. It was with pride that he spoke of the same tendency in Ireland and in his beloved Alma Mater—Trinity College, Dublin, where recently Dr. George Adam Smith, Principal of Aberdeen University, a United Free

Figgis of Brighton

Church minister, assisted by Dublin Presbyterian ministers, had, at the invitation of the Provost and Fellows of Trinity, held a service of their own order, Principal Smith being the preacher. Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was among the worshippers. Mr. Figgis then quoted some words from Dr. Gore's book on "Orders and Unity"; words which had encouraged him in his constant efforts towards union. "There have arisen Christian Churches with a noble and continuous record of spiritual excellence, exhibiting, both individually and corporately, manifest fruits of the Spirit, alike in learning, in virtue, in evangelical zeal. To deny God's presence with them and His co-operation in their work and ministry would seem to me to approach to blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. We cannot express in words too strong our assurance that God has been with them, and that we are meant to learn from their saints and teachers and to sit at their feet as before those who possess God's Spirit."

So whenever an opportunity offered itself, and more often he made opportunities, he pursued the objective of his life—the realization of the essential unity under the One Shepherd. Among the last words which he penned we find the following: "For this I have striven, and if I never write another page I leave this as a last appeal to the hearts and consciences of my brethren in Christ, brethren of different administrations, but of One Spirit. Are there not some of them who will give themselves to the promotion of unity? Not as a by-work, but as a life work, so that something practical and on a large scale may be effected. It is a wonderful thing that so few of His children lay to heart the great danger we are in by reason of our unhappy divisions."

All who knew anything of Mr. Figgis's work must agree that no one devoted himself with greater sacrifice and

Figgis of Brighton

more genuine sincerity than he in the endeavour to bring about Christian union.

BRIGHTON WORKING MEN'S CLUB

So far we have been emphasizing Mr. Figgis's work in the realm of spiritual things. It is a long way from conventions for Christian union to the Brighton Working Men's Club; it is like the descent from the spiritual height of a Transfiguration Mount—where all sanctified souls would like to stay as Peter of old—to the valley below where demons trouble the people. There is a wide gulf between a united communion service in the Cathedral of Basle and the social problems that puzzle the democracy of England. Mr. Figgis's ministry, however, was so many-sided that it embraced both these extremes. In this he followed the Master. His ministry was not entirely confined to the edification of the saints and the gathering in of wanderers; it included the betterment of the working classes, and in this latter capacity he was the means of founding and to a great extent maintaining a working men's club in the town of his adoption. He secured suitable premises, which were kept open all day, but were full of life in the evenings, when scores of toilers came together. For many years the Club rendered valuable service, although it never grew to the dimensions its excellence deserved. The Club provided him with a sphere in which he propagated the temperance principles of which he was a strong advocate. These principles he had adopted even to the extent of total abstinence. It should be noted that the teetotal practice was not observed in the home of his youth. His father held that an occasional use of wine and alcoholic stimulants was beneficial to the human body, and the thought of abstaining for the sake of example had taken

Figgis of Brighton

but little hold on their home circle. Dr. Urwick, however, the minister to whom he owed so much, was one of the pioneers of the temperance cause. When quite a boy Mr. Figgis attended a temperance meeting at the Rotunda, Dublin, where he heard the Hon. Neal Dow, the famous promoter of prohibition, who carried the Maine Liquor Law. So thrilling and convincing were the words of that great temperance advocate that young Figgis had no hesitation in settling the matter for himself, and ever after he became a staunch worker in this important cause.

It was during his undergraduate days at Trinity that he found time to do some solid and practical work of this kind. In addition to exercising a good influence on his fellow-students at Trinity, his efforts extended beyond the College precincts. To put it in his own words: "Before I left Trinity I had graduated in the Total Abstinence Tripos."

In that faith he started his ministry at Brighton, and that faith he preached and practised for the Band of Hope Union and all cognate societies. His notable sermon on "the Star whose name was Wormwood" marked him out as a strong, safe and wise leader in the temperance movement. He immediately established "societies for the cause of sobriety" in North Street Church. One of the first speakers at the meetings which he organized was Lady Hope, who gave an address. It was a great joy to him to see a large number present, and to find that the meeting had been the means, under the blessing of God, of restoring to the ways of sobriety several men and women; and to one gentleman in particular, who, to the almost irreparable detriment of himself and his family, had become a victim to the drink mania, that meeting proved to be the turning point in his life.

Figgis of Brighton

It was mainly through the efforts of Mr. Figgis that Mr. Richard Booth came to Brighton to conduct a great temperance campaign. The meetings were held in the Dome, and the good results were incalculable. This mission was the means of producing a change in the habits of his own Parsonage. Hitherto his servants were not abstainers, though most sober women. One of them had always held out against the principles of total abstinence, but as the result of the irresistible arguments of Richard Booth, she donned the blue ribbon. To that she added another sign of her sincerity and resolution. She and her colleague, without the permission of the master, but certainly without any remonstrance from him, removed from the Parsonage table the wine and wine glasses which had hitherto been there for "the weaker brethren."

Known as an advocate of temperance principles, his influence often extended to unexpected places. To know that his efforts were often successful helped him to bear the rebuffs so often received in such a work as that of temperance, and they compensated for many an effort which seemed to be unrewarded. At the end of his days it was a source of comfort to him to recall that for sixty years he had exerted his influence on the side of Total Abstinence.

TOWN MISSIONS

In the year 1849 this noble movement reached Brighton. A movement so catholic soon found a champion in Mr. Figgis. He became a prominent member of the Committee, and, so far as other claims allowed, he attended the meetings, especially the council meetings, for half a century. As superintendent of one of the missions he was in closest touch with the work. He

Figgis of Brighton

used to confess that the monthly reports of the missionaries were a means of grace to his own spirit. On many occasions he invited the missionaries, whom he called "his beloved fellow-workers for Christ," to spend a social hour at the Parsonage.

It would be difficult to find a Christian minister who could equal Mr. Figgis for the variety of gifts which he possessed to suit all phases and conditions of ministerial work. He had pre-eminently the Pauline gift of being "all things to all men," and indeed the same objective, that "he might save some." The reader may find it hard to realize that the man who thrilled Convention audiences could exercise a ministry among young men and women. Yet it is true that Mr. Figgis's ministry to young people stands out as a prominent figure among his multifarious activities. During more than forty years he never failed to preach a monthly sermon to young people. He did not indulge in that hideous practice of advertising himself to preach on some flamboyant topic, in order to induce young people to attend the service; he simply took some Gospel text, and, with inimitable skill, applied it to the problems which often perplex the younger generation. We are not surprised, therefore, that he threw the whole weight of his influence into the work of that most noble of movements known as "The Young Men's Christian Association" and its sister society the Young Women's Christian Association." He was present at the foundation of the branches of these two organizations in Brighton.

Of these two branches of Christian work Mr. Figgis wrote: "These societies have not been selected to prove any opinion. On looking through the list I see that every one of them illustrates the reality of Christian Union. Has the Y.M.C.A. for instance, in its wonderful provision amongst the Army in this awful war,

Figgis of Brighton

accomplished less because those who work and give and pray for its work are drawn from all churches ? Sir George Williams, the founder, was an evangelical churchman ; but in his Life I read of a group of young men meeting for prayer, and then going forth to work, every one of them in churches of different names. By all means let us make each regiment as efficient as possible, and let each soldier be perfectly loyal to his commanding officer ; but do not let us disparage the services or the scars of other regiments, or hesitate to co-operate with them for the successful issue of our great Captain's cause." Next to being " in Christ Jesus " is the blessing of being " all one in Christ Jesus."

Some writers distinguish between the Christian and the citizen. They forget that every true Christian is always a loyal citizen. Mr. Figgis performed his duties as a citizen most assiduously. For some time he was a member of the Brighton School Board and he had a prominent share in the arrangement of a double series of Scripture lessons—one to be read and the other committed to memory by the pupils of the Board Schools.

In all movements which aimed at the betterment of men and women he was a keen believer. He held that it was the function of Christianity to heal the bodies of men as well as their souls. In this faith he extended real help to the Brighton Medical Mission. Of his work in connection with this Mission the Medical Superintendent, Mr. W. W. Shrubshall, L.R.C.P., D.P.H., writes : " He was so interested in, and so intimate with, the work of the Brighton Medical Mission that I am sure you would wish to note the fact in your work. In fact, his help both in its spiritual and financial aspects seems to us impossible to replace.

" Though I knew Mr. Figgis when I was a boy in Brighton many years ago, it is now nearly nineteen years since

Figgis of Brighton

a closer friendship commenced. At the end of 1898 we had correspondence relative to my taking up the position of Medical Superintendent of the Mission, and early in the following year he was one of a deputation of two from the Committee who met me in London, when the decision was reached which led me to enter on this work in the position I still hold. During the following years he and I met constantly on Committee and not unfrequently at my house—or I at his—when special difficulties have needed the sage advice and practical help he was so well qualified to give and so freely gave. I should not like to say how many times, through the aid of his many friends, he has rescued the Mission from dire financial straits. In this he was unique. The confidence so largely reposed in him, his own personal generosity, his knowledge of the work and his enthusiasm for it, made his appeals irresistible.”

Like all earnest and active congregations which are blessed with spiritual and also temporal success, North Street Church did not confine its interest to the limits of its own walls, but found an outlet for its overflow of service by establishing Mission Halls. These were supported either partly or wholly by the church. Mr. Figgis, on several Sunday evenings, requested a number of young men to forgo the service in order to devote themselves to outside work. He told them that, as Christians, they should be engaged in some work for God and men, and not be quietly enjoying the service of the church. Sunday morning they would be welcome ; but in the evenings some of the mission halls ought to have their presence and help. As the issue of that request many men to-day are engaged in active service for the Kingdom of God.

Those who go to Brighton for holidays, and roll along the front in motor cars, or turn aside to Preston Park

Figgis of Brighton

and other lovely spots within the borough, have no idea of the slums of this "Queen of Watering Places." Paxton Hood used to say that "great splendour and great squalor often lie close together." Mr. Figgis and his people, being constrained by love and compassion for the multitudes, chose Sussex Street as the scene of this new enterprise. The work here was greatly blessed, and many names are still cherished of those who found in Sussex Street a new field for Christian zeal. Among these names are Colonel Roberts, Mr. Frank Packham and Mr. and Mrs. Beney.

Another sphere of usefulness to which Mr. Figgis attached himself was the Connaught Institute, which owed its origin to Captain F. Graves. He was nobly supported by Mr. Gammage, Mr. Armstrong-Dash, and Miss Alice Aked—all members of North Street Church. The workers of the Institute occasionally assembled at the church on a week-evening to receive the Lord's Supper from the hands, and under the blessing, of the revered minister. Among the halls in Brighton and Hove the one in Clarendon Villas occupies a place of importance in size and influence. It was built by friends connected with Emmanuel Church in the days of the Rev. J. G. Gregory. With the work here is associated the name of Mr. Taylor, a deeply spiritual man, who received something of the fulness of blessing for which Keswick pre-eminently stands. Also the names of General Stileman and the Hon. Alice Baring claim a place of prominence.

When Mr. Figgis took up the work at Emmanuel he found his way to the mission hall in Market Street, where Mr. Townsend Martin began his career of usefulness. Here, in this slumdom of Brighton, Mr. Figgis helped those people who were struggling with poverty and sin.

Together with Colonel Philips, Mr. Figgis took an

Figgis of Brighton

important part in the establishment of the Glynn Vivian's missions to miners. This work has spread to France, Japan and other countries.

All these halls, with various names, adapted as they were to the wants of the poor and needy, have proved to be veritable Pools of Siloam to the spiritually "lame, halt, withered" who came to them for the healing, not of an angel, but of the Lord of angels, who loved to remind us that the Lord God had anointed Him to "preach the gospel to the poor." With regard to the private bestowal of help, it is well known that people of all sections of the Church—Christians, Jews and people of no church—went to Mr. Figgis in their time of need, and they were never sent empty away. So numerous were the callers at his residence that a friend advised him to remove the word "Parsonage" from the door. If space allowed, a legion of personal testimonies to his work and influence could be adduced; but one only must suffice. It came from a business man in Brighton. "I have never heard Mr. Figgis preach: but his life tells me plainly that he is a true Christian gentleman. He was an 'epistle known and read of all men.'"

Connexion, College and Churchmanship

CHAPTER V

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

IT is almost impossible to write an account of Mr. Figgis's association with the Connexion and omit a reference to the noble foundress of it. Historians of the Christian Church consider that one of the gloomiest epochs in its history is that which preceded the advent of what is known as the Methodist Revival. It was an age when Antichrist seemed to be at the zenith of its power. The intellectual classes were enveloped in the blighting atheism of Voltaire, while the masses of the people were under the dominion of ignorance and brutality. The religion of the Cross, taught by St. Augustine to the Anglo-Saxon people, sealed by the noble army of martyrs, seemed to have had its day, and to lose all vitality in the face of the infidelity and heathenism which threatened to take its place.

It was into this dark night that the star of the "Godly Club of Oxford" shone brightly, with the result that "there was light," and "God saw that it was good"; for this new light which illuminated the dismal horizon was the means of changing the whole aspect of the inert Church of that time. A group of enthusiastic undergraduates at Oxford, who had read a new meaning into the title-deeds of religion, began to proclaim the eternal

Figgis of Brighton

truths of the world to come in the midst of the heathenish vanities of the time. The mighty deeds of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, and others, have been fully recorded, and the record deserves a place in the Acts of the Apostles ; but that remarkable woman who joined this company of crusaders, and who, by her influence, wealth and intense zeal, gave the movement a great impetus, is not so well known, and yet it is evident that the mantle of Deborah had fallen upon her.

Endowed with the courage of that prophetess of Israel, she rallied the people of God against the forces of evil. Most historians, biographers and preachers have neglected this English prophetess of the eighteenth century, save, it may be, by a passing allusion.

Selina Countess of Huntingdon was born in the reign of Queen Anne, in the year 1707. It was the year in which the English and Scotch Parliaments were united. She was the second daughter of Washington Shirley ; her mother was the daughter of Sir Richard Levinge, who was Solicitor-General for Ireland and Speaker of the House of Commons.

When nine years of age she was much impressed by the sight of a funeral of a child of her own age, an impression which never left her. Nor could she forget the passing of her elder sister, Lady Elizabeth, whose death, while young, is commemorated by the sculptor Roubilliac. This famous monument stands in Westminster Abbey.

Lady Selina prayed that she might marry into a serious family. Her prayer was answered in 1728, when she was united in matrimony to Theophilus Hastings, the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, who could boast of royal descent, through a long line of noble ancestors, from the Duke of Clarence, a brother of Edward IV. Tord

Figgis of Brighton

Huntingdon had the honour of carrying the sword of state at the coronation of George II. By her marriage the Countess was brought into constant intercourse with persons of ripe judgment, extensive knowledge and upright morals. Her conversion, which was her decision "to live for Him who died for her," came after a critical illness. At that time the Wesleys were preaching in the neighbourhood of her abode and creating a great impression upon all classes. By associating with them she subjected herself to much abuse and derision; but her lot was cast and she would not withdraw. She turned away from the pleasures of the Court and its fashionable amusements in order to engage in earnest effort for Christ. The Wesleys and others were her frequent guests, and on such occasions she filled her house with the neighbouring gentry to hear the Gospel from their lips.

Wesley and Whitefield differed on some vital points of doctrine. John Wesley all his life held in horror the Calvinistic views of arbitrary election, and with intense vigour expressed himself on the subject. Whitefield, on the other hand, defended the decrees with outspoken earnestness. The career of Whitefield also differed widely from that of his friend Wesley. From serving customers with ale at a public-house in Gloucester, he made his way to the post of "servitor" at Pembroke College, Oxford, in succession to the renowned Dr. Samuel Johnson. Soon after his ordination by Bishop Benson, of Gloucester, he decided to go his own way and conduct services wherever he chose. Disregarding all episcopal authority, "like a young war horse, he sniffed the battle from afar," and flung himself into the thick of it with unparalleled zest. His extraordinary eloquence stirred great audiences not only in England, Scotland, and Wales, but also in America. He had, however, no



Rev. J. B. FIGGIS in 1883.

Figgis of Brighton

genius for organizing, and to this deficiency is due the fact that the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion did not develop into a great denomination. He was a good servant, but a poor master.

He says, "Oh that I may learn, from all I see, to desire to be nothing, and to think it my highest privilege to be an assistant to all, but the head of none." Realizing that the societies he was forming needed some systematic unification under one head, he wrote to the Countess : "A leader is wanting. This honour hath been put upon your ladyship by the great Head of the Church ; an honour conferred on few." She accepted the position, and soon manifested her powers of supervision and control. Societies were founded and chapels opened, all looking to her as the overseer, and, although a woman, she administered her ecclesiastical powers with the authority of a bishop. The age in which she exercised authority had not forgotten the determined administration of a strong woman. Queen Anne, in whose reign the Countess was born, had never yielded, even to Marlborough, her exclusive right of dealing with Church preferments, and presided to the last at the Cabinet Councils of her ministers. No sovereign since Anne's death has appeared at a Cabinet Council, or has ventured to refuse assent to an Act of Parliament.

With a similar autocracy the Countess exercised her authority over her churches and clergy. If the bishops inhibited the clergy from preaching in her chapels, it must not be forgotten that the Countess also saw a sufficient cause why Rowland Hill should be excluded from serving in her chapels. While Whitefield preached she built chapels, even selling her jewels for the purpose, as in the case of North Street, Brighton ; but the hostile bishops issued letters against her, warning the clergy to have nothing to do with such disturbers of the peace

Figgis of Brighton

and subverters of reverence, decency and order. She was accused of being disloyal to the throne; but the king was quite satisfied with her loyalty and looked with favour on her work. One day at Court the Prince of Wales enquired of a lady of fashion where Lady Huntingdon was, as she so seldom visited the Court circle. The lady replied, with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head and said, "When I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to lift me up with her to heaven." When some courtier remarked to King George III that Lady Huntingdon was mad, his majesty is said to have replied, "I wish she would bite the bishops."

In 1748 she appointed Whitefield her chaplain, an office which neither party desired should be a sinecure. On one day of the week the kitchen was open for preaching to the poor, and on two other days her drawing-rooms were filled with the nobility, listening to the burning words of this eloquent chaplain. These were brilliant gatherings in which dukes, earls and noble ladies pressed to hear the "new evangelism."

But her labours extended beyond her own household and neighbourhood, for she opened places of worship in town and villages. As her work grew, the opposition was strengthened; and when Dr. Haweis was silenced for preaching in her chapel at Spa Fields, London, she consulted an eminent counsel, Serjeant Glyn, who advised her to take advantage of the Toleration Act, and thereby register her places of worship. The Countess, as a born aristocrat, had a strong regard for law and order, and an aversion to any kind of tumult or turmoil; so, in taking the advice of her counsel, she writes: "I am reduced to turn the finest congregation (Spa Fields, London) not only in England but in any part of the

Figgis of Brighton

world, into a dissenting meeting house . . . by the medium of secession. Our ministers, then, must come recommended by that neutrality between Church and Dissent-Secession." Thus originated the "Connexion" with which her name is linked ; it might be regarded as a missionary association, rather than a distinct denomination. It was her wish and arrangement that the prayers of the English Church should be read in her chapels, and that, as far as possible, the pulpits should be supplied by men from that communion. It is only fair to state that a small communion of churches of comparatively recent origin, known as the Free Church of England, is more loyal to the Countess's wishes in regard to the Prayer Book service than is the Connexion itself. It was also her wish that the churches which bore her name should be a small circle within the larger circle of the Anglican Communion. She was still of that communion, although not strictly in it, and as a member of the Church of England she remained till the day of her death. She died in its faith, and after her remains were laid to rest in the family vault at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, a handsome memorial window to commemorate the life and work of that "elect lady" was erected in the parish church. Her noble qualities were worthily described by John Henry Newman in the following words : " She devoted herself, her name, her means, her time, her thoughts, to the cause of Christ. She did not spend her money on herself ; she did not allow the homage paid to her rank to remain with herself ; she passed these on, and offered them up to Him from whom her gifts came. She acted as one ought to act who considered this life a pilgrimage, not a home."

The term "Connexion" meant more than friendship. John Wesley, Isaac Watts, Archbishop Potter, Dr. Doddridge and a host of others were her friends, but

Figgis of Brighton

were not strictly in the circle of her ministers. The names of the men, however, who were directly associated with her in definite work were equally eminent. These men, who may be regarded as Mr. Figgis's spiritual ancestors in the Connexion in which he laboured for over half a century, are fitly commented upon in his own words : " And, surely, it has seldom been granted to any company of Christians in any age, or in any land, to number amongst its members such men as Whitefield, of whom we have spoken, and the saintly Fletcher of Madeley, whom more than one nation and more than one Connexion claims—a Swiss by birth, an Englishman by nationalization, a vicar in the Church of England, a friend and champion of the cause which Wesley espoused, and the first President of the college which Lady Huntingdon founded : such a man, too, as Fletcher's antagonist in doctrinal controversy, who shares with Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts the honour of being the 'sweet singer of Israel'—Augustus Toplady, the author of 'Rock of Ages.' He never left the Church of England, but, like Whitefield, who preached for Doddridge and would have preached in the Vatican if the Pope would have allowed him, preached wherever invited, and when he died, his bones were laid, not in a cathedral or churchyard, but under Whitefield's Tabernacle. Then there was Venn—Henry Venn the elder—at first curate of Clapham, afterwards vicar of Huddersfield ; there was John Berridge, so consecrated, so quaint, with that fund of humour which, when God's grace controls, is one of the greatest gifts for rousing the hearts of the masses ; there was a man of like spirit, Grimshaw, and, a very different man, James Hervey, author of the 'Meditations among the Tombs.' There was William Romaine. . . . And what shall we more say ? For the time would fail to tell of Haweis and his friend Madan, an associate

Figgis of Brighton

of Handel, whose music stirred our fathers almost as much as Toplady's hymns; of Dr. Conyers and the Hon. Walter Shirley, Lady Huntingdon's cousin, and of Ingham, her brother-in-law; and of holy women—Countess of Chesterfield, Lady Glenorchy, Lady Anne Erskine and others who through faith wrought righteousness . . ." All these were among the noble prophets and prophetesses of the eighteenth century. Their successors in the nineteenth century were worthy men, and under their guidance and inspiration the Connexion continued to maintain a sound and helpful ministry. It would be absurd to contend that they were equal to the leaders of the first days—those days of Pentecostal revival under Pentecostal men. Pentecost itself in Jerusalem did not continue in the next generation to manifest its power in the same forcible way. Coming to the nineteenth century we find such faithful ministers as Young of Margate, Owen of Bath, and Thoresby of Spa Fields proclaiming the same Gospel with many marks of blessing. In Worcester the Rev. Thomas Dodd for half a century bore a blameless life and proclaimed a glorious faith. At Tunbridge Wells the Rev. George Jones ministered successfully for over forty years, during which the whole group of buildings was rebuilt. At Rochdale for more than a generation the Rev. E. C. Lewis laboured with marked ability and success. At Reading the Rev. James Sherman exercised immense usefulness. At Brighton the Rev. Joseph Sortain, already referred to, exceeded the highest records of the past.

It was into this sacred association of workers that Mr. Figgis, fresh from his theological studies at New College, London, entered in 1861. He came into a true apostolic succession. He always spoke of his joining the Connexion as the most natural thing in the world. He had been prepared with the view of taking Orders in

Figgis of Brighton

the Church of Ireland, but being unable, as intimated in an earlier chapter, to subscribe to some of the doctrinal points, he was compelled to resort to "that neutrality between Church and Dissent" where Lady Huntingdon herself found full freedom for Christian activities. The Connexion provided the ground for that "neutrality," and he retained that attitude throughout his ministerial career. Further, he claimed to have been practically born in the Connexion. Towards the end of the eighteenth century Lady Huntingdon sent a young preacher—William Cooper—to minister in Plunket Street, Dublin, where Mr. Figgis's grandfather used to worship, and subsequently his father in his earliest days. This church was replaced by a new building in York Street, where Mr. Figgis's father and mother, together with their relatives, worshipped. The remarkable thing is that this new church—though not in direct association with the Connexion like Plunket Street had been—was opened upon its "plan." Mr. Figgis's father often referred to the fact that it was opened by Rowland Hill, and some of the Figgis family remembered the surplice being in use, but that York Street Church later abandoned the use of it. The recently published account of the origin of Plunket Street, afterwards York Street Church, reveals the fact that the supporters of Lady Huntingdon had a prominent place in the formation of it. In the days of his boyhood Mr. Figgis attended York Street in the mornings and the Church of Ireland in the evenings, while later on Trinity College chapel was a great attraction to him. On entering New College, London, he was naturally thrown into Congregational circles; but he invariably felt that there was something lacking in the Congregational service; so, as already stated, he often visited St. Paul's Cathedral, where he heard Bishop Samuel Wilberforce and also Canon Melville.

Figgis of Brighton

Whenever some "aggrieved churchman" opened a church with a liturgy and applied to New College for a student to read prayers and also preach, it was the most natural order for Figgis to be chosen. His love for the liturgy led him oftentimes to read the prayers for Dr. Newman Hall at Surrey Chapel. This varied experience prepared him for ministerial membership in the Connexion. When he entered this small communion the relationship between the Trustees and the Conference was somewhat strained, and he was advised by one of them not to attend Conference. He was, however, admitted a member in 1862, and made his first appearance in 1864, when he was appointed a member of the Committee whose duty it was to examine candidates for ordination. He became a member of the Executive Council in 1866 and was elected President of Conference in 1870, an honour conferred on him seven times; the last occasion was at Brighton in 1910.

In his account of the Connexion he wrote: "I entered it at a time when its ecclesiastical position was very strange. Its trusteeship had practically become an appanage of Congregationalism, one might almost say of one single Congregational Church. For a time three out of four of the trustees were the minister and two of the members of the one such Church." The attitude of the Trustees was that as all ministers and church managers were to a greater or less degree recipients of the bounty of the Connexion, it was not right morally or legally that actual or possible grantees should be administrators of money not contributed by themselves: but consisting purely of income from charitable endowments. They defended the principle that the power of appointing and removing ministers, allocating funds, etc., should be in the hands of outsiders. This state of affairs Mr. Figgis considered ought to be contested:

Figgis of Brighton

and to see a need was to him an incentive to apply a remedy. The Trustees had not attended Conference since the year 1829, and such an attitude tended to divide the forces of the Connexion and led to more than one lawsuit. To detail the points of controversy would be neither interesting nor helpful. But Mr. Figgis felt it his duty not only to protest but to take action in order to remedy the state of affairs. The result of his efforts placed him on the Trust in 1892 ; since then the Trustees have regularly met Conference, and are by the scheme of the Court of Chancery of 1899, when the number on the Trust was increased from four to nine, obliged to summon an annual conference to their assistance and present a report to the ministers and delegates. The scheme further provides that two ministers elected by ballot from the ministers of the Connexion shall have a place on the Board of Trustees, and that the remaining trustees who are "layman shall always be members of a congregation worshipping in a chapel for the time being vested in the Trustees." So by the statesmanship of Mr. Figgis order was restored, and the powers of administration placed in the hands of those directly associated with the Connexion. His attachment to it grew as he became more acquainted with its Conference and the churches of which it was composed. His keen interest in his post as trustee made him always ready to welcome additions to the Trust, and especially when it meant an extension of the Connexion and of the kingdom of God. To his untiring efforts and solicitude for the welfare of the circle of churches is due the addition of new churches into the Trust. Among those we may mention Malvern Link, Westcott, Rochdale, Shoreham, Eastbourne and—for the fourteen years he was minister—Emmanuel Church, Hove.

When he entered the Connexion most of its church

Figgis of Brighton

buildings were quite devoid of any architectural design or beauty. As they became antiquated many of them were replaced by new buildings of choice ecclesiastical design. In all these new enterprises he took a keen interest and assisted them to raise the necessary funds. The leaders who were responsible for these buildings generally consulted him as to their plans, designs and purposes.

As a special preacher he was always in great request in all the Connexional Churches, and wherever his name was announced to preach, whether on week-day or Sunday, large numbers came together to listen to his message. His visits to the churches assumed the custom of "episcopal visitation," his presence and counsel was always an inspiration to the minister and congregation. In all the Conferences he was the central figure, and as chairman of the Trustees his words of welcome became the real Conference address. He always made a special feature of ordination. An ordination service conducted by him was a means of grace not only to the ordinant, but to the congregation present. He invariably adopted the custom of "laying on of hands"; and whatever might be the views of the person to be ordained or those present, no one ever raised any objection to the hands of Mr. Figgis being placed on their head, followed by a benediction. It would be a mistake to suppose that he was one of those who hold that so long as the gospel is preached ecclesiastical forms are matters of indifference. So great was his influence and so deep the impress of his personality that the word Connexion and Figgis became interchangeable terms. Whenever one spoke of the Connexion the conversation always by the force of the association of ideas drifted to "Figgis of Brighton," and his passing has caused an irreparable loss to the little circle of churches which honoured his name and character.

Figgis of Brighton

In another chapter of this biography there is an account of the Conference at Brighton in 1910, when the Connexion in its representative character presented him with an illuminated address and a cheque. What he was, what he did, and what he said, have left an impression which will last so long as the Connexion may exist. In all the Connexional Churches the name of Figgis is writ large, and to be true to his memory is to carry on the work which he so much loved. Large of heart and intense of zeal he manifested throughout his life not only the spirit of the foundress of the Connexion, but of their common Master and Lord.

Writing of the Connexion Mr. Figgis used these words : "As one thinks of the principles of the Connexion, and how 'Heaven' lay 'about it in its infancy'; as one thinks of its adaptability to an age in which Ritualism and Rationalism are clamant; as one thinks again of its emancipation from exterior trammels, one may hope, not for greatness, but for usefulness for our future, and exclaim with one of old

Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it."

His colleagues on the Trust, at their first meeting after the funeral, passed the following Resolution:—

"The Trustees of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion take the earliest opportunity after the death of the Rev. J. B. Figgis of placing on record their deep sense of the heavy loss they and the Connexion have sustained by the decease of their revered and beloved friend and colleague.

"For upwards of twenty-four years as Ministerial Trustee he has given his valuable time, his energetic service, and his great experience to the interests of the churches of this Trust.

"The Trustees are saddened by the loss of a friend

Figgis of Brighton

whose wise counsel was a source of strength and whose courtesy and unfailing kindness endeared him to all who had the privilege of associating with him in Christian service."

CHESHUNT COLLEGE

"To Cheshunt College I owe some of the happiest and some of the saddest hours of my life. If I had been a Cheshunt man, probably my difficulties and distresses would have been less. Be that as it may, no characterization of me would be complete without a reference to our College." So wrote Mr. Figgis a few months before he passed away. The Connexion and the College were to him like Johnson and Boswell, they could not be dissociated, being concomitant parts of the same problem.

The Connexion, as already stated, was an association of churches bearing the name of Lady Huntingdon. In these churches the Gospel was to be preached; the name of Christ was to be made known in order that men might believe on Him. "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" So wrote St. Paul to the Romans, and here we might add, How can they be sent unless they be trained? and how can they be trained without a college? We have already seen that the ordained men of the Anglican Communion were not allowed by their bishops to officiate in her chapels; consequently the Countess was compelled to found a training institute of her own order.

Her chaplain, George Whitefield, during a preaching tour in Wales, met the renowned minister Howell Harris,

Figgis of Brighton

one of the founders of the great Calvinistic Methodist Church. In 1748 the Countess and her daughter visited Wales, where they met Harris, who had already created a great stir among the people by his energetic labours. She was deeply impressed by his preaching, and determined to support his efforts in every possible way. Her work in the principality was greatly blessed, and her own spirit refreshed, and she ever looked back on this visit with feelings of devout gratitude.

While the idea of founding a training academy was ripening in her mind, she thought of that lovely spot in Wales—Trevecca, where she had spent many delightful days. There was in the parish of Talgarth, South Wales, a fine old mansion, supposed to be part of a castle, or priory, built in the reign of Henry II. The date over the entrance was 1176. She felt that this building could easily be converted into a commodious college, and so she requested Harris to make arrangements with the owner for the purchase of it. In 1767, while staying at Bath, she consulted her great friend John W. Fletcher, the saintly Incumbent of the parish of Madeley, and invited him to take over the presidency of the College. She proposed that the men to be admitted must prove their fitness for work in the public ministry of the Christian Church. The training would be extended to three years, the students to receive their education free, be provided with all the necessaries of life, and a suit of clothes once a year. On the completion of their course they would be at liberty to enter the ministry either of the Established Church or of any other Protestant denomination.

The catholic spirit of the proposal appealed to Fletcher, and he accepted the position of President without any remuneration, while, at the same time he retained his incumbency at Madeley. Lady Huntingdon's sixty-first birthday, in 1768, was celebrated by the opening

Figgis of Brighton

of Trevecca College. This ceremony was performed by George Whitefield, assisted by several clergymen. The solemn words of Whitefield, ringing between the Welsh hills, bore clear evidence of the Divine Presence, and the day stood apart from other days in the memories of the great congregation.

For twenty-four years the work was carried on at Trevecca, and during this period more than a hundred-and-fifty men were trained. Twelve months before the expiration of the lease on which the house was held, Lady Huntingdon died. Previous to her death, "The Apostolic Society" had been formed for the support and perpetuation of the College. As the income of the Countess ceased with her death, she was unable to leave any endowment for the institution, and her friends decided to support and continue the work by voluntary subscriptions. This plan received the hearty approval of the foundress, and seven trustees were appointed to carry on the affairs of the College either at Trevecca or elsewhere.

It was felt that as the operations of the Connexion were so widespread the College should be removed to a more central position, and shortly after the death of the Countess it was transferred to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, fourteen miles from London. The estate bought by the trustees consisted of an old mansion and nine acres of land. The College was opened in 1792 under the presidency of the Rev. Isaac Nicholson, a clergyman of the Church of England. In 1806 a chapel was added; in 1820 the College buildings were considerably enlarged, and in 1870 an entirely new wing was added, at the cost of £10,000.

The admirable catholic principles of the College provide, as in the early days at Trevecca, that students were free to enter whatever Christian community they

Figgis of Brighton

wished. If any man could sustain the noble spirit of catholicity it was Henry Robert Reynolds, who became President in 1860, the year previous to Mr. Figgis's settlement at Brighton. He was a son of a Congregational minister, and a grandson of a Court physician. He is said to have been one of three young men who bade "farewell" to one another in a ballroom, and, after years of silence, the three met at a Bible Society meeting. Each had been converted during the interval. Henry Robert Reynolds's brother, J. Russell Reynolds, took up the profession of his grandfather, and eventually became President of the Royal College of Physicians, and a baronetcy was conferred upon him. The link between the brothers was very close, and Sir Russell became Honorary Physician to Cheshunt College.

The anniversary was always the great day of the year. It was on one of these occasions that Mr. Figgis made the acquaintance of the College and of its worthy President, and an attachment was formed, severed only by death. An account of that day on which he made his first appearance is given in his own words: "The little chapel was much too small for the congregation, and, in anticipation of this difficulty, one of the chapel windows had been removed and a pulpit erected in the empty frame. The preacher had to face a double congregation, two thirds within and one third without the chapel walls." That pulpit was occupied in turn by some famous preachers of various denominations. On all these occasions a liturgical service preceded the sermon: and often Mr. Figgis was secured for the reading of the prayers.

Peculiar interest was attached to the anniversary of 1891, it being the Centenary celebration of the College. The attendance was more numerous than usual, and Mr. Figgis was selected to preach the sermon. His

Figgis of Brighton

text was Psalm xxix. 9: "In His temple every whit of it uttereth His glory." The discourse was deeply appreciated by every hearer. The preacher expounded the transition of thought which the destruction and vanishing of the ancient temple led to. All the sacredness of God's holy temple is represented in each believer's body and earthly life. As in the temple of Nature every blade of grass, every leaf, every ray of light, every bursting bud uttereth His glory, so ought it to be in the temple of the body, every action and aim should be concentrated on the one great end—His glory.

The preacher showed how this consecration was illustrated "in that holy temple, that hallowed shrine, which a hundred years ago had been taken down." He reviewed the work of Lady Huntingdon, both amongst her own class and amongst the poor, and her work in connection with the College at Trevecca.

The luncheons which followed the service on these annual festivals were graced in turn by the presence in the chair of Earl Russell, Dean Alford, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Samuel Morley, M.P., Dean Farrar and other prominent men in the religious world. Mr. Figgis always spoke of his visits to Cheshunt as seasons of great joy, and of his fellowship with the President as a time of inspiration. His association with the College provided, to some extent, a platform for the development of his debating powers. Some one once said that Mr. Figgis was only "half a Congregationalist," and this statement was quite true; consequently any tendency to Congregationalize the College did not meet with his pleasure. He maintained that the arrangement of its affairs should always be made with a recognition of the fact that the College at its inception had received its largest support from Connexional friends or from members of the Church of England.

Figgis of Brighton

On the retirement of Dr. Reynolds in 1895, the Rev. Owen C. Whitehouse, M.A., a former student of the College and a distinguished scholar, accepted the post of President. A feeling had arisen that the isolation of the College was becoming a serious disadvantage, in view of the increased educational requirements of the ministry, and that a location near a university centre was essential for the future prosperity of the institution. Hackney Congregational College had lately been removed to new premises in the north-west of London, and a suggestion was made, and very fully discussed, for the amalgamation of Cheshunt with Hackney.

Mr. Figgis, as might have been expected, stoutly opposed the scheme, and with the utmost energy threw in his lot with the non-contents. He saw very clearly that by such a union of forces Cheshunt would become a purely denominational institution, and its unique character, as a ministerial training-place free from restrictions as to the choice of a denomination on the students completing their curriculum, would cease to exist. His vehement opposition is reflected in an "open letter" which he addressed to the Rev. F. B. Meyer, from which the following paragraph is extracted. After hinting that the College might be closed, he proceeds: "'Closed,' you will say, 'Cheshunt College closed—the College founded by the good Countess at Trevecca, refounded by Lady Anne Erskine at Cheshunt—the College of which the saintly Fletcher of Madeley was the first President, and the saintly Henry Robert Reynolds the last—the College which sent out James Sherman, of fragrant memory, to Surrey Chapel, and Joseph Sortain and Rhys Evans to Brighton and Henry Allon to Islington—the College of Gilmour of Mongolia and James Chalmers of New Guinea—to be closed! I can never believe it!'" The controversy was prolonged and animated, and at

Figgis of Brighton

length the Board of Education decided the question by refusing consent to any such amalgamation.

It was about this time that Mr. Figgis said, in a letter to the Rev. R. Lovett, honorary secretary of the College, "I do not want to move, but, if removal be inevitable, the right place is Cambridge." Some fifteen years earlier Dr. J. B. Paton, of Nottingham, had submitted a proposal to Dr. Reynolds for the migration of the College to that University town, and he now repeated the proposal to Mr. Figgis. He urged that the advantages of attendance at classes under professors and lecturers of the various colleges, and of "mingling in the larger life of the University" would prove invaluable. He believed that the migration would greatly promote the interests of Evangelical Nonconformity, and was of opinion that both the Baptists and the Methodists would be at Cambridge before long.

The Cambridge idea found favour with the College authorities, and Mr. Figgis, who accepted an invitation to become a trustee, heartily co-operated with his colleagues in making arrangements for the removal. It was sanctioned by the Board of Education, and a scheme was granted for carrying on the work at Cambridge. An Act of Parliament was also obtained, modifying some of the "Fifteen Articles of Faith." After the removal of the College to Cambridge in 1905, Mr. Figgis always felt that the right thing had been done.

A reference should be made to his relations with the students. He was decidedly a *persona grata* with them, especially with timid and apprehensive freshmen. His cheery greeting, warm hand-clasp, and words of encouragement or of sympathy, from the time he first became associated with the College down to recent years, have left a bright place in the memory of many a man now engaged in strenuous ministerial or missionary work. The custom

Figgis of Brighton

has always prevailed at Cheshunt for one of the ministerial members of the Committee or Board to give a short address to newly-admitted students and to commit them in prayer to God. Mr. Figgis sometimes undertook this task, for which he was so admirably qualified, and his earnest and deeply spiritual utterances on such occasions will never be forgotten.

His relations with his colleagues in the management of affairs were always sympathetic and genial. Differences of opinion sometimes occurred, especially during the controversy on the proposed amalgamation with Hackney, but Mr. Figgis never failed to exhibit the highest qualities of a true Christian gentleman. The estimate formed by his colleagues of their dear old friend and faithful fellow-worker was briefly summarized in the following Resolution, passed by the Board of Governors soon after his death:

“RESOLVED—That we, the Governors of Cheshunt College, record our high estimation of our late friend and colleague, the Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A., expressing our obligation for the valuable services which he so gladly and earnestly rendered to the College for a period of fifty-five years, first as a member of the old Committee, then as a Trustee, and afterwards as a Governor; we recall his enthusiastic efforts to preserve unbroken the best traditions of the institution, to enlarge its sphere of usefulness, and to strengthen its equipment for carrying out the great object for which it was founded. We wish also to bear testimony to our friend's sterling character as a Christian gentleman, the spiritual power of his ministry, and to his warmth and generosity of heart, which impressed all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. We beg to offer our sympathy to our friend and colleague, Mr. Samuel Figgis, and to the other relatives, in the loss which they have suffered.”

Figgis of Brighton

CHURCHMANSHIP.

“ Religion being the chief bond of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is well contained within the true bond of unity. The fruits of unity, next unto the well-pleasing of God, which is all in all, are two the one towards those that are without the Church ; the other towards those that are within. For the former : it is certain that heresies and schisms are of all others the greatest scandals ; yea, more than the corruption of manners. For as in the natural body, a wound, or solution of continuity, is worse than a corrupt humour ; so in the spiritual. So that nothing doth so much keep men out of the Church, and drive men out of the Church, as breach of unity.”

These words of Francis Bacon sum up the sentiments of Mr. Figgis. Christian unity was the ideal for which he lived, prayed, preached, worked, travelled. It was unity not uniformity. One of the Christian Fathers once remarked, “ Christ’s coat indeed had no seam ; but the Church’s vesture was of divers colours.” The churchmanship of Mr. Figgis can be summed up in the following words : “ *In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit* ” (In the garment there may be divers colours, but let there be no rent.)

A great step towards the reunion of the churches was taken by the establishment of religious societies which provided a platform on which representatives of different communities could meet. The Religious Tract Society, founded in 1799, was one of the institutions managed by ministers and laymen of various denominations. Then the great Bible Society, with the one and only aim of disseminating the Scriptures, supplied means for communion and co-operation, while the Evangelical Alliance, with its wide outlook and extensive programme,

Figgis of Brighton

had a similar interdenominational basis. In all these movements Mr. Figgis took an intense interest, and wherever the prospect of union appeared on the Christian horizon, he felt the thrill of "that uniting love which will not let us part."

A further step was taken towards realizing this desired end when conferences were convened at Mildmay and Perth, and these efforts at union were appropriately followed by meetings for the "deepening of the spiritual life." It was felt—and rightly so—that if the main emphasis were laid on the spiritual aspect of the Church, the soil should be prepared for the growth of union.

It is not generally known that the record of the first really public convention was published under the title "The Union Meeting at Oxford." "What does it mean?" asked one artizan of another. "Don't you know? It is all the Christian folk come together to be one sect."

In the two camps of the Protestant Church there have always been men who desired the formation of a united church; but like many other idealists they have been left to plough "a lonely furrow." In the Established Church, on the one hand, there have been saintly bishops who have prayed and worked for a closer union with their brethren in other Christian communities. A few leaders in the Free Churches also have done their utmost to bring about this noble object. No leader in the Christian Church espoused this cause more than Mr. Figgis. Divisions in the church were to him like the wounds in the body of Christ which ought and could be healed.

The disposition of the Anglican bishops towards union was made clear in the Encyclical Letter which issued from the discussion of the Lambeth Conference in 1888. In that letter they "after anxious discussion laid down certain Articles" as a basis on which approach

Figgis of Brighton

might be, by God's blessing, made towards Home Reunion, viz. :

“The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as ‘containing all things necessary to salvation,’ and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.

“The Apostles’ Creed, as the Baptismal Symbol ; and the Nicene Creed, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

“The two Sacraments ordained by Christ Himself—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ’s words of institution and of the elements ordained by Him.

“The Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the Unity of His Church.”

The Encyclical continued :

“We hold ourselves in readiness to enter into brotherly conference with any of those who may desire intercommunion with us in a more or less perfect form. We lay down conditions on which such intercommunion is, in our opinion, and according to our conviction, possible. For, however we may long to embrace those now alienated from us, so that the ideal of the one flock under the one Shepherd may be realized, we must not be unfaithful stewards of the great deposit entrusted to us. We cannot desert our position either as to faith or discipline. That concord would, in our judgment, be neither true nor desirable which should be produced by such surrender.

“But we gladly and thankfully recognize the real religious work which is carried on by Christian bodies not of our Communion. We cannot close our eyes to the visible blessing which has been vouchsafed to their labours for Christ’s sake. We are not insensible to the strong ties,

Figgis of Brighton

the rooted convictions, which attach them to their present position. These we respect, as we wish that on our side our own principles and feelings may be respected. Competent observers, indeed, assert that, not in England only, but in all parts of the Christian world, there is a real yearning for unity—that men's hearts are moved more than heretofore towards Christian fellowship. The Conference has shown in its discussions as well as its resolutions that it is deeply penetrated with this feeling. May the Spirit of Love move on the troubled waters of religious differences.

“Upon some such basis as this, with large freedom of variation on secondary points of doctrine, worship, and discipline, and without interference with existing conditions of property and endowment, it might be possible, under God's gracious providence, for a reunited Church, including at least the Chief of the Christian Communions of our people, to rest.”

They further submitted the following :

“That the constituted authorities of the various branches of our Communion, acting, so far as may be, in concert with one another, be earnestly requested to make it known that they hold themselves in readiness to enter into brotherly conference (such as that which has already been proposed by the Church in the United States of America) with the representatives of other chief Christian Communions in the English-speaking races, in order to consider what steps can be taken, either towards corporate reunion, or towards such relations as may prepare the way for fuller organic unity hereafter.”

There is no doubt that the bishops drew up these articles and resolutions with the hope that the leaders of other Christian communities would at least confer with them on so vital a matter. It is strange, however, to reflect that no church had any conference with their

Figgis of Brighton

lordships, except one small community, viz., the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and even here, the credit is due to the interest which Mr. Figgis himself manifested.

The Connexional Conference requested him to communicate with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to assure his grace of the willingness of the Connexion to enter into conference on the question of "intercommunion in a more or less perfect form" as suggested by the Encyclical Letter.

Although the replies of the Free Churches were so meagre, it is only fair to say that their lordships expressed their willingness to place their time and services at the disposal of the representatives of this very small community in a conference on the matter : thus proving the sincerity of their desire for some kind of union.

In May, 1890, Mr. Figgis and three colleagues met, by appointment, the Bishops of London, Bristol, Gloucester and Rochester, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The story of these interviews was never published ; so it is felt that the inclusion of it ought to be of considerable interest to the readers of this biography, and especially to those who knew the intensity with which Mr. Figgis strove to realize the ideal of his life : an ideal—as he maintained—of our Lord and Master when he uttered those words in St. John xvii. 21. The account also shows the dexterity with which Mr. Figgis—as an expert canonist—wielded his arguments in answer to the ecclesiastical theories propounded by these learned prelates.

Our interest is enhanced by the fact that we are able to reproduce the account in Mr. Figgis's own words :

"The Bishop of London, Dr. Temple, was the first to appear, and introducing himself with frank geniality, he welcomed us there, saying that the Archbishop and

Figgis of Brighton

other Bishops would join us in a moment. This they did, and after kindly greeting his Grace asked us whether we had any objections to the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott, who had just been consecrated) joining our conference. We said that it would only enhance our pleasure. The Chaplain, Mr. Hamilton Baynes, was also present, and the conference being assembled, the Archbishop led us (without book) in the beautiful 'prayer for unity,' and 'The Lord's Prayer,' and then rose and gave us a brief address of welcome.

"In responding on behalf of our delegates, after stating the welcome given to the overtures of the Bishops assembled at Lambeth in 1888, and our longing to see the fulfilment of the prayer of our common Lord, 'that they all may be one,' I expressed our desire for further light as to the four points laid down by the Bishops as fundamental. As to Holy Scripture we had no need of a single word, holding, to use Mr. Spurgeon's words, 'that it is the best basis of unity and that other attempts at unity are apt to disunite.' As to the two Sacraments, we felt ourselves also in agreement with the Bishops, so also as to the two creeds, for we joyfully noted that but two were required for this intercommunion, and we took the omission of the Athanasian Creed as a most hopeful sign, but we desired to know what was intended by the recognition of the Historic Episcopate ?

"We felt sure we could not be expected to recognize Episcopacy as having been fully developed in New Testament times : for neither Dr. Hatch, Dean Alford, nor Bishop Lightfoot, and many other churchmen, held it ; how far then were we expected to make recognition of so disputable a matter ?

"Nor could it be supposed that we would stigmatize the Orders received from venerable men, Presbyters in the Church of Christ, as insufficient.

Figgis of Brighton

"We hoped that the explanation of that fourth point, which commended itself to the minds of the Bishops, would be such as to commend itself to our minds also.

"Then I proceeded to refer to another topic, the relaxation of the compulsory use of certain expressions in the Book of Common Prayer, such expressions being phrases in the Baptismal Service and the Catechism asserting, or to us seeming to assert, the regeneration of the baptized, and other passages requiring faith and repentance of those to be baptized, though most of them might be infants; also phrases in the Ordinal conferring, or seeming to confer, powers of Priestly Absolution, and in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick, in which such power is asserted; also the use of the word 'religious' in reference to the Sovereign of whatever character, and the compulsory use of the Monitory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. I pressed for at least an alternative form in many of these matters, such as is found in the American Prayer Book in the Ordination Service.

"Archbishop Sumner is reported to have said 'give me leave to alter twenty words in the Prayer Book and I will bring into the church twenty thousand people.' My lords, I believe he would have brought in many thousands more."

The Archbishop of Canterbury said that many of the bishops were ardent for union, and that they were of one mind in expressing their readiness to confer with those of other bodies who were of honest purpose for carrying it out, "we believe many terms of doctrine, etc., on either side are misunderstood . . . incorporation is not impossible, but not yet probable. As to the recognition of the Historic Episcopate, nothing is obligatory but the formularies, and different interpretations are put upon them. As to Orders, Bishop Andrews' words are almost a canon: 'that man must be blind who

Figgis of Brighton

does not see that the Holy Ghost can work outside Episcopal Orders.' But we see no reason for departing from the form we find in history (hence our phrase Historic Episcopate), unless when forced to do so, as Luther was, who when he and his brother ministers desired Episcopacy had to give it up because the Princes of Germany would not maintain it. A Uniate relationship would seem to be a good practical outcome of this conference and then variety of Liturgy would be allowed." "What steps," asked Dr. Benson, "can be taken towards such relations as may prepare the way for fuller organic unity hereafter?"

The discussion of these important matters occupied several hours, and the prevailing spirit of the whole conference was that of Christian love. Want of space prevents the insertion of a detailed account of further transactions. Some utterances of the prelates manifested a breadth of views almost unexpected.

"Many," said Dr. Temple, "hold Episcopal ordination to belong not to the *esse* but to the *bene esse* of the Church."

"A great National Church," said Dr. Westcott, "has obligations which reach far beyond the individual opinion of any member . . . the formularies do not require a definite opinion on the subject of Episcopacy."

With the claim of Dr. Thorold that the Holy Scriptures and ancient authors make it quite clear that there were three orders of ministers in the Church of Christ, Mr. Figgis could not agree. The Archbishop greatly pleased him by the concession that though the words stated that the three orders of ministry had existed from Apostolic days, they did not state that they existed everywhere. Mr. Figgis again referred to the caveat which Bishop Lightfoot elaborated in his commentary on Philipians. There is no doubt that the bishops scored distinctly by putting on Mr. Figgis and his colleagues

Figgis of Brighton

the onus of preparing suggestions for the further consideration of plans of reunion. To this task he immediately applied himself with intense vigour. He stated the points on which he agreed entirely with the prelates, and carefully enumerated those which required additional explanation. He quoted the words of the late Rev. Thomas Binney, D.D. :

“ Just as I have a leaning towards a liturgical service, so have I convictions and preferences which would render an episcopal rule no objection and no burden to me. If it were possible for the different religious bodies to come to an agreement to act together, something of the kind would most likely evolve, and take form and movement by way of natural consequence as the result of necessity and expediency and the action of great general laws. In this way episcopacy arose at first, though it was some time before it acquired many of its modern attributes.”

The feeling produced by this interchange of opinions was that there existed already a spiritual unity which was struggling for expression.

The conference was followed by a considerable agitation in the Press. Mr. Figgis, in answer to a charge that he was attempting to hand over a denomination and its property to another church wrote, the following letter :

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON'S CONNEXION AND
REUNION WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of "The British Weekly."

“ Dear Sir,—I have just returned from hearing Mr. Spurgeon's wonderful address at Mildmay, and from joining in the United Communion Service over which the venerable Dr. Bonar presided so sweetly. God forbid that at such a time, or at any time, I should say a word calculated to stir up strife. But the letter of

Figgis of Brighton

the secretary of our trustees seems to imply that some of *our* members have been trenching on *their* rights, and I hasten to give assurance that such is not the case. We met, as ministers and officer-bearers of the Connexion have done for generations, in an assembly to which all of our number (and of their number too) were invited as usual. In it the resolution was passed, out of which came the visit to Lambeth, not to hand over either the property or the person of any one to another church, but to confer about a matter very difficult, no doubt, but very dear to the heart of the Master.

“Like the trustees, we deem incorporation with the Church of England impossible as things are at present. But like them also ‘We would desire to see a more Christ-like spirit between all bodies of Christians on a common basis.’ Such was the very problem we went to Lambeth to try to solve. The Langham Street Conference had tried to solve it previously.

“May both their efforts and ours by God’s blessing lead to some practical manifestation of the unity of all who are ‘one in Christ Jesus’! This, and not the invasion of the rights of the trustees, nor of the liberty of a single congregation, is the purpose we have at heart.

“I am, dear Sir,

“Yours truly,

“J. B. FIGGIS,

“President of Conference

“*Brighton, June 28, 1890.*”

In July, 1890, there was another conference, when the matters submitted to the prelates were discussed. On the question of Baptismal Regeneration the bishops threw a great deal of additional light. The following citations present a summary: “There was nothing magical about the change, it was like the drawing up of a blind, so that the light withheld before could stream in.”

Figgis of Brighton

"Until the will begins to move, the character is not affected; but by baptism the child is admitted into a divine society."

"Baptism is a covenant between God and the child (taking the place of what Scripture calls a covenant), so that God's promises on the one side are to be met by the action of the child on the other. The child is not altered in the slightest degree; it comes into a new relation, but it is not spiritually changed."

Concerning the Athanasian Creed, the Archbishop said that the Church of England never so called it, and that Convocation years ago put out a declaration that the condemnatory clauses refer to principles not persons. "I should be very glad," said he, "to have it removed from our services."

Concerning absolution by the priest, the Bishop of Durham said, "The power of forgiveness is the greatest mystery in life. I cannot understand how future punishment can be a difficulty; it is future forgiveness that is the difficulty: nothing but the Divine assurance through an appointed organ can satisfy the soul. This power referred to in John xx. was committed not to the Apostles, but to the body of the Church."

The Bishop of London added: "The priest in exercising this power is and only can be the voice of the Church. The priestly character is inherent in every Christian, though dormant; and if a priest cannot be obtained the power of the layman revives. Louis IX, being mortally wounded, and no priest to be had, confessed to the Duc de Joinville, and was absolved by him." The Bishop of London also asked: "Is Lady Huntingdon's Connexion to be thought of in the future as outside the Church of England, but a friendly body with which she could heartily work?" "There would be no difficulty," he added, "about recognizing your baptism."

Figgis of Brighton

The way in which recognition would accrue would be by interchange of pulpits, as the Church of England takes a different position as to preaching and the Lord's Supper."

It was felt that the most practical point which came under discussion was the question of interchange of pulpits. The Primate and the Bishop of London declared themselves ready to advocate an "Act of Parliament for the preaching of their clergy in Nonconformist pulpits." So ended the second conference at Lambeth, very pleasant and very courteous; and although there were no immediate practical results, the time and effort put there have not been in vain.

One can almost hear an echo of the conference in a resolution passed in the month, of October, 1917. "At a Conference of Evangelical Churchmen held at Cheltenham last week, to discuss the question of a closer union with Nonconformity, a resolution was passed that 'legal barriers which prevent the parochial clergy from inviting recognized ministers of Nonconformist churches to preach in parish churches should be removed, and that the goal to be aimed at is some form of federation rather than anything like organic union.'"

The signs of the times indicate a tendency on the part of all Christian communities towards a closer fellowship. The Anglican communion, by giving more power to the laity, and by placing more emphasis on good work in the pulpit, are appropriating some of the good points of the Free Churches. The Nonconforming communities on the other hand are awakening to the fact that they have a great deal to learn from the system of Episcopacy.

Congregationalism—including Baptists and Congregationalists—is moving slowly but surely towards the adoption of some form of Episcopacy. Plans are ripening for the division of the country into so many districts, over which overseers—bishops writ small—are to

Figgis of Brighton

be appointed. It is also prophesied that one of the beneficial results of the war will be the closer friendship and co-operation of all religious sections.

The Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., has planned a great campaign for the federation of all Free Churches ; this is to be followed by a still greater federation.

It was refreshing to read that Dr. Jowett had not been long in New York before he was invited by the Bishop to preach in the Cathedral. In doing this the Bishop was only following an old custom of his church. Time ripens, thought softens, and love has a tender subtlety of interpretation. "Controversy in the past has been too much the 'Grave of Charity.'"

We have much to confess and not a little to learn. While this idea of Christian union is growing, we must not forget those "Fathers in God" who sowed the seed, and especially John Benjamin Figgis, who with untiring energy taught that unity without truth is destructive, and truth without unity feeble ; but that truth and unity combined are strong enough to subdue the world to Christ.

Authorship

CHAPTER VI

BIBLIOGRAPHY

CHRIST and Full Salvation (1878); *Lessons Learnt in Italy and the Riviera* (1882); *Emmanuel: Leaves from the Life and Notes on the Work of Jesus Christ* (1885); *Salvation from Self* (1886); *Sweet Home, and the Way from Home to Heaven* (1890); *Agnosticism, and Related Subjects* (1891); *The Countess of Huntingdon and Her Connexion* (1891); *The Heavenly Secret of Daily Life* (1893); *The Christ Life* ("Deeper Life" Series, Ed. E. W. Moore, 1898); *Visions; with Addresses on the First Epistle of St. John, to which is Appended a Memorial of his Jubilee Celebration* (1911); *Keswick from Within* (1914).

Booklets, Leaflets, etc.: *The Four Cardinal Virtues: Fortitude, Prudence, Temperance, Justice; Manliness, Womanliness, Godliness; The Anointing, and other Short Studies on the First Epistle of St. John* (Reprinted from the "Life of Faith"); *Do all for God* (Reprinted from the "Pathway of Power"); *For God and our Children; Live in the Present*. (Reprinted from the "Banner of Holiness"); *The Parents' Legacy; A New Road for the New Year; With Both Hands Earnestly; What is a Clean Heart; The Earthquake; Briars and Thorns; A Forgotten Duty; Truth and Where to Find it; Consider Him; Appeal to Young Men; Follow Thou Me; To*

Figgis of Brighton

Please or Not to Please ; Taste and See ; The Five Wonderful Alls ; On Loving Our Friends ; Prayer and Practice ; The Treasures of the Snow ; The Presence of Jesus ; The Absence of Jesus ; A Mania for Cheapness ; The Eddystone Lighthouse ; Patience ; Cumbered ; Walk Before Me ; On Pleasing God ; I will Never Leave Thee ; Life Abundantly ; A Cloud for a Covering ; Thirsty Still ; Keeping Back Part of the Price ; Their Arm Every Morning ; The Church Which is His Body ; Our Orders ; Confession and Absolution ; Glory Begun ; Happiness ; Shall We Go to the Races ? Christ and Our Crosses ; Christ and Our Cares ; On being Cross ; Happy, Safe and Holy (for Children) ; Homely Homilies ; Comforted of God ; The New Theology ; As a Mother Comforteth ; Looking Unto Jesus ; Chosen, Cherished, Comforted ; On the Death of the Rev. Edmund Clay (Sermon).

The above bibliography comprises all Mr. Figgis's literary productions so far as the present writer has been able to discover. Probably some of his short articles may still lay embedded in serial publications, and there may possibly be a few additional booklets or leaflets, which are not contained in available catalogues of publishers and of libraries.

In only one case—"The Countess of Huntingdon and her Connexion"—out of the eleven books are the contents shared by other writers. Eleven books and fifty-four smaller publications speak eloquently for the industry and laborious application of their author—all this work in addition to ministerial and pastoral responsibilities, and a great many outside engagements, in connection with councils and committees of various religious and philanthropic institutions. Not content with preaching the Everlasting Truth by voice and example, he preached it also by pen and book. The note which he invariably

Figgis of Brighton

struck in all his printed work was a very high one : Don't be satisfied with a mere conventional, professional religion ; ascend the " Heavenly Stair " ; forget the things behind, and reach forth to the things that are before ; take from the hands of God the best gifts which He is able and waiting to bestow.

A glance at the titles of the booklets and leaflets will reveal the author's ingenious methods for the purpose of fixing attention and conveying moral and spiritual truths. These little homilies and messages—only two or three of which are reprints of sections of some of the author's books—are addressed to readers of all ages and of various conditions in life—young men, young women, parents, children, workmen, believers and unbelievers. Amongst them are several addresses for the New Year, as well as some suggested by passing events. Thus the author scattered the seed of the Kingdom—and great must be the harvest.

The following articles are not critical reviews ; they are only descriptive of the contents of the books, whilst the quotations which are given help the attempt to present a bare outline of the substance of each volume.

"CHRIST AND FULL SALVATION" (1878)

This volume was Mr. Figgis's first literary venture of any considerable length. It is dedicated to his father, " in loving gratitude, amongst other things, for living lessons on Christ, our crosses and our cares," and consists of fugitive papers contributed to the " Evangelical Magazine " and other publications, with a few additional chapters. The style is popular and direct, and illustrations are freely used. Abstruse theological disquisition is not attempted, and plainness of speech prevails throughout.

Figgis of Brighton

Its leading theme seems to have been suggested at a Mildmay Conference, and in a New Year's Address to his people, in 1875, the author shows how the idea of the book originated. "For months, I might say for years, it has been apparent to me that not a few of God's children enjoy a nearness and a sweetness of communion, a delight in God, a power with men, and a victory over sin, of which I have experienced little or nothing. At the Mildmay Conference in June, 1873, I saw more of this than ever before, and not only saw, but *felt* it too. Still I had no clear or definite idea as to ~~how~~ it was to be obtained or maintained, and I hailed the announcement of the meeting at Oxford last August chiefly in the hope of learning the secret there. . . . Though unable to declare myself blest with such a total illumination as gladdened many there, I think I began to see a light which I trust, by God's grace, will never be put out. The light, the secret, was just this—that we may receive Jesus for sanctification in the same free and immediate way by which we received Him for justification."

The object, then, of the book is to prove the possibility of enjoying "a nearness and a sweetness of communion," and to show how this condition of heart and mind and soul can be attained. That attainment may be expressed in the words "full salvation."

In the Introduction we find the following cautionary sentences. "Far be it from me to seem to suggest finality either as excluding progress or implying perfection. On the one hand, I am afraid of 'limiting the Holy One of Israel,' 'who is able to do exceeding abundantly,' and, on the other hand, I shrink from the presumption that thinks it has already attained, or is yet already perfect. So we shall leave 'full salvation' undefined, or for our readers to define, if they will, for themselves, and may God give them 'great largeness of heart.' "

Figgis of Brighton

A strong, unswerving faith in Christ's ability to bestow full salvation is the first essential to its reception. There must also be preparedness—not the “mere dead man's semblance of faith.” With regard to the willingness of Christ, many Christians “do not believe that Christ wishes to make them clean. They think that a certain amount of sinning must go on to make them sensible of their own vileness, and so that Jesus tolerates the lesser evil to avoid the greater.” But Christ says, “He is willing; He shows He is willing. His every word proclaims His willingness; His every deed echoes it. I must have got the wrong Bible if it is not so. ‘This is the will of God, even your sanctification.’”

The difficulties of fully surrendering the will and of making a prompt decision, with the way of overcoming them, are clearly set forth. After the will is given up to God, the conflict with evil must still go on. “With Christians, as with the unconverted, there may sometimes be too little conflict—because too little conscience. The continuance of conflict must be accepted as inevitable, but our aim should be to reduce it to a minimum—indeed, well-nigh to a vanishing point.”

The divine intention of crosses is to make character, “Next to thanking Christ for His cross, we shall thank Him, when we get to Heaven, for our own.” “Your crosses will be a part of the means of your sanctification.”

Much wise and helpful counsel is to be found in the chapters on “Christ and our Cares” and “Tranquillity in Daily Life.” With some Christians cares block the way to restfulness and peace. “If the basis of peace is God, the secret of peace is trust. . . . Perfect peace is for the mind ‘stayed on Him.’ It is with men as it is with machinery, says one, ‘if it goes without oil, it grinds and gets hot and out of order. Trust is the oil which keeps the wheels turning smoothly.’” “Let

Figgis of Brighton

us have confidence in the promises of God ; they are large enough and liberal enough ; and let us remember that the Promiser is ever greater than the promises, and that no words, even of God, can express the ground of calm confidence we have in Him who is the Rock of Ages."

The Christian who works for God must realize that God Himself works through him. or there will be no results. "Unspiritual religious work is spiritless indeed. Christless Christian work is a contradiction in terms . . . The inspiration of all endeavours to save men must come from the Saviour ; and as the inspiration so the form, the mould, the manner. It lives upon Christ."

The concluding chapters comprise many emphatic utterances on the evil of "small sins," as well as deeply sympathetic and cheering pages on the sicknesses, bereavements and the sorrows of life, ending appropriately with an enumeration of the joys offered to the Christian, and earnest words of encouragement for all who have come to the great decision.

"LESSONS LEARNT IN ITALY AND THE RIVIERA" (1882)

The author was deeply read in the history of the Roman Empire, and in its myths, legends and heathenish customs. This equipment proved of valuable service during his visit to Italy. Moreover, the interest of the tour was enhanced by the opportunity afforded for becoming acquainted with places mentioned in Scripture, particularly some of those which are associated with the missionary journeys of the Apostle Paul. It would be difficult to imagine Mr. Figgis writing a book from which the religious or spiritual element was excluded, and, in this volume of travel, moral and spiritual lessons

Figgis of Brighton

and warnings are deftly interwoven with descriptions of notable people and places, rich with lasting memories. The reader is prepared for this conspicuous and practical feature by a frank avowal in the preface. "To some these pages may seem to savour too much of the pulpit. Probably they do. But when you ask a person to speak who is more at home in the pulpit than in most places, what else can you expect? Still, I have tried to reduce the sermonic element to a minimum."

A graceful inscription on the opening page suggests the motive for preparing the volume. "A thank-offering to God, and a token of gratitude to a loving and devoted congregation." A reference to the origin of the book will be found in another chapter.

Amongst the places in the Riviera and on the coast which specially attracted the author was the islet of St. Honorat, so called from one of a band of monks who, more than 1,400 years ago, made this lovely spot their home. "It was in the days when it was something very real always, and very religious generally, thus to flee from the world. It meant prayer and study and labour. Many a swamp was reclaimed, many a manuscript was copied, and, best of all, many a soul, that else might have remained in heathenism, was thus won. Through them God was saying then, 'Listen, O isles, unto Me.'"

It was to this tiny island that the young Scot, afterwards known as St. Patrick, came, and "for nine years learned at St. Honorat's feet the way of Christ more perfectly." Thence he went to Ireland, in answer to the cry which seemed to sound in his ear, "Come to us, O holy youth, and walk among us." "I cannot tell you," says the author, "what interest it gave to those scenes, on which I gazed every day for more than a month, to think that for so much longer a period one, to whom an island, dearer far and greater, listened, had

Figgis of Brighton

been a student there. I wish I had either the time or the power to trace his subsequent career, as glorious, perhaps, as that ever lived. I wish I could tell you how he was the means of converting foes into friends ; and not only friends to him, but to God ; how he ranged through Ireland, bringing tribe after tribe to the foot of the Cross, and leading princes to exchange their sceptres for the missionary's staff ; yes, and how he kindled a fire, which burned so brightly that a century later Columba returned to Scotland the debt she owed for Patrick's mission to Ireland."

Pompeii, Paestum and Puteoli appealed to the traveller's imagination. At the last place he pictured the arrival of St. Paul, where the Apostle "found the brethren," and was desired "to tarry with them seven days." "I asked one resident there whether any legends or traditions of St. Paul hang about the place. 'No,' she said, 'none.' And indeed all over Italy Paul seems to have been forgotten, or nearly so, so completely is his name overshadowed by that of Peter."

It was at Rome that the interest of the journey naturally reached its climax. Vivid descriptions are given of the Rome of the Caesars, the Rome of the Martyrs, and the Rome of the Popes. "The heroism of the Romans was accompanied by another quality of the soldier—obedience. It was told Caesar that the tenth legion had revolted ; he went forth and addressed them as citizens instead of soldiers. They were instantly at his knees. It was men like those, born to obey, who were born also to be masters of the world ; just as the followers of Loyola promised to go anywhere, and to do anything (with no reason asked) at the bidding of the reigning pope. We want to-day obedience like that of Caesar's soldiers and Loyola's followers, only we want it given to God. Such obedience for any one else it were a crime to ask."

Figgis of Brighton

After speaking of the sufferings of the Christians and describing the churches and catacombs of Rome, the author expresses his views on the spirit and the cause of persecution. As they reveal the largeness of the author's heart, and appeal quite as strongly to the people of the present time as to the people of twenty-five years ago, we give the paragraphs in full.

"As we pursue our way, let us ponder on the causes of persecution, and the occasions of it here. The root cause is self-will, that root of so many evils. Self-will itself rooted in self-opinionatedness, which says: My ideas must express the reality of things; the idea of others where they differ from them show unreality and error. But error is sin, and leads to sin, and therefore ought to be restrained, prevented, and, if possible, stamped out. Having the power, I ought also to have the will to do this. In this way persecution—a pain to most minds in itself—becomes invested with an inverted sanctity, and cruelty becomes a duty.

"This, I take it, is the genesis of persecution wherever it is found; and I pray you not merely to pity *Christian* martyrs—pity *all* martyrs; and not merely to hate persecution of what you call truth, but to hate all persecution. Like God, be good to the unthankful and to the evil.

"Those who can weep only for the persecution of Protestants, but who could persecute Roman Catholics, have much more cause to blush than to weep. They have never learnt to hate persecution itself, but only persecution when turned against themselves or their party. God give you 'great largeness of heart,' and then you will be sure to have a soul above *all* persecution."

If the limits of space permitted, we should like to quote passages from the admirable chapter on St. Francis

Figgis of Brighton

of Assisi. There is one incident, however, connected with Mr. Figgis's ministry at Brighton and bearing upon the Stigmata, said to have been impressed upon the body of St. Francis, which should be cited for the special interest it may have for some of Mr. Figgis's personal friends.

"I wonder whether a little circumstance that occurred in my ministry . . . may help you, as it has often helped me, to understand how, at once honestly and naturally, such a thought should have arisen about the saint, emaciated and suffering as we know he was. I was sent for to see an aged member of my church. She suffered, and had suffered for years, agonies of pain from wounds in her feet. Once in a sleeping or waking vision, the Saviour, whom she loved, I daresay, almost as truly as Francis, seemed to appear to her, and pointed to His feet as though they were hers, or to her wounds as though they were His. In suffering as in service the Saviour and His saint were one, and what was her privilege then, and that of Francis long before, may be yours now, and mine."

Florence and the story of Savonarola kindle the author's spirit of true hero-worship, and with clear discernment and eloquent phrase he presents the character and the work of the great reformer. He speaks of him as the Prior, the Preacher, the Prophet, and the Patriot Martyr. As Prior—"his food of the coarsest, and his dress of the plainest, though always scrupulously clean," for the *frate* believed in cleanliness being next to godliness; "his shoes were long and turned up at the points, for he said they would be full of precious stones in Paradise." As Preacher—"if ever there was a man who was a born preacher, it was the Prior of St. Mark's. . . . We think of him especially in this character—at Bologna or Ferrara, and chiefly at Florence, chiefly too in its greatest church,

Figgis of Brighton

the glorious Duomo. We see the people flocking to it both in the early morning—as so much nearer and later to hear Whitefield, by torchlight; or pouring out under the sultry Italian sun to endure hours of hustling and crowding, if only they might get any corner within those coveted walls. There are soldiers there and civilians, knights and ladies, all ranks and classes, and all strangely moved, now to smiles, for the *frate* had his humour (you see it in his face), and now to tears, so that the ready writers who were reporting his sermons often complain that they had to leave off for weeping. . . . Terrible preaching it was. Terrible, I suppose, it had to be. The preaching of repentance, perhaps, must ever precede the preaching of the Gospel; John before the ‘sweet Galilean vision,’ Savonarola before the great Reformation. . . .

“Great as Savonarola the Preacher was, Savonarola the Prophet was greater still. . . . How, or in what sense, can he have been a prophet? First, it is undeniable that he claimed to see visions—he had been seeing them for fifteen years, he said; and these enabled him occasionally, as he thought, to catch glimpses of the future; and, what is more, some of his anticipations were fulfilled.” His courage is suggested as another reason for the Florentines calling him their prophet.

As Patriot Martyr: the later incidents in Savonarola’s life, which are described in the book, testify the fine patriotism with which he faced the secular and the spiritual powers when various charges were brought against him. He had accused Pope Alexander VI and the bishops of gross immorality. They could not deny the accusation. A bishop suggested that he might be silenced by honours. “Offer him the red hat,” said he. “It was offered, and Savonarola’s noble answer before the assembled throng was this: ‘I want no other

Figgis of Brighton

red hat but that of martyrdom reddened by my own blood.' And he *was thus* to be invested with the purple."

A beautiful chapter on St. Catherine of Siena concludes the volume, which, apart from its excellent homiletical value, takes the first place amongst Mr. Figgis's literary efforts. It involved a great deal of close reading of classical and modern authors, and shows throughout skilful arrangement, as well as the gift of sustaining the reader's interest without a break.

"EMMANUEL: LEAVES FROM THE LIFE AND NOTES ON THE WORK OF JESUS CHRIST" (1885)

Most authors regard their works as the beloved children of their brain. There is usually a favourite "child," and we are inclined to think that the above volume held the warmest place in Mr. Figgis's affection. He was on the verge of fifty, and had enjoyed nearly twenty-five years of successful and happy work in the ministry when this book was published. Those years of strenuous labour and of rich experience, combined with a diligent study of the Master's teaching and life, had revealed more and more convincingly the sufficiency of Christ to supply all moral and spiritual needs. He was never weary of presenting the many phases of the Lord's mission and character, and this book seems to set forth the high degree of faith and knowledge, of spiritual experience and power which he had now attained.

We read in the preface, "Years ago I used to say, 'I am never so happy as when I am speaking of Jesus.' It is still the same. I find myself drawn continually to so inexhaustible a subject, and I hope that I shall always feel so as long as I live."

The book consists of sermons and addresses—all carefully re-written for publication—on the Name, the Life,

Figgis of Brighton

the Character, the Sufferings and Death, and the Abiding Glory of our Lord. The chapters on the "Name" of Jesus are based on the "garland" of names assigned by Isaiah to the Christ who was to come—"Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." "Surely," the author exclaims, "a greater than Isaiah is here. Surely it must have taken a greater than man to describe the Lord Jesus with such accuracy of delineation that the picture is true to the very life; and to do this, moreover, hundreds of years before He came. . . . We know that the description tallies, to the least letter, with the description of the Love of God as he really was when He came."

In the course of his argument on the Divinity of our Lord, Mr. Figgis writes: "The doctrine of a Divine humanity emerges with growing distinctness from the voices of the prophets, like the sun rising from a bank of clouds, and making beautiful their black masses with its golden fringes." "Christ repeatedly expressed a sense of personal perfection, and special relation to God. He found and felt this as a fact of His inward consciousness. The greatness of Jesus was like that of no other man. His virtues were like those of no other virtuous men; their virtues pass into a fault, and occasion injury or neglect of other qualities.

"Note especially that the character of Jesus was a manifestation, not an effort; there is no indication of struggle for effect, and not a single failure or defeat. Moreover, it was an absolutely original character.

"The model existed not, and had never existed, from which such excellence could be copied. His life was infinitely superior to all others. If Jesus were no more than a man, why are there not more men like Him? What God did for one man, God would certainly have done for others. It is unaccountable that it has never

Figgis of Brighton

been done. The Incarnation alone helps us to the solution of such an enigma."

The Lord's earthly occupation, with the light which it throws upon the human side of Christ's person and character, is impressively set forth in the chapter for workmen: "A school of painting has risen up in our day, which, with gross and grotesque exaggeration of detail, yet manifests a care so minute, and a love of nature so exact, that we cannot but regard its purpose at least as praiseworthy. The pre-Raphaelites have tried to bring us back from the ideal to the real. Something of the same kind seems to be needed in our views of Bible places and persons. The Lord Jesus Himself, and the scenes through which He passed, have been so idealized by the glow of the divine which hovers near, that we are in danger of losing some of the simplest, sweetest, aye, sublimest lessons of this life, from the fear of profaning such sacred things.

"For instance, would it not slightly jar the feelings of some to think of the world's Redeemer as one of a group of workmen plying the lathe, using the mallet, or the saw? Or would it not revolt such hearts, when groups of mechanics pour out of their workshops, to picture to themselves the King of kings as one of these? To the famous question of His friends, 'Is not this the Carpenter?' many, if they could forget that the words are in Scripture, would seem ready to reply off-hand, 'No, indeed, He was nothing of the kind.' And yet this is just the sort of figure brought before us by that most graphic of all Christ's biographers, ancient or modern, whose touches impart a vividness to many a picture which no other hand has given; I mean, the evangelist Mark.

"Perhaps our working classes, if they had been taught to think more of Jesus as one of themselves, would feel

Figgis of Brighton

more sympathy with our holy religion than they are sometimes said to do. At all events, they cannot afford to part—which of us can?—with this representation of the Man of Nazareth.”

Many practical lessons are drawn from the Temptation in the Wilderness. The loneliness of life, which Christ felt in the course of that testing time, is experienced by many men and women, and is “a favourite opportunity with Satan.” “Many a woman would not have shut up her heart to all holy and honest feelings, had she not felt herself bereft. Many a man would not have joined the band of drunkards, had not depression or despair (as one would say, charitably dropping a tear over his grave) ‘driven him to it.’”

The third temptation, when “all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them” were offered, “was presented to the soul of Jesus—to that part of the man which, by its affections and desires, has to do with all that we call ‘the world.’ Many a man whom nothing on earth could tempt through the body, may be tempted easily enough through the mind or soul. Does not one call ambition ‘the last infirmity of noble minds?’ It *is* an infirmity, however. Ambition is always wrong; but aspiration is always right. The latter Jesus had; He was utterly free from anything of the former.

“‘Tempted like as we are’ . . . The abiding impression which all this leaves upon the mind is that of the infinite tenderness, so human, yet so divine, which belongs to this tempted Saviour, and which fits Him pre-eminently to be the Saviour of the tempted.

“‘Tis to such an One, if He were in the world, I should like best to go and speak if my heart were heavy; if I were agitated, I could hardly doubt that He would be able to speak so gently, that there would be a great calm. If maddened with sin, alternately loathing and loving

Figgis of Brighton

it, even then, I think, there would be a subduing power in that quiet and resigned spirit, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, so poor, yet making many rich ; I should not wonder if He had the power to command a legion of devils to be gone, and to bring me to sit astonished, conquered at His feet, looking up in my Saviour's face, once more in my right mind."

The following striking passages are taken from the chapter on the Meekness and Gentleness of Christ. "Meekness and gentleness are the positive and negative poles of the same sphere, the sphere itself being perfect love. Meekness is love suffering ; gentleness is love serving. Meekness is love in repose ; gentleness is love in action. Meekness is love bearing evil ; gentleness is love doing good.

"Meekness and gentleness were not only manifested in Christ, and manifested in fuller and more glorious measure than ever before, but they were a new thing under the sun. Hitherto, except in feeble and fitful flashes, they had never been manifested at all. . . . No one seems ever to have thought of them ; the examples of ancient virtue, to which one must naturally turn, are all deficient here.

"I remember my disappointment as a youth when the 'Apology of Socrates' was put into my hands. Socrates had been a charmed name to me ; no ideal of goodness was too high for the proto-martyr of uninspired truth. His death had cast a mellowing light over his whole life, and the glamour of its enchantment was upon all his untraced career. But all this could not take the sting out of the words that, one by one, fell under the eye, in the recorded accounts of his latest days. No doubt there was a great indifference to pain, a wonderful calmness in the contemplation of death, and, better still, a tenderness of conscience, such as might rebuke many

Figgis of Brighton

■ Christian; also a calm expectation of immortality, resulting from the linking together the thought of holy living hereafter, in a way very beautiful to see. But meekness was deficient. If we do not find meekness and gentleness here, where shall we find them? . . .

“ If we turn to the life of the people of God, you will find a higher spiritual life—far higher, but still defective in these passive virtues. . . . When Jesus came, meekness and gentleness were not much better known amongst Jews than amongst Gentiles. Therefore, I say, it was an era in ethics when the young Carpenter of Nazareth stood up and declared, as the leading features of the new system, ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit—the meek—the merciful. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.’

“ It is hard for us, who are familiar with these teachings, and accustomed to praise them (whether we practise them or not) to realize the difficulty that He would have in thrusting them for the first time on the attention of His fellow-men. ‘Gentleness, that is a virtue for women to practise; it is too mean for men. Meekness, that is a low, base-born spirit, unworthy of either man or woman. We have never heard them spoken of save in whispers; they are not the sort of things we have been accustomed to dignify with the name of virtue; we shall sink in the estimation of the world if we try to be gentle, and we shall sink in our own if we try to be meek.’ Thus, you see, it had come to this, that men put light for darkness, and Christ had not only to commend such truths to men’s consciences but almost to create the conscience to which to commend them. Meekness and gentleness were ostracized, and Christ had to plead their cause before they could be re-admitted.”

In the final chapter—“He that should come”—

Figgis of Brighton

the author appeals chiefly to persons who "wonder whether Jesus, good and great as He was, were the Christ of God indeed." Such doubters "cannot do better than send to the Saviour and ask, 'Art Thou He that should come?' The question implies that *some one* would come. Man is so sinful, life is so sad, ills press so heavily upon us from without and from within that we cannot but own to a felt want—the want of some one to 'come and save us.'

"The Christian alleges that He *has* now come, that Jesus is God's Messenger, God's Mirror, yea, God Himself come 'in fashion as a man,' to be to us all we craved, and more than all we hoped. But just here it is that doubt begins. The doubter says he has 'an ideal excellence' in his mind, and wants to feel assured that Christ realized that ideal. He also wishes 'to see God,' and to find the way to be safe, good and happy. These things must meet in order to solve the doubter's enigmas. And they do meet in Jesus. . . .

"But what shall we call this our Ideal—whom yet we find to be so gloriously *real* too? What shall we call this Incarnation of charity and of peace and of holiness? Why, 'Call His name Emmanuel,' of course; 'Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is GOD with us.' . . . What more indeed can we want? What 'other' can we look for? Is it another character? We might, if we could conceive of a higher character than Christ. Is it another nature? We might, if you could tell us of any that can bring God nearer. Is it another work? Nay, that would be another gospel, and we never heard of one worthy to be named in the same day with the Gospel of Christ, 'Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling,' Who 'hath met my longing,' and 'filled my heart with laughter and my tongue with praise.' The suffering of Christ is as gracious as His nature and

Figgis of Brighton

character are glorious. For guilt, for sin, for sadness, He is our One Hope. Thou art, Thou must be, 'He that should come.' I need never 'look for another.'"

These extracts indicate, though only slightly, the deeply spiritual tone, the clear insight into Scripture teaching, and the practical aim—persistently kept in view—which form the dominant features of "Emmanuel." Spurgeon wrote, "This is a delightful volume; get it as soon as you can, and read it with prayer and praise."

"SALVATION FROM SELF" (1886)

There is a great deal of plain speaking in Mr. Figgis's unfolding of the meaning and exposure of the doings of our greatest enemy—Self. Every reader may easily, if honest, appropriate some of the charges of trafficking with this arch-enemy. "Only a year or two ago one of the most devout ministers of Christ I know, my senior in the ministry, came to me and said, 'Can you tell me what to do with Self? Praise God! I know something of the victory over sin; but since that very time I have felt all the more the terrible temptations of Self.' That being so, can you tell me, if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the unrighteous be? If these holy men have felt the imperfections of our nature, if they felt the uprisings of Self, then how much do we need, every one of us, to pray, 'Wretched man that I am—who shall deliver me from the body of death?' Who shall save me from myself?"

The author goes on to speak of selfishness, self-conceit, self-will, self-indulgence, self-sufficiency, self-righteousness and self-confidence, and then draws graphic pictures of unselfishness, self-denial, and self-crucifixion.

"You and I may get quit of Self, as Paul did, if we only see what Paul saw, and do what Paul did. 'Our

Figgis of Brighton

old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.'

. . . If we only saw that, just as our sins were atoned for eighteen hundred years ago, so ourselves were dealt with, by anticipation, eighteen hundred years ago; and just as there was provision for pardoning made upon the cross, so was provision made for the crucifixion of Self—what emancipation it would be, what deliverance!"

Spurgeon's comment on the book was, "Thoroughly lively, as well as holy. We have seldom met with a little book more completely to our mind."

"SWEET HOME, AND THE WAY FROM HOME TO HEAVEN" (1890)

This book is dedicated, "To the memory of my Mother, and the 'Sweet Home' of my childhood." Home is treated in almost all its aspects—its foundation, duties, dangers, joys, sorrows, pattern, purpose and promise. The final chapters describe the way from Home to Heaven—finding the way, showing the way, and missing the way. The foundation of the Home is God. "From the first, God so arranged that there should be on the earth not a number of separate, unrelated beings, with little cohesion and no common origin, but that there should be, what the Hindoos call, the triad, i.e. the father, the mother and the child, and that these triads should be multiplied over and over again, so that the world should be like a great tree, and all the homes in it like so many nests, where, if all were well, the children, like so many birds, would sing among the branches. . . .

"Being, as it is, a divine institution, see that everything in your home is used to the full, and used for God. Nothing must, nothing can, supersede the home in its influence for good. But as it, like ourselves, is fallen,

Figgis of Brighton

it, like ourselves, needs redemption, needs regeneration too. The precious blood must be sprinkled, as in the case of Israel in Egypt, upon the lintel and the side-posts.

"The duties of home are the aggregate of the duties of all the people who go to make up the home. . . . Parents have the largest responsibility. If you are sisters or elder brothers, you would not like to ask Cain's question, would you? But practically you do when you never speak a warning or a winning word to your brother. Possibly God meant you to have an influence over some more difficult to reach than he. I have heard of a little child, carried by a drinking father to the door of a public-house, saying, 'Don't go in, father—don't go in.' He kept on 'never minding' till a big scalding drop ran down the little cheek and fell upon his own, and he turned away saved—saved by his almost infant child."

We wish that this book of a hundred and fifty pages had a place in every home, particularly at the present time, when the home is suffering so seriously from outside attractions.

"AGNOSTICISM AND RELATED SUBJECTS" (1891)

The author contrives in less than a hundred pages to review, clearly and comprehensively, the arguments and evidences for and against the Agnostic position. The book is addressed mainly to those who "stumble on the dark mountains," to whom doubting has become a positive grief. Agnosticism is put upon its trial, and the alleged reasons for its existence are skilfully presented, and then demolished—though gently and kindly. The starting-place is the affirmation *that we may know there is a God from mind, body, conscience, and the heart*. Each of these sources of evidence as they are brought forward

Figgis of Brighton

is accompanied with appropriate and powerful illustrations. Here is one on the "affections of the heart": "Will any one tell me that my mother's love to me . . . and her love to her God—that either or both of these were from the mere juxtaposition or mechanical interchange of certain particles of matter? Will any one thus try to rob me of a mother's love, or the sense of a mother's saintliness? He cannot do it. Human love implies a God who is love, human holiness a God who is holy; none can persuade us that all the philanthropies and charities, all the gifts of tenderness and grace, everything that is good and kind and true and pure, everything that is devout in the history of man, everything that is divine in the history of Jesus Christ, arose from the adjustment of certain physical atoms according to certain physical laws, without a God behind them. No, assuredly: the holy and beautiful things done in this world (bad as it is) are too many for us to tolerate any theory that throws a shadow of a doubt on the being and benignity of the God of heaven and earth. We know that He *is*, by reflection and observation, by soul and body, by conscience and by heart. As we said, there either is a God or there is not; there is no middle position. If your common sense then revolts from Atheism, let your honesty revoke all tendency to Agnosticism."

The author proceeds to consider the difficulties in the belief of a divine government. On one of these difficulties—the existence of sin—he thus expresses his views: "How if it should turn out that sin is a thing that God cannot get rid of. 'Cannot,' you say, 'is there anything God cannot do?' Indeed there is. God cannot take two straight lines to enclose a space. God cannot make three angles of a triangle equal more or less than two right-angles; and many more things there are God cannot do. Whether He can get rid of sin or not I am

Figgis of Brighton

not prepared to say ; but this I say that He cannot get rid of the possibility of sin without losing at the same time the greatest glory of the created universe. 'How can that be,' you say, 'how can that possibly be?' Why, what is the greatest glory of the created universe—is it not the life of a good man, the life of a holy angel, the song of the redeemed, the outcome of devotion, sanctification and grace, actions beautiful, words faithful, motive and spirit conformable thereto, all combining to make the harmony not of harps, but of hearts? . . . It is not the argument from the Cross of Christ that I have in view so much as the argument from the will of man. 'What do you mean by that?' you ask. I mean that actions brave, beautiful, pure, heroic, all such actions as awaken our admiration, awaken that admiration only because they are *free*. A hero would not be a hero if it were impossible for him to help being brave ; a man who plunges into the sea to rescue a drowning child would not have done anything praiseworthy if it were a matter of necessity that he should take the plunge."

Pursuing his argument, Mr. Figgis speaks of Agnosticism in relation to Christ, of the errors of Materialism, the belief in Immortality, and, finally, of Christian Doctrine and Christian Life as evidences of the existence of a Divine Being, revealing His will and character in the teaching and law of Jesus.

Unlike some other literary attempts to invalidate the claims of the Agnostic, this volume contains not a line or a word intended to hold up the doubter to ridicule or derision. The manner and tone throughout are earnest, persuasive and sympathetic—almost passionately so, and there can be no question that many a troubled wayfarer, "stumbling on the dark mountains," must have been led into the light through reading these pages of faith, hope and love.

Figgis of Brighton

“THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON AND HER CONNEXION, WITH NOTES OF SERVICES AT THE CENTENARY OF HER DEATH ” (1891)

The name of Mr. Figgis appears on the title-page only as editor of this volume. He was responsible, however, for two of the sermons and one of the addresses delivered at the above Commemoration and included in the book. His preparatory note states that the book is designed to answer a double purpose—as a manual, containing information concerning the Countess and the churches and College which she founded, and as a means of perpetuating the spirit of brotherly love and the Christ-like feeling which the Centenary Celebration called forth.

“THE HEAVENLY SECRET OF LIFE ” (1893)

“A Baptist preacher, as he baptized a shoemaker in one of the Welsh rivers, said to him, in the presence of the people, who covered the bank, ‘Now, remember, John, more than ever to wax every thread, and draw it up to the full, and provide the best leather, and use it with your best skill, as doubly committed thereto, not merely as a man, but as a Christian.’ ” That little story, cited by Mr. Figgis, supplies the key-note of much of the substance of the above book—the diligent application of the religious spirit in all the affairs of our life. With the introduction of many illustrations, terse and apt, like the one quoted, and many clear definitions of duty in its relation to the “trivial round, the common task,” the author carries out his excellent plan.

There are probably more illustrations, incidents, and striking quotations in this volume than in any of Mr. Figgis’s works—a testimony to the comprehensive character of his reading. He tells us his ideas of a

Figgis of Brighton

prosperous and happy life, founded on human experience and Holy Scripture, and deals with some of the difficulties which often face the man of business, and with some of the friends and foes of family life. The friendship of God is the "heavenly secret." "With God we have power on our side and love." "Do you not think it is a grand thing to go about our work with a twofold defence—God's Providence without, and God's Spirit within?" And there is an "earthly secret" of a happy life—"living by the moment," doing everything as if nothing had been done before, and as though nothing had to be done after.

The author goes on to offer encouragement to all who suffer daily trials, and to speak about the "flowers that adorn daily life," and the "weeds that poison it," and concludes with earnest appeals to his readers to make use of the preservatives against the evil that is in the world, and to so live on earth that they may be ready for the life to come.

"THE CHRIST LIFE" (1898)

("Deeper Life" Series, edited by E. W. MOORE)

Some of the chapters in this volume originally appeared in the "Life of Faith."

"Christianity is Christ in you—the life of Christ in the human soul." With that definition, quoted from an address which he heard at Keswick, the author begins his book. Where this "Life" is to be found, how it is to be reached, and wherewith it is evidenced are the chief points, which are developed and expounded. In later chapters there are explicit and impressive definitions of being baptized with the Spirit, being sanctified in Christ Jesus, of being "God-filled" and "God-used."

Figgis of Brighton

"But how shall we bear witness? It is not easy work, it must be owned; but God is with us to make the difficult possible. 'The Spirit of your Father speaketh in you.' What we want is the will; what we want is to get rid of the idea, once and for ever, that our lips are our own. Let us give them to Jesus, and expect Him to speak through them, and He will. I do not mean to say that all are to be preachers, or that all are to do alike. But I do mean to say that all can do something. If you are God-filled, then assuredly you can be God-used."

The Christian's "Pattern," "Power" and "Motive" are presented in a very practical fashion, and accentuated with a variety of incidents, which occurred in the author's life. The two closing chapters are devoted to biographical accounts of Gerard Tersteegen and Emmeline Duncan. The latter's little biography, under the title of "Glory Begun," first appeared in 1880 in the "Life of Faith," and was also printed as a leaflet.

"VISIONS; WITH ADDRESSES ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN"

(To which is appended a Memorial of Mr. Figgis's
Jubilee Celebration). (1911)

The Conference of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion of 1910 met at Emmanuel Church, Brighton, under the presidency of Mr. Figgis. He entitled his address, "Visions; or, An Old Man's Dream," and it was particularly adapted for ministers, of whom his audience largely consisted.

The fruit of fifty years' experience as an ambassador of Christ was at his command, and, we may say, that the quintessence of that fruit, so far as regards the qualifications for a faithful and successful ministry, is

Figgis of Brighton

offered in this address for the service of his brethren. During those years he had come into contact with ministers of various creeds and of many denominations, and had mentally noted the qualities by which excellent results in the gathering in of converts to the Christian Faith, and building up believers had been ensured and attained. He had also witnessed and grieved over many failures, arising from various deficiencies, and not always from lack of good intentions and the right spirit. He offers the results of his experience with the utmost humility, and candidly refers to faults and deficiencies of his own in the course of his pastoral work.

The Christian minister must not be a mere dreamer or visionary, and yet he must have a Vision, "for we ministers can, least of all men, do without intercourse with Heaven." "If there is nothing to see, there will be nothing to say."

The minister needs, first of all, "a Vision of God." "We are set as watchmen in a dark city, and as shepherds over weak and endangered flocks . . . Have we sufficiently estimated the preciousness of those two half-hours on Sunday morning and evening?" They may be "shaping the destiny of immortal souls." Is it for the minister to treat his people during that half-hour with "a dry essay, which may have beauty, but carries no blessing: much less with an ill-constructed, ill-digested talk?" "Some of us make the initial mistake of getting hold of subjects to which we take a liking, but which can be of no possible use to our hearers. Others make the mistake of taking subjects of profound moment, but treating them in a flat, uninteresting way, without a spark of enthusiasm. And others err in manner . . . manner so cold, so flippant, so heartless, that the real heart he has does not come out in one sermon in fifty. . . . This would never be if we had been in the visions of

Figgis of Brighton

God, if we had climbed the Heavenly Stair, if we had caught but a glimpse of the Heavenly Face, if we had heard in secret the Heavenly Voice. . . .”

There must also be “a Vision of Truth.” Every minister must have a foundation. “I am not going into the question of a written creed,” but the minister must have “the prophet’s message. Where shall we get it? Where, if not here in this Book, the food of generations of souls?” On the question of sin, “Can it be that any of us hold it loosely? Can it be that the vision is blurred, that we see not the exceeding sinfulness of sin, or think it just the natural working of natural causes, and that, by and by, when it has worked itself out, men will be all right?—that we see nothing of their danger, nothing to put ourselves out of the way in trying to rescue them? . . .”

Another vision is the “Vision of Duty”—“If I am to lead others to holiness, I must be holy. If I am to bring others into likeness to Christ, I must be like Christ myself. . . . At Tel-el-Kebir a young lieutenant died exclaiming, ‘Didn’t I lead them straight, General; didn’t I lead them straight?’ Upon the field of God we cannot lead men straight unless we go straight ourselves. . . . You may preach like an angel, but if you get into debt, or into worse sin, no one will listen to you.”

The duties of pastoral work and of organizations are then emphasized, and the address ends with “an old man’s dream,” in which the qualifications and characteristics of the ideal minister are vividly portrayed.

The addresses on the First Epistle of St John are both expository and practical, and were delivered during the fiftieth year of the author’s ministry. Persons who had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with him, and were impressed with his fulness of tenderness and affection, would be quite prepared for the opening sentences of the

Figgis of Brighton

first address, where he exalts the Apostle of Love. He is "a little jealous for St. John," because some Christians speak as if "all wisdom in the founding of Christianity was reserved for St. Paul," and, according to others' way of talking, as if "all authority in the Church resided in St. Peter. But St. John was 'the disciple whom Jesus loved'—the one Apostle who wrote both a Gospel and Epistles, and the only man of the group of disciples vouchsafed Apocalyptic visions. On the twelve thrones there is no more majestic figure; of the four Evangelists there is no more spiritual observer. Of the teachers of mankind whose words ring with unchanging melody in the ears of men, there is no greater—if so great a master of sentences. One of those sentences is in this letter, nor is there a sentence upon earth that men would less willingly let die than 'God is Love.'"

Each of the twelve addresses is based on prominent points of doctrine, exhortation and of warning contained in the Epistle. We can only cite a few of the subjects expounded and enforced by the author, together with some of his sentences thereon.

The name given to Christ—*The Word of Life*. "In the Greek the ideas of thought and speech are linked together in the term Logos. It carries us into the secret place of the Most High, and makes discovery of the depth of the Divine Mind. . . . It is God speaking, God uttering His voice, God acting, and revealing Himself by His action. . . . But the term Word is combined with another—Life. . . . The Apostle's mind is so charged with the double thought and the preciousness of it, that he begins his letter by thus referring to 'The Word of Life,' and he ends it—'This is the true God and eternal life.' . . ."

God is Light. "God is the heavenly beam of white light, woven of the seven prismatic rays of perfect purity, perfect equity, perfect charity, perfect truth and peace

Figgis of Brighton

and goodness and holiness. . . . In our time there are those . . . who hold that evil is only 'good in the making,' and claim that men in sinning with a high hand are not only working off their high spirits, but are showing that they are in search of intenser life, and therefore of goodness and of God. On this serpent and all its brood the Apostle sets his heel, to crush it into its natural home—the mire and dust. . . .

"There were people in St. John's day, and there have been a few in ours, who said that there is no sin in the believer, or, if there be, that they personally have not sinned. Both are wrong, says St. John: 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves.' It seems unlikely, but it may be done. It is still more unlikely that we shall deceive our fellow men."

Cleansing and Consistency. ("He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.") "There is anger against sin, as real as it is holy, and therefore a something which needs averting . . . Not to sin—that is the normal state God would have to be ours; but when we break from it, God has made provision for our restoration through the Lamb of Calvary and the High Priest of Glory. . . . The great work of Christ is set forth as 'for the whole world.' . . . St. Paul and St. John were as eager as if they had been Gentiles to break down the barrier between Israel and the rest of mankind, and as eager almost as Christ Himself to 'open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.' . . . St. John believed in knowing God, loving God, dwelling in God. But he believed, while keeping one's head thus in Heaven, in keeping his eyes upon the earth, so as to look well to one's walking. . . .

"There were men in his day (there are men in ours) who talked a great deal about knowledge, and a great

Figgis of Brighton

deal about God. They had the *gnosis*, the knowledge of God, so they said. They were pleased with it, and very well pleased with themselves for possessing it. But as to doing what the God they said they knew had commanded to be done, they left that to less cultured Christians. There were others who spoke much of love, and in ecstasy and rapture would expatiate on their enjoyment of it—their enjoyment of the great love of God. They were sentimentalists, far more concerned about their feelings than their doings. Duty was a word not in their dictionary. There were some of these who reached a third and higher stage. They walked on tip-toe or on stilts. They hardly touched common earth—their home, so they avowed, being the mind of Christ and the heart of God. But as to the kind of life they lived down here below there was very little to be said for it.”

False Christs. “There were Gnostics who taught that Jesus was not Christ: that the Christ only came upon Jesus at His baptism, and left Him before His crucifixion. Methinks that there are some who try to divide Jesus and Christ to-day. They profess, as those in the Apostle’s days, to be Christians—nay, they profess a more enlightened Christianity than the ordinary; but such professed enlightenment is but a darkening of counsel, and a dethroning of Christ. Give me back Jesus—He is my hope. Without the Son I am fatherless; without the Son I am ‘without God and without hope in the world.’ ”

Permitted to kiss His feet. (“For we shall see Him as He is.”) “The vision is not only very high, but very holy; and only holy eyes can see the Holy God. . . . Some missionary converts, coming to this verse, and, translating it, exclaimed, ‘No, it is too much; let us write that we shall be permitted to kiss His feet.’ ”

Figgis of Brighton

Cain or Christ? “Cain is the type of everything that is most full of hate; Christ the type of everything that is most full of love. . . . But, you say, no one here is as bad as Cain, and no one here is half so good as Christ. Very likely, but the one is the depth into which the man who hates deeply is on the way to fall; the other the height to which the man who loves intensely is beginning to climb.”

The greatest word in the Bible—LOVE. “It was a new word then. . . . It was ‘born within the bosom of revealed religion.’ . . . He that has not a loving nature has no real acquaintance with the Divine Being. . . . ‘He that loveth not’—moral though he be, but content with ideas without heart—the Apostle says, ‘knoweth not God.’ Not to love, he says, is not to know God, for ‘God is Love.’ False prophets had founded false religions, but not one of them ever saw that ‘God is Love.’ Philosophers had thought and taught, poets had dreamed and sung, but not one of them had ever said that ‘God is Love.’ The broken lights of superstition and the half-lights of genius could not let in the full solar beam.”

“*We love because He first loved.*” “‘The invisible God can be seen invisibly’—can reveal Himself in the life of men, and especially in their love. ‘If we love one another, God is in us,’ and it can be seen that He is, as truly as the spring can be seen in the trees and flowers. You know He can. You know that when St. Martin of Tours cut his soldier’s mantle in two to clothe a beggar, people saw love and saw God in him. When St. Elizabeth of Hungary, ‘a shadow like an angel,’ dwelt there, people saw love and saw God in her. When Francis d’Assisi stripped himself of everything, that everybody might be the richer for his poverty, people saw love and saw God. So they did in John Howard and in Elizabeth

Figgis of Brighton

Fry, in Müller and in Dolling. It is, of all signs of God's presence, the most unmistakable and the most attractive. This is the way in which God's 'love is perfected.' It began in Heaven, it is carried on in the history of the Son of God and of the Spirit of God ; but it is perfected in human history."

God's child loves and obeys. "Every time you look up to the Father, when your eyes drop let them fall on His children. Think of Him, think kindly of them, think of them with the spirit that gives and the spirit that forgives. Give, or you cannot be the child of the great Giver ; forgive, or you cannot be the child of the great Pardoner. See your Father's features in all His children's faces, and love them. What, you say, in the ugly faces ? Well, is your face—I am speaking of the face of the soul—so very beautiful that you should not ? If God tolerates them, and that applies to all men—especially if God begat them, and that applies to all Christians—then we may both tolerate and love."

The final section of the volume records Mr. Figgis Jubilee Celebration in 1911, to which attention is drawn in other pages of this Memoir.

"KESWICK FROM WITHIN" (1914)

This is the last book from the pen of Mr. Figgis. Its preparation was undertaken at the urgent request of Mrs. Pearsall Smith—"the Angel of the Churches," as she was styled by her friends. Ten years passed away, however, before the request was fulfilled. Mr. Figgis modestly states that he was waiting to see if some one connected with the movement from its early days would tell the "wondrous story fully." It was certainly appropriate that he should round off his literary work with a record of the sacred influences which had done

Figgis of Brighton

so much in forming and directing his own spiritual life. "No living person," says the Bishop of Durham in a foreword, "is better qualified to be the annalist of Keswick than his old and honoured friend."

"The book," its author intimates, "lays no claim to originality. It is almost a mosaic of the doings and the sayings of others." At the age of seventy-eight, and with health beginning to fail, it was no slight task for him to set his mind and hand to the collation and arrangement of material, which, in point of time, covered forty years. But it was a real labour of love, and he threw heart and soul into it, while the great war was raging in Europe. The effort and strain must have shortened his days; and yet, could he have foreseen how soon he was to enter into rest, it is possible that he would have chosen no more congenial and suitable task for the close of his earthly labours than to place on record the history of "Keswick."

As the movement forms the subject of a chapter in this Memoir, it is unnecessary to summarize its history here.

Keswick and Other Conventions

CHAPTER VII

THERE is a fragrance about the name Keswick, remarks Dr. C. F. Harford, which cannot be expressed in human language, and arises, not from any single cause, but from an association of circumstances which must be enjoyed in order to be understood. To most people the name suggests that picturesque piece of England's beauty which smiles on Lake Derwent-water; it awakens in them visions of hills, dales and valleys, with a wealth of verdure never surpassed, glorious sunsets and more glorious sunrises. They have sweet reminiscences of happy holidays spent in the district, and of recruited physical health—so charming is the place to those who have eyes to see the beauty of nature, and ears to hear her music. We are not surprised that poets and men of letters found the district congenial for the exercise of their faculties, and that, when death came, they desired to mingle their dust with the common earth of Keswick, while their "spirit returned unto God who gave it."

Hard by, in Grasmere Churchyard, William Wordsworth—the high priest among the poets of nature—is sleeping; his companions in the dust are John Ruskin, who rests at Coniston, and Southey, the Laureate, who has found a resting place in Crosthwaite Church.

Keswick was once the habitation of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whom Archdeacon Hare described as "the

Figgis of Brighton

Christian philosopher, who, through dark and winding paths of speculation, was led to the light, in order that others by his guidance might reach the light without passing through the darkness."

But the place has another meaning for thousands of people : it suggests not only the beauty of nature, but also the beauty of holiness, visions of God, a second new birth, a fresh consecration of life and of absolute surrender to their Lord. Keswick stands not for a new theological school, but for a new attitude of the soul, so well expressed in the last line of Theodore Monod's hymn, "None of self, and all of Thee."

What Keswick became for Figgis can be best described in his own words. "So much time was given to the movement for the deepening of the spiritual life ; so deeply was my ministry coloured by it, and even in outward ways my life affected by it, that I dare say some people think that it, more than anything, represents what I was and am. How could I keep away when I knew that Keswick was a very 'Pool of Bethesda,' and that there willing hands were stretched forth to help the weak and teach the ignorant. The truth of God bade me come ; the love of the brethren bade me stay : and so, in spite of deficiencies of which I am sorely conscious, I did what little I could to uphold the banner, and to rally others round it, the banner on which is inscribed 'Holiness to the Lord.'"

Keswick was the natural outcome of several other conventions which preceded it, and led to it, and through some of these Mr. Figgis passed on his spiritual pilgrimage.

"Great issues flow from small beginnings, and those who now contemplate with amazement and awe the gatherings of thousands at the great Keswick Conventions can hardly perhaps understand or appreciate from whence these mighty assemblies sprang." The seed of the

Figgis of Brighton

Keswick teaching—as it is sometimes called—was sown at small conferences which were held at Barnet in Hertfordshire. Mr. Figgis used to regret the fact that he had not been able to attend those early meetings. They were blessed with “the wildness of the morning,” a spring morning, full of flowers with the dew of God upon them. Definite blessings were realized by those who attended: they felt a divine instinct that this was only the beginning of greater things. So blessed was the fellowship that—like Peter on the Transfiguration mount—they were very loth to leave the “Barnet Paradise for the more glorious gardens of Mildmay.”

Figgis's first contact with the movement was in 1874 at the Mildmay Conference. He had been in the ministry thirteen years, and his work had been richly blessed; but the church at North Street, after 1874, became conscious of a new note in the minister's teaching, a note which grew clearer and more definite as time advanced, until the full baptism of Keswick made the note to sound as a clarion call to holiness.

The men through whom the Spirit of God wrought in this new movement were giants, and the young minister from North Street was greatly impressed by their spiritual attitude. A prominent place must be allotted to the Rev. William Pennefather, born in 1816 at Dublin—Figgis's native city—the son of an Irish judge. He took Orders and ultimately became the revered vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, London, and his parish gave the name to the conferences which were held there. The love of God shone out from his face. He loved the brotherhood without any seeming effort. People of all churches came round him. He loved the poor, and fed them; the needy, and clothed them; the sick, and visited them. Figgis felt that to have met this saintly man once was a perpetual benediction.

Figgis of Brighton

Mrs. Pennefather, too, was a remarkable woman, with a strong grasp of God's truth. She had a mind and a hand gifted for organization. Through her efforts a hospital was erected by the side of the Hall; for she felt that the people who were blessed at the meetings should translate their blessings into practical love. For many years this saintly woman mothered a large number of the frail daughters of Eve.

In the evening of her life she and Miss Stubbs—a typical Irish Protestant—were staying at Brighton. The state of Mrs. Pennefather's health prevented her going to church in the morning, and her weakened sight was a hindrance in the evening. They recollected, however, that the Rev. J. G. Gregory had an afternoon service, so they set off for Emmanuel—Mr. Figgis's second church in Brighton. They thought they had found it, until Miss Stubbs, looking in front of her, saw images and many other things. Some one like a verger passed, and she asked whether this was Mr. Gregory's church, "Oh, dear, no," he replied, "this is a Catholic church—St. Mary Magdalene." So they fled, and did not find Emmanuel.

The first speaker to whom Figgis listened at Mildmay was the Rev. William Boardman, who "though dead yet speaketh" through his well-known book, "The Higher Christian Life." His addresses were characterized by long pauses, and then his face shone with a beautiful peace in the Lord; but these pauses—more eloquent than words—were the means of driving the truth right on to its destination.

Another interesting figure whom Mr. Figgis met at the Mildmay Conferences was Charles Reade, so well known as the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth" and other works of fiction, but better known to convention people through the story of his marvellous conversion. Reade

Figgis of Brighton

was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was made a Fellow. He was called to the Bar, but devoted himself mainly to literature in the form of novels and dramas, gaining both in England and in America a high reputation as an author. He was a man of conspicuous and original genius. The generosity of his nature was manifested in his pre-conversion days, when he gave away a fortune which had been left to him; but he felt that good works and charity were inadequate to bring salvation. One Sunday morning he was led by the Spirit of God to the Avenue Road Church, Shepherd's Bush, where, under the powerful ministry of the Rev. Charles Graham, he passed from death unto life.

Everything at Mildmay was steeped in prayer; the early morning prayer meetings were among the leading features of the work. When Mr. Figgis attended the opening ceremony of the Cairns Memorial House at Bournemouth, Lady Cairns said to him, "I know you so well; I remember you at the seven o'clock meetings at Mildmay." This reminder made him feel quite at home. During his stay at Bournemouth he was the guest of Captain Dawson, late chairman of the Mildmay Conference. Of him and Mrs. Dawson he says, "Christian influence ever radiates from them."

The crowds that assembled at the Mildmay Conference Hall presented an animating sight and an inspired opportunity to any speaker. Mr. Figgis was a well-known figure on its platform, and he delivered many forceful addresses. One meeting he could never forget. He was relating to the audience his visit to the Salvation Army Hall at Clapton—he was a great admirer of the work and character of William and Catherine Booth—where he went up to the penitent form. He had not been speaking many minutes when the desk upon which

Figgis of Brighton

he was leaning gave way, and down went both desk and speaker; but God enabled him without a break to continue his testimony.

Among his colleagues on the Mildmay platform were men whose names are well known to the Christian public. There was Dr. Horatius Bonar, the famous hymn writer, who in 1883 was the Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland; Dr. Arthur Pierson, a strong preacher from America, who occupied with marked success the pulpit of Spurgeon; and greatest of them all, the Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He generally began by saying "I will be brief," but never kept his word. He was more brief, however, than the congregation wished him to be. One of his addresses was entitled "Christ our Leader": it might better have been called "Following God in the Dark," for he led them through many a dark passage, but always brought them out in the light. After one of his addresses, a clergyman remarked, "Spurgeon said some hard things, but I do not think any bones have been broken."

An important supplement to these public gatherings consisted of the meetings for private devotion held in various residences. Of the meetings held in Mr. Albert Head's house, in Canonbury, Mr. Figgis wrote: "One might search England over and hardly find meetings for prayer and praise like those."

The last time he attended Mildmay he was the guest of Captain and Mrs. Tottenham, under whose roof he met such friends as the Misses Nugent, Miss Hobbs, the present Lord Radstock, and others.

"Have you heard Mr. Pearsall Smith," said a friend to Mr. Figgis; "the teaching is just that of William Romaine over again." Romaine was the hero of Mr. Figgis's father; his name was one of the household gods in the Dublin home. The son of a French refugee, who had

Figgis of Brighton

been driven from his country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he became rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, and, later on, one of Lady Huntingdon's chaplains. He was a strong Calvinist and a popular preacher, and had preached in the old North Street Church long before J. B. Figgis was born. It thrilled Figgis to be told that he could hear teaching which would recall Romaine's "Life and Walk and Triumph of Faith." He was, however, somewhat disappointed; for he failed to find that the reputed recaller of Romaine fulfilled the great expectations which had been raised in his mind. There was another speaker, a young minister of Christ, who left an indelible impression upon him. He was "one whom, ever since, it has been one of the joys of my life to call 'friend.'" Thus Figgis wrote of the Rev. E. W. Moore, now of Wimbledon. Of Mr. Moore he further writes: "His words seemed to bring all Heaven before my eyes, and, better still, the echo of them sounded amid the Alps, for which I started the following day. Seldom have I been so near to God—the great solitudes and scenes of glorious beauty adding thereto. He was a great teacher in sanctification, and my father-confessor about the lack of it; still he showed his confidence by asking me to write one of a series of volumes which were published under his editorship."

After the death of William Pennefather the place of honour at the Mildmay Conferences was filled by "his son in the Gospel," Sir Arthur Stevenson Blackwood. No more potent influence in social and philanthropic work—unless it was Lord Shaftesbury—then lived. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He served in the Crimea, and in 1874 was Financial Secretary to the Post Office, the employees of which were the recipients of new privileges during his term of office. His conference addresses were published, and they make

Figgis of Brighton

a very readable volume. Between Sir Arthur and Mr. Figgis there was formed an intimate acquaintance, and at one of the Brighton Convention meetings, Sir Arthur gave an address to a large number of communicants which filled North Street Church.

The experience and blessing of attending Mildmay constrained Mr. Figgis to go to Oxford, and so be present at the first convention held in the University city. A full account of the meetings is given in "Keswick from Within." The most memorable meeting of the Oxford Convention is that in which Canon Battersby confessed "a new-found emancipation and power." He was then led to arrange for a convention in his own parish of Keswick, which afterwards became the Mecca of Conventionists. Battersby was a Balliol man; amongst his contemporaries at Oxford were Matthew Arnold, Lord Coleridge and Archbishop Temple. He was a serious-minded student; his fellow-undergraduates were wont to say of him, "There goes the man with the Ten Commandments in his face." During his Oxford days he was caught in the net of Newman's arresting sermons at the University, with the result that he joined the Tractarians; but he changed his mind after reading a book by the Rev. Frederick Myers, whose curate, and afterwards successor, he became at St. John's Church, Keswick.

The spiritual results of that memorable meeting of the Oxford Convention, as far as Mr. Figgis was concerned, are expressed in his own words: "I sat there and never uttered a word; but I had a sleepless night; the fashion of my life and ministry received a change which has never ceased. When at length I tore myself away from Oxford, I travelled home with lips unsealed as never before in the railway carriage, and with this message for my people the next day. 'There was great joy in

Figgis of Brighton

that city.'” During the convention Mr. Figgis and the Rev. Evan Hopkins were asked to conduct a meeting—for the deepening of the spiritual life—at the Town Hall, Abingdon, near Oxford. Here the two speakers formed a friendship which became closer as the years went on, and Mr. Figgis was always a welcome guest and speaker at the meetings which, from time to time, were arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins at their own residence in Surrey.

Filled with the new passion of the movement, the generous nature of Figgis constrained him to pass on the blessing to the people of his own town of Brighton. With this object in view a meeting was held at the spacious Brighton Dome, which was filled by the people who came to see and to hear the great things which “God done for his children” whereof they were glad. In addition to himself, the speakers included the Revs. Filmer Sullivan, Wade Robinson and Evan Hopkins. They all bore witness to the mighty truth which had been proclaimed by themselves and others at the University city.

The success of the Oxford meetings produced a desire that another convention should be held in the following year. Through the high esteem in which Mr. Figgis and Mr. Sullivan were held, Brighton was fixed as the proper place for it. The Rev. Filmer Sullivan was a great force in the town at that time. In his early days he had succeeded the saintly William Pennefather at Barnet. Later on he moved to Brighton, and under his forceful ministry St. Margaret's reached the zenith of its success. He was a nervous man, and report has it that on some Sunday mornings he would say, “I don't feel well enough to go out to-day.” Later he would say, “I will go to church, but only as a worshipper.” Then he would consent to take part in the service, and at last ascend the pulpit and preach with passionate fervour. During the sorrow which befell Mr. Figgis

Figgis of Brighton

through the loss of his second son William Chaffey, Mr. Sullivan was his constant comrade and helper. To those two friends was allotted the task of arranging for the Brighton Convention. They were notably supported by Mr. Marriage Wallis, Mr. Pearsall Smith, the chairman, and others. More than six thousand people poured into the Queen of Watering places, and these were joined by hundreds of the Brighton people themselves.

In his book, "Keswick from Within," Mr. Figgis begins the account of the meetings in the following words:—"Historians of religious movements, when recording events of 1875, will surely take account of the mission taken by the prince of evangelists, Mr. Moody, in the London Opera House, and of the convention held under the leadership of another American in the Brighton Dome."

On the first day of this Convention a message was read from Mr. Moody from that day's meeting in Covent Garden in which he said, "Let us lift up our hearts to seek earnestly a blessing on the great convention that is now being held in Brighton, perhaps the most wonderful meeting ever gathered." And Mr. Pearsall Smith, the Brighton chairman, said, "Let us ask an answering blessing upon our beloved brother, Mr. Moody, a man who walks with God."

On the Sunday morning preceding the meetings Mr. Figgis preached in his own church from Joshua's words, "Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you." Never were words more magnificently fulfilled.

The heavy strain of ten days' meetings made a journey with his brother and other friends exceedingly welcome. They took with them copies of the papers which had a full account of the meetings, and so, far away on halts in the Zalkammergut or on the Dolomites, they kept in touch with this great movement of God.

Figgis of Brighton

It was from Ireland, during a holiday, that for the first time he made his way to Keswick. He came in the right attitude of soul, expecting great things from God ; ready to learn all that he could from others and so depart strengthened in his own individual soul. In this he was not disappointed. He soon won esteem as an acceptable speaker, and his words were greatly blessed to those who heard them. Most of his addresses were carefully prepared before coming. He spoke in the tents, and also in some of the churches. By an admirable arrangement of the Rev. Lea Wilson, Mr. Figgis was often invited to address groups of people, and "so expound the Word more privately." And there was further private intercourse when individuals sought special help and guidance which he was able to give.

Memorable in the annals of Keswick is the convention of 1907 ; for it synchronized with another movement which some people regarded as the theological antithesis of the holiness teaching. Now under the holy flame of spiritual indignation was mightily kindled in the souls of the Keswick speakers. It was acknowledged that Mr. Figgis's address in the Eskin Street Tent was with great power. His subject was, "From emptiness to fulness."

There is an idea abroad that the people who resort for a season to these Protestant Retreats—as some conventions have been called—must not put on a cheerful countenance. This is a most erroneous impression, for, as some one said, the people who spend the days at Keswick are "like a lot of schoolboys let loose." There is nothing sentimental or emotional about the conventionists. Many of them appear at times to be bubbling over with a sense of humour ; and no one was quicker in the discernment of the humorous side of things than "Figgis of Brighton," as he was always known.

A notable figure at Keswick was the Rev. Charles

Figgis of Brighton

Armstrong Fox. He was a born preacher, a ready poet and a clear expositor of the Word. Eaton Chapel, so closely associated with his name, has been ruthlessly pulled down; but the voice that rang with the Gospel there will never cease to vibrate. He would begin his prayer meetings with the benediction, feeling that the threefold blessing was needed quite as much at the beginning as at the end. In a Keswick street one day he caught Figgis with his pencil and note-book in hand. "At last he's got an idea," he said to his companion in raillery; "he has actually got an idea of his own." Fox and Figgis were the greatest of friends.

Keswick provided a place for useful laymen as well as ordained ministers. Notable among them was Mr. Robert Wilson, a member of the Society of Friends. A visitor once asked a resident of Keswick to what church Mr. Wilson belonged; the reply was, "He goes to the Friends' Meeting in the morning, to the Baptist Chapel in the afternoon, and to the Parish Church in the evening." He selected the Keswick motto, "All one in Christ Jesus." Side by side with Canon Battersby he shares the honour of founding the Keswick Convention. He once presided at a convention in Dublin, when Mr. Figgis was one of the speakers.

Of course Keswick has many daughters. There are other conventions, although less noticed, yet quite as much blessed as those held at the "Queen of the Lakes." Another lake—that of Killarney—can boast of its convention, and there is the Scottish equivalent, held at Bridge-of-Allan, where Mr. Figgis more than once was among the special speakers. During his visits to the latter convention he was housed in a small private hotel. One afternoon, while resting, he was disturbed by a commotion in the sitting-room underneath. Hearing music he concluded that it was a gathering of young

Figgis of Brighton

people from the meetings. When tea-time arrived he sallied forth to join the party ; but on entering he saw the room filled with wedding guests, who had hired the *salon* for the afternoon. Remembering that the Master shared and contributed to the joy of the wedding feast at Cana of Galilee, Mr. Figgis—who was always quick in taking up the humorous side of a situation—to the great delight of the company threw himself heart and soul into the merriment of the hour. These Bridge-of-Allan Conventions, nobly supported by Mr. Robert Wilson, Dr. William Ferguson, Rev. W. D. Moffat and others, have been marked with much spiritual power and blessing.

At the Blackheath Conventions Mr. Figgis greatly enjoyed his delightful association with Canon Barnes-Laurence, whom he describes as “ a man whose Hebrew Bible seems to be as much at his finger ends as his Greek Testament.” These meetings brought him the hospitality of Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Whately, Sir John Field, Mr. Glasin, and Mr. Le Feure, the father of the gifted authoress. It was at one of these conventions that he committed the almost unpardonable sin of preaching an old sermon. He became conscious of the mistake in the midst of his address, and how he finished he failed to comprehend. Upon confessing his sin he received absolution from the Secretary on the ground that the address was worth repeating. Referring to it later, Mr. Figgis said: “ But I never forgave myself, and I do not think I ever did anything quite so bad anywhere else.”

Meetings were held in other great centres, where his services were in demand. In Birmingham he was joined by Prebendary F. S. Webster, whose force of character greatly energized the assemblies. In Manchester, Mr. Leonard Shaw, whom Mr. Figgis describes as “ the Dr. Barnardo of Cottonopolis,” was the inspiring genius.

Figgis of Brighton

Glasgow had a convention, second to none but Keswick. The presiding genius here was Dr. Elder Cumming, a man greatly beloved by both Established and Free Churchmen. At his table Mr. Figgis met Dr. Marshall Lang, father of the Archbishop of York; Dr. Andrew Bonar, the leader of Evangelical truth in the kirks of Glasgow. A hallowed friendship made Mr. Figgis and Dr. Elder Cumming companions; the latter on more than one occasion occupied the former's pulpit at North Street, Brighton.

The town of Brighton, by its conventions, stimulated many other sea-coast towns to the point of emulation. At Hastings the Rev. F. Whitfield arranged annual meetings on convention lines. At Folkestone Dr. Barnes summoned a meeting, and at Worthing Mr. Figgis assisted in very impassioned efforts. At the Littlehampton Convention he met the famous preacher, Dr. J. H. Jowett, whose sonorous voice will soon be heard in one of the leading metropolitan pulpits. The Doctor kindly reminded Mr. Figgis of an event he had forgotten, namely, that they had once travelled together from London to Newcastle. A striking and delightful feature of the Southsea Convention was the United Communion Service which was held in Mr. Baldley's church, where Mr. Figgis, without any special vestment, spoke from the lectern.

Prominent in the annals of conventions which Mr. Figgis addressed is Guildford, where the Rev. Francis Paynter, whose beautiful life is chronicled in an interesting volume called "Life Radiant," was a prince among evangelists. Delightful was the fellowship at Mr. Paynter's residence, Stoke Hill, in the spacious grounds of which, under the branches of a spreading tree, the convention was closed with a missionary meeting. At the end of an impressive address by Mr. Figgis on the words, "It is the last time," two young men, from Ipswich, came forward, inviting

Figgis of Brighton

him to a convention there. He accepted the invitation, and his co-worker at Ipswich was Pastor Theodore Monod, whom Figgis called "Mercurius, for he was the chief speaker." This gifted French Pastor—"who had eyes with all the tragedy of France in them"—has made a lasting name in his hymn, "Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow." He showed his friendship towards Mr. Figgis by preaching at North Street on the Sunday previous to the Brighton Convention.

It was at Ipswich that Mr. Figgis and the French Pastor escaped what might have been a serious injury. As they were going down a street from one of the morning meetings, they were made conscious of a great commotion in the rear. It was a mad cow that had respect neither for the Law, for it threw down an old magistrate; nor for Grace, for she brushed aside the two convention speakers. The good Pastor and Figgis were full of thankfulness for their escape.

Although Edinburgh was the chosen place for the great Missionary Conference, this Athens of Scotland seems almost to have escaped the happy contagion of conventions, and no doubt the spiritual life of the city is all the poorer for it. A few, however, were held, and at one of them Mr. Figgis gave a series of addresses. He was the guest of Dr. Moxey, who had once lived in Brighton. He also received much kindness from Mr. W. S. Coldstream, who insisted on sending his carriage morning by morning to give him a drive before the meetings.

No account of Mr. Figgis's work in various conventions would be complete without a special reference to his great friend, the Rev. J. J. Luce, vicar of St. Nicholas, Gloucester. At one of the Gloucester conventions seven Nonconformist pulpits were placed at the disposal of Mr. Luce. The vicarage was always Mr. Figgis's home



Rev. J. B. FIGGIS in 1863.

Figgis of Brighton

when in that city, and the intercourse there was rich, tender and joyous. The two friends walked, talked and prayed together. They stood together in the cottage where Robert Raikes held the first Sunday School, and the room where Bishop Hooper spent the night before he was burnt as a martyr. They saw the inn where Whitefield was born, and stood together in the church where Whitfield preached his first sermon and drove nineteen people mad. In addition to being co-workers and speakers at conventions, these two friends have been fellow-travellers in different parts, especially abroad. They were together on a visit to Rome. As Figgis arrived there at a very late hour, he extended his rest the following morning. On awaking he found, pinned to his counterpane, a slip of paper, on which the following words were written: "When your reverence is awake, will you tell us which was born first, Romulus or Remus?" This was the work of a genial friend who was carrying out the description of men at Keswick—"schoolboys let loose."

Not far from Gloucester is the charming town of Cheltenham, where Mr. Figgis spoke at several conventions. Here he met Canon Roxby, and the Rev. E. L. Hamilton, whom Mr. Bowker—that invaluable convention worker—introduced as "one of my boys." The Rector also, the Rev. F. L. E. Fawcett, threw himself heart and soul into the meetings, which were generally crowded.

From Cheltenham Mr. Figgis travelled to Shirley, Southampton, to attend conferences arranged by the Vicar, the Rev. J. G. Jacob, who "had a perfect genius for uniting divided hearts and an intense zeal for the spread of the Gospel of Christ."

Salisbury, the city of unrivalled spire and arch, is noted for its conferences. Canon Thwaites, by the force he throws into the work, has been the means of

Figgis of Brighton

arranging very successful meetings. Mr. Figgis was always the welcome guest of Canon and Mrs. Thwaites. In connection with the Salisbury Convention, Lady Ashburton invited the Canon, Mr. Luce and Mr. Figgis to address meetings at her house, Melchet Court, and much blessing followed these gatherings.

In the early days of conventions, Lord Mount Temple was among the first to take up the idea of holding meetings in private residences. His spacious house—Broadlands—became the centre of great spiritual activity. Here Mr. Figgis met Canon Wilberforce, with whom he quickly made friends, also Lord Radstock and his son, the Honourable Montague Waldegrave, whose work among Indian students in London is so well known.

It was only natural that Figgis should take a passionate interest in conventions held in Ireland. In Kingstown the work was under the supervision of Professor Mackintosh and his devoted wife, the sister of Dr. Keene, Bishop of Meath. "Their home is deeply pervaded by the spirit of prayer and love." Mr. Figgis's attachment to the work of this convention may be given in his own words: "It need not be said what a joy it has been for many years, in a spot filled with so many memories—my mother died there—and so near my birthplace, to stand up for Jesus and proclaim His glory and His grace." Later on he writes, "At the mention of Kingstown my mind goes back to conventions held in Dublin. My father was living in those days, and he was more impressed with Mr. Bowker, who presided, than with the clergy who had come to speak."

Memorable to Mr. Figgis was another convention in Dublin, at which he himself was a prominent speaker. It was at the time when the hope of Home Reunion had just risen on the Christian horizon. Lord Plunkett, the Archbishop of Dublin, suggested that the vast

Figgis of Brighton

audience should rise and unite audibly in that great symbol of Christian faith, the Nicene Creed, and the assembly acquiesced with great heartiness. It was at one of the Dublin conventions that Mr. Figgis met Dr. Stalker, whom he afterwards introduced to the Trustees of Cheshunt College, with the result that the Doctor was invited, without avail, to succeed Dr. Reynolds as President of the College.

Many friends were made at conventions. Among others whom Mr. Figgis delighted to call friends were the Rev. C. G. Moore, once a missionary in China, and also connected with the "Life of Faith"; Rev. S. A. Selwyn, of Boscombe—he and Mr. Figgis served one another in their respective churches; Dr. Griffith Thomas, the massive masculine teacher of the Keswick faith: the good work he did in London and Oxford is being repeated in Canada; Rev. H. B. Macartney, son of a Dean of Melbourne, who brought fresh messages to Mildmay and Keswick; Rev. F. Ainley, an Irishman, and thus knitted by a closer bond of friendship; Rev. Barclay Buxton, the consecrated missionary from Japan; Rev. Ernest Dowsett, the happy successor of Mr. Figgis at North Street, and a host of others.

Mr. Figgis's estimate of the friendship of Dr. Munro Gibson may be given in his own words: "I recall the brotherly kindness of Dr. Munro Gibson—an intimate friend of my brother's and mine. Wherever I have met him I have felt the winsomeness of his influence."

We have given in these pages only a summary of the convention activities of Mr. Figgis's life, which cover a period of forty years. The experience they brought him was well worth the time and expenditure, and the greatest beneficiaries were his own people at Brighton. His own ministry was fed and inspired by contact with men and meetings. He wrote: "My feet were almost

Figgis of Brighton

gone and my steps well-nigh slipped, and often a conference proved to be a cordial to my own spirit. The mingling with other Christians and converse with them proved a tonic. To apologize for my presence at such meetings would be to apologize for seeking to breathe the air of the everlasting hills."



Times of Leisure

CHAPTER VIII

IT would have been absolutely impossible for the somewhat feeble frame of Mr. Figgis to stand the heavy strain of a long life crowded with work unless there had been seasons of rest for body, mind and spirit. The Master once said to His disciples, "Come ye apart and rest awhile." But even seasons of rest were accompanied by some service which he was often called upon to render. Holidays to him were not occasions for loitering and lounging; rather they were "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

Being a true Celt, he possessed in a marked degree the characteristics and faculties of his race. These have been described as "an eye to see nature, an ear to hear nature, and a heart to sympathize with nature." Holiday was a migration from the domain of work to that of rest and recreation: from the reading of books to the reading of nature's pages, and from his church to the temple of nature which is a temple of God. It was his interpretation of nature as a revelation of God that inspired him to pen several verses of poetry. It is to be regretted that he did not get on more friendly terms with the muse, and so encourage the gift which was clearly in his possession. On some occasions he did give vent to this gift which was latent in his nature.

Want of space prevents the insertion of more than the lines which close this chapter, written during a visit

Figgis of Brighton

to the "Holy Land." From the time of starting to the time of returning he was able in some extraordinary way to lay aside completely all anxious cares. After the great day of the stone-laying of North Street Church he went, according to medical advice, for a short rest to Killarney. In a letter to his Brighton doctor a few days later he wrote, "I have forgotten that I have either a church to build or a sermon to preach."

Travel formed a part of his ever-growing education, and added to his ever-widening experience. It was also a discipline and an exercise of patience, and it provided him with themes and illustrations, which added freshness and a new interest to his preaching. Even in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sea and sky, he saw the wonders of creation, and on a starry night he lifted up his eyes and saw the Creator of them all. The sea, on the shores of which he spent so many years, was his friend and teacher. Looking at it, like another John—the exile of Patmos—he saw "visions" of spiritual things.

In land travel, too, he learned much. The mountains which he climbed with such youthful vigour reminded him of the "eternal righteousness of God." The appropriate illustrations which so frequently illuminated his sermons and writings came from these seasons of travel. Among the things which he keenly observed abroad were churches and monasteries. He was much charmed by their architectural designs; but the nature and order of worship within was of greater importance. He revelled at the sight of monuments, fortifications of cities and towns, havens, harbours, parks, gardens, exhibitions, etc., from which he learned lessons which are never found in books. This experience made him an interesting conversationalist. He wrote: "Perhaps I was encouraged to talk too much about them, and not only

Figgis of Brighton

to talk but to write as in 'Lessons learnt in Italy and the Riviera.' This, I fear, gave the impression that I went abroad year by year; every second year would be a truer record; but as I did not take perpetually the same ground, believing that fresh places gave more rest to the brain and brought fresh ideas, I had the pleasure of storing the camera of memory with a vast variety of views."

From his own notes we are able to indicate the range and character of his chief holiday journeys.

Like so many of his countrymen, Switzerland was his first choice and his chief admiration as "the paradise of travellers," though in his later visits, as a veteran, he lamented the modernizing of many choice sequestered valleys and villages, to meet the clamouring needs of the more conventional tourist of later years. And he had a humorous way of expressing himself on the modernizing of the prices charged by the hoteliers of "the playground of Europe." So he recalled the Rigi when it could only be ascended by climbing, and Zermatt when it was a secluded haunt of the adventurous elect.

He had vigour enough in those early days to do some real climbing, starting at two in the morning for a long day of arduous but bracing toil. Roped up with his guides when there was difficult rock-work to be done, or risky glaciers to be traversed, he crossed the Theodule Pass, over ten thousand feet high, descending on the Italian side to Bruil, after twelve hours of hard toil. This feat he equalled in a much later journey. He reached, by way of the Rhone Valley and the Simplon Pass, the scattered village of Macugnaga in the marvellous amphitheatre of great mountains, the giant Monte Rosa rising at one break ten thousand feet from the level of the valley.

From Macugnaga he ascended the Joderhorn, the

Figgis of Brighton

eastern sentinel of the Monte Moro Pass, a considerable feat for a man of his years. From the Joderhorn he had the joy of seeing some chamois scampering over the snow some fifteen hundred feet below.

Besides these excursions in the Alps of Les Valais he was an early explorer of the Eastern Alps, and made the acquaintance of the Engadine; stopping at Samaden, St. Moritz and Pontresina, before they became the popular health resorts which they have since become. From Pontresina he crossed the Diavolezza. During these journeys he often met very interesting people. He mentions the Rev. Horace Noel who was in charge of the McAll Mission in Paris. Mr. Figgis attended a Sunday evening service at the close of which some one came up to Mr. Noel and said, "I want to be a Protestant." "That will not save you, my good woman," was the reply. He also met Mr. Medley, the successor of Baptist Noel, and subsequently a Professor of some distinction. Another Professor who greeted him was the Rev. William Urwick, who once filled the Hebrew chair at New College, London. A pleasing feature of these journeys were the religious services he was able to attend. Some of them became the most enduring events of his memory. He heard "the famous Methodist High Churchman" as people called Canon Body, at St. Moritz. It was a great delight to him to be present at the opening of the new French Protestant Church at Campfer, when there was a reunion with addresses in French, German and Romanche, an English chaplain reading an address of welcome in French. "It was all very soul stirring" he says.

He met at various times distinguished prelates of the Church of England, and to have social converse with them, especially on religious themes, was particularly enjoyable to him; it was a most desirable form of

Figgis of Brighton

church reunion. So he met the Bishop of Carlisle, and Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the great Biblical scholar. Of the latter he tells an amusing story. It was rumoured in the hotel that his lordship had had a fall, and after dinner a lady of the company expressed her regret at hearing of the accident. He replied, "Oh, it was nothing. I have had so many tumbles in my life that one more or less does not matter." Then he added, "It was a cow that threw me down, a Presbyterian cow, quite anti-prelatical." "How do you make that out?" was the astonished enquiry. "Why," replied Dr. Ellicott, "the people of this canton are Presbyterians, aren't they? So, I suppose, are their cattle."

Swiss journeys naturally extended into Italy. On several occasions from the Engadine he made his way over the Bernina Pass, sleeping at the Hospice, and proceeding to the quiet little lake of Le Prese, a favourite tarrying place of his; then, starting in the morning, drive down into Italy, to Tirano, a journey which he properly describes as "simply delicious." The Baths of Bormio and the ascent to Santa Caterina at the head of its snow-crowned valley were agreeable variants of this route.

He included in his travels, at one time or another, most of the places in North Italy, notable either for their picturesque beauty or their historical interest. He seemed to gather energy as he continued his travels; his response to the beauty of the scenery never failed, nor his intellectual eagerness in gathering up the historic memories of the scenes and cities which he visited. In the visitors' book at the Villa Serbell, above Bellagio, where the lovely Como appears as a triple lake, he wrote, "The geographers must have made a mistake; surely the Garden of Eden was here."

From Rallanza on Lake Maggiore he was thrilled by

Figgis of Brighton

the magnificent views of Monte Rosa at sunset and at sunrise. At Milan he will have none of the cavils of the architectural precisians. To him "the Cathedral is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." He does not fail to see Da Vinci's fading fresco of the "Last Supper." It left a deep and lasting impression on his mind.

He had a time of rare interest at Venice, where the English painter, Mr. John Bunney, to whom he had an introduction, showed him around the fascinating city and pointed out its historic features and its architectural beauties. "St. Mark's," he says, "seemed more of an Oriental temple than a European church." The city of Verona, where the children used to point to Dante as "the man who has seen Hell," delighted him much; its Lombardic churches and tombs appealed to his sense of admiration. From Venice he passed to Cortina, where he took part in an open-air service. War, not worship, prevails in those scenes now—1917. He went by barge to Grünnden, and thence on to Nüremburg, where with a shudder he saw the iron Virgin sad.

The ancient world's last treasure,
Where higher and still higher
Zollern sprung,
Burgrave, Elector,
King and Kaiser.
The Iron Virgin
In thy Castle hall
I see; and shudder at the sight,
Grateful, that racks,
And screws, and tortures all,
Have fled before the light.

After Mr. Figgis's serious breakdown in health in 1881, he was compelled to take a prolonged rest, and as soon as his strength permitted he took an extended tour in Central and South Italy, travelling by way of Avignon and the Riviera, where he stayed several weeks. This time he visited Rome and Naples. He greatly enjoyed the coast scenery, and pronounced the Bay of Amalfi to

Figgis of Brighton

be far lovelier than the neighbouring Bay of Naples. He took occasion to visit the ruined classical temples, and spent some time in examining Pompeii. The "incomparable museum" at Naples filled his days in the city with interest. But he returned to Rome for Easter. His Easter Sunday programme is characteristic. In the early morning he was present at St. Peter's at the celebration of the mass, which he notes did not impress him. At noon he attended the worship at Trinity, the English Evangelical Church. Then in the afternoon went to a service at the Scotch Church. At Rome he saw the usual sights, including the Protestant cemetery, where the heart of Shelley lies buried, and where also is the grave of Keats. Very sacred to him was the house of Mrs. Morgan, where he met Dr. Gray, Mr. Wall, Mr. Piggott, evangelical workers in Rome, at a Christian gathering. His main interest at home and abroad remains the same, namely, the extension of the Kingdom of God.

In these continental excursions Paris is often a stopping place, and while by no means insensible to historic memorials and the modern attractiveness of the French capital, nothing within its walls could arouse in him a greater interest than the Christian work carried on by Mrs. Lewis and the McAll Mission at Belleville.

On two occasions he visited the Scandinavian countries, and pronounced them "only less full of interest than the sunny south." The meetings of the Evangelical Alliance took him to Copenhagen, and the two Danish gentlemen, one a clergyman, to whom he had special letters of introduction, received him into their homes and enabled him to see much of the life of the people. "They treated me like a brother," he says. His clerical host took him to his church where the sculptor Thorwaldsen's "Christ and the Twelve Apostles" stand in their separate grandeur. He also induced Mr. Figgis to address, through

Figgis of Brighton

an interpreter, a large assembly at the floating Bethel. But the chief point in this journey was Norway. The romantic scenery of the land of field and fjord made captive his Celtic imagination, and he greatly took to the kindly people of the land. At Christiania he began to learn his lessons in Norwegian travel. Entering Bennett's—the "Cook & Son" of Norway—to equip himself with a guide book, he came out having hired a carriage. But after a few days' experience he found the arrangement unworkable; post horses were not always available, and long delays ensued. So by the advice of a Swedish professor he sent horse and vehicle back *by post*! Then he hired a carriage and two horses which enabled him to travel without change for a most delightful round of four days among the rivers, lakes and waterfalls.

Six years later, in 1890, we are not surprised to find he is revisiting Norway, and this time extending his journey as far north as Molde, to see more of the country; but always with a ready eye for its religious activities. From Christiania his route to Molde took him for a long water journey along Lake Mioson. On the steamer he distributed some illustrated leaflets issued by the Children's Sunday School Mission. He found a boy who could translate them, though he confessed it was the first time he had ever spoken to natives of England. When Sunday came he followed his custom of resting for the day, and seized the opportunity of attending a Norwegian service which he describes with some detail in his notes. It was begun by a layman, who in the presence of the congregation robed the clergyman to take his part. When the Epistle was reached, which Mr. Figgis found was the one appointed for the day in England, the attendant put the chasuble on the clergyman. This part being concluded, surplice and chasuble were laid aside on the Communion Table. At a baptism

Figgis of Brighton

which followed the sermon, the mothers held their children over the font, water being poured thrice over each child.

Molde, Mr. Figgis tells us, lies in a sheltered position: it reminded him of Devon. Its church contains the popular Easter picture, "He is not here; He is risen," often seen in reproductions in this country. From there he went south to meet a party of Dublin friends and relatives. They were a happy company riding in two stolkjærres and two carioles, under the most pleasant of blue skies. Occasionally the driving was startlingly venturesome, especially when they came at a great pace down the steep descent to fair Faleide. The horses flew where English horses would have crawled, and he fittingly quotes, in the spirit of this fearsome gallop,

John Gilpin's ride
Was nothing to our riding,
John Gilpin's horse
Was nothing to our hacks;
John Gilpin's shaking
Nothing to the hiding
That seemed to fall
Each moment on our backs.

Horses we had,
Just suited to our mind, Sirs,
Horses we had,
Just suited to the hills:
Horses they were,
As fleet as is the wind, Sirs,
Or torrent rushing in a thousand rills.

Their Jehu was skilful and apparently a lad of mettle; for he had a quarrel with another driver which he reported the morning following the event. "We were angry last night," he said, "but I had the best angry."

Among the incidents of this journey, Mr. Figgis notes that at Schölt he saw, side by side, instances of selfishness and unselfishness. In the one case it was a party of Germans who helped one another to the trout that was

Figgis of Brighton

being served, leaving none for the other guests at the table. This was a good instance of German kultur. The contrast was the case of some children who passed and repassed some ripe fruit hanging within easy reach outside an orchard, and never touching any of it.

When North Street Church was undergoing complete renovation in 1892, an opportunity was afforded Mr. Figgis of visiting Greece and Constantinople. On this journey he saw many a fair scene, lands and cities which were a delight to the eye, but many of them possessed for him a profounder interest because of their place in the world's great history. He travelled by way of Italy, making a stop at the ancient city of Ravenna; "the deadliest place at which I think I ever stayed," he remarks, but a city which he must visit who would understand Byzantine architecture.

From Brindisi he sailed to Corfu, and felt the strangeness of seeing the shop signs written in Greek characters; but the Greek he had learnt at school and college he failed to discover in the speech of the passer-by. From Corfu he came to Patras on his way to Olympia. It was Saturday, and the last train had gone. He had proposed remaining two nights at Olympia. At the hotel the people—little knowing their man—sought to cheer him with the assurance that he could get through double the work on the Sunday owing to the greater facilities of the day. He spent the day quietly at Patras, making friends with the chaplain. There happened to be a great political gathering that day at Patras, and he heard the distinguished Greek political leader Delyannis addressing a vast multitude.

In the morning a slow train took him to Olympia, where amidst the desolate scene he endeavoured to map out the old stadium, and to fix the course where the racers ran, and the place where the wrestlers strove;

Figgis of Brighton

he also visited the Museum and saw the world-famous statue of Hermes by Praxiteles.

At Corinth, with a guide and a horse, he rode from the ancient pillars to the top of Aero Corinthos. He spent the night at the landlord's house, a mile out of the town. In the morning he was roused by bells and guns, and discovered it was St. George's Day. The landlord produced his prayer-book, and showed him the Epistle for the day. "St. Paul," he told Figgis, "lived near by for some years. All the apostles laboured; but St. Paul laid the foundation of the church." Returning from Olympia our travellers made a circuit of Argos and Mycænæ with its famous gate of lions. An English gentleman who joined their party proved to be Mr. E. F. Benson, who in those years worked for the British Archæological School at Athens. When Mr. Figgis subsequently met him on the Nile, he had become famous as the author of "Dodo." Athens, his next stopping place, with its Acropolis, had much more to show him of classical and scriptural interest than his time permitted him to see. He visited the Marathon. Sea-girt Salamis—a dream of beauty he thought it—he saw from the train. In the midst of his distracting multitudes of interests he pauses to express how good it was to discover a Protestant pastor and his wife at work under the shadow of the Temple of Jupiter, rendering excellent service to the members of the English School at Athens. At their invitation he gave the little congregation some Bible readings.

After a glorious evening he came within sight of the Golden Horn and the city of cities—Constantinople. They took a *voiture* to the Hotel Byzance; but their boxes were carried up the steep ascent by women. It was fortunate that they were able to secure the services of Dean Stanley's old dragoman, George Capadoz, who

Figgis of Brighton

gave them much satisfaction. Constantinople made a very deep impression on Mr. Figgis ; he realized its fine position, as politically important as it is beautiful. He saw the Sultan making his usual Friday visit to the Mosque, with dense crowds lining the way ; the large number of Turkish ladies who turned out for a promenade he noted were as Europeanized as they dared to be. He reserves his highest note of admiration for the night view of Constantinople and the Golden Horn. With some difficulty he found the American Bible House, and to his good fortune a conference of missionaries was being held. There he met Canon Curteis, who had resided in the city for thirty years, and was the writer of Murray's Guide. Canon Curteis had some interesting personal remembrances of Sir Stratford de Redcliffe, who was a true Christian, he said ; his daughters were earnest workers.

Mr. Figgis spent the Sunday in hearing an excellent sermon at the Memorial Church, and one less excellent at the Embassy Church.

There yet remained one journey for our indefatigable traveller to make. In 1896 he went to Egypt and Palestine. He calls it "the crowning tour of my life." The Nile trip he took alone ; in Palestine he joined Mr. Paynter's party. He had already travelled with him in the Riviera and at Rome, and had united with him in convention work. The Egypt part of this programme we may dismiss briefly. It was pursued with his accustomed energy and with a large understanding of the meaning and significance of the land and its hoary antiquities. He landed on Sunday morning at Alexandria, and being too late for the church service he hastily made his way to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute, where he met a number of congenial friends. Mr. and Mrs. Laurence recognized him from his participation in

Figgis of Brighton

the work at Keswick. While at Alexandria he preached twice for his friends.

When at Cairo he visited the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and examined the wonderful National Museum, noting with keen interest the mummy of Rameses II., who is generally supposed to have been the Pharaoh of the oppression.

From Egypt Mr. Figgis went by steamer, via Port Said, to Jaffa. On this journey he met the Bishop of Jerusalem, Dr. Blyth, who knew him well, and expressed the hope that their common interest in the Jews would be a bond of union between them. At Jaffa he took train to Jerusalem, arriving there just in time to attend the prayer meeting which concluded Mr. Paynter's convention. The appearance of the Jews at the Place of Wailing bemoaning the fate of Israel made him sad. He visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and was struck with the number of separate churches beneath the roof—Greek, Latin, Armenian, Coptic, Syrian and others. He took the short journey to Bethlehem, and was more impressed by the place of birth than by the traditional site of the burial. Especially was he struck by the Grotto, where beneath a bright light shone the words, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.)

In Jerusalem he visited the centres of Protestant work, and was delighted with the work done in Bishop Gobat's school. When at Tiberias he visited the Presbyterian Hospital.

At Nazareth he was most pleased with what he witnessed at the C.M.S. School: "The most charming institution of the kind I ever saw" Mr. Figgis calls it. Here the children sang to him the following words:

We are little Nazareth children,
And our Father placed our home
Mid the olive trees and vineyards
Of Christ's earthly childhood's home.

Figgis of Brighton

For the Lord who loves the children,
And was glad to hear their praise,
Cares that Nazareth children know Him,
Do His will, and choose His ways.

For we know that He is coming,
Every knee to Him shall bow,
And the joyous shouts to greet Him
We would raise in Nazareth now.

Jesus, Master, dwell within us,
Make a temple of each heart,
Pure and loving, true and holy,
For Thy service set apart.

At Damascus he was the delighted guest of Dr. Masterman—a member of the distinguished family of that name. He drove Mr. Figgis to an eminence from whence the city with its hundred minarets, amid its glorious gardens of waving trees, appeared like “a pearl set in emeralds.” And, of course, he paid sympathetic visits to the little English church and to the institutions of the Irish Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Figgis left Beyrout on April 15th, 1896, travelling by way of Smyrna, Athens, Naples and Florence, and so ended happily the most extended journey of his life. “Travelling,” he says, “has been my only one luxury, and has been not only the source of physical recuperation, but of mental instruction, being found to supply a constant stream of illustration for both pulpit and platform.”

Figgis of Brighton

TERRA SANCTA.

I love thee, Bethlehem, for there
A heavenly lily broke the sod,—
The Son of earthly mother fair,
And yet the SON OF GOD.

I love thee, Nazareth, for He ran
In thee His spotless, guileless youth ;
And aye in grace with GOD and man,
He grew in wisdom, love, and truth.

But sweetest spot of all on earth
Is where thy lake, O Galilee,
Breaks into smiles like angels' mirth ;
For CHRIST's own foot hath walked on thee.

Sweet is the house, O Bethany,
That in thee memory brings to view ;
For there is heard the symphony
Of love divine and human too.

Gethsemane, I love thy glade
Whose grass with tears of pain was wet,
For CHRIST endured beneath thy shade
His agony and bloody sweat.

But ah ! the hill of Calvary,
The hill of love, the hill of scorn !
For there man's guilt and misery
In love and grace were meekly borne.

Greener than heaven thy pastures stand,
Softer than wing of Gabriel,
GOD's glory fills the Holy Land—
Thy lovely land, EMMANUEL.

J. B. FIGGIS.

Home Life and Friends

CHAPTER IX

THE PARSONAGE.

THERE was no Parsonage connected with North Street Church when Mr. Figgis came to the pastorate. When he visited the church as a candidate for its pulpit he was the guest of Mr. Frederick Tooth, in Compton Terrace. The young preacher seeing a long row of small but pretty private houses opposite to his host's house said to himself: "If I should be accepted as pastor, one of these houses shall be my home." At length, in the providence of God, his wish was realized. It is a singular coincidence that, although he had four homes during his ministry in Brighton, they were all in the same road. At first the name of it was Clifton Road; the town authorities subsequently renamed it Compton Avenue. All these four houses were situated about half way between All Saints' Church and Clifton Road Congregational Church. Mr. Figgis in his humorous way used to consider this a parable of his ecclesiastical position, viz. that he was half way between the Conformists and Nonconformists: this is well expressed in the Latin proverb "*in medio tutissimus ibis.*" To No. 32 Clifton Road, afterwards Compton Avenue, he brought his wife, and here his three sons were born.

After clearing a debt of £8,000 which the rebuilding of North Street had cost, the generous congregation,

Figgis of Brighton

through its committee, said to him, "The weekly offertory is too good to be given up: we should like to continue it, and by that and any other help give you a Parsonage." The weekly offertory referred to was one of the means whereby the building debt had been cleared. The first substantial amount contributed towards the purchase of the Parsonage came as a thank-offering from a visitor. This lady came to Brighton a heart-broken widow to recruit her strength. She attended Mr. Figgis's ministry. A sermon by him on "God is Love" brought her such great comfort and consolation that she manifested her gratitude in this practical way; and almost the last £100 was given by another visitor, a gentleman who always attended North Street when visiting Brighton, and who always gave of his gold in the plate, finally crowning his many gifts in this handsome way.

When sufficient money was raised it was decided to purchase 28, Compton Avenue, and thereby the house became his home for many happy years (1881-1912); and no one appreciated the comforts and rest of home more than he. After frequent travels in foreign lands, which he thoroughly enjoyed; after many deputation visits in the United Kingdom; after pastoral visitations and attending committees and meetings, he invariably returned with a grateful sense of the rest and joy and peace of home. The roots of that home life and happiness can be traced back to his schooldays at Taunton, where he formed a life-long friendship with William Webb Chaffey, who afterwards entered Cheshunt College for ministerial training.

Soon after his appointment to North Street, Mr. Figgis, then about twenty-three years of age, paid a visit to the home of his old school friend Chaffey at Winsham, Chard. It was then that he met the second sister of Chaffey. She had experienced a genuine conversion by giving her

Figgis of Brighton

heart to God ; she had broken with the world and had given herself with unusual devotion to the work of Christ in the chapel whose foundation stone had been laid by her own father. This Christian lady afterwards became Mrs. J. B. Figgis. After one year's engagement, on July 2nd, 1862, they were married at Winsham, in the county of Somerset. The ministers who officiated were the Rev. Dr. Vaughan Pryce, a friend and fellow-student of Mr. Figgis at New College, London, who afterwards held the position of Principal ; and the Rev. William Gooby, the minister of the Winsham church. After visiting Killarney and other Irish scenes the happy couple arrived at Brighton, where the North Street Church gave them a right royal welcome, and presented them with a most exquisite drawing-room suite as a wedding gift.

Mrs. Figgis was well qualified for the honoured and responsible position of a minister's wife. She cultivated interest in all movements within the church, observed a genial and affable disposition towards all alike, indulging in no class distinction. Possessing the qualities of a leader, she successfully presided over a Bible Class, and was wisely prominent in all societies where her influence could be felt ; and in many other ways she enhanced the efficiency of her husband's ministry.

No less tactful was Mrs. Figgis in the fine art of managing and arranging the affairs of the Parsonage. Marks of her care were visible on her husband and children ; her kindness to her servants and the genial reception always extended to visitors were among her outstanding virtues ; and to crown all, she was a woman who feared the Lord. The atmosphere of the Parsonage was one in which it was easy to be devout and reverent ; and she had a big share in the creation of that atmosphere. The concord and happiness of the home were supplemented

Figgis of Brighton

by the advent of three children who were named John Neville, William Chaffey and Samuel Bradley. For these gifts the couple were filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good. These little ones were their common joy and pride. After the birth of the third son Mrs. Figgis's health, which had previously shown signs of failure, unfortunately gave way. Her long continued illness left Mr. Figgis to a great extent to tread a lonely path for more than a generation of years, and the failure of his wife's health was a sad blow to him, and at one time threatened to discourage him and to damp his ardour in the great work on which he had just entered ; but he found God's grace all sufficient to bear this heavy cross, and he experienced that all things work together for good to them that love God.

God draws a cloud over each glimmering morn,
 Would we ask why ?
It is because all noblest things are born
 In agony.
Only upon some cross of pain or woe
 God's son may lie,
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
 Its Calvary ;
For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
 Nor things above
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
 From His great love.

After many years of illness, Mrs. Figgis died November, 1914, and was buried in the grave at the Extra-Mural Cemetery, Brighton, thus preceding her husband by two years, when he was placed to rest in the same grave.

The domestic affliction of Mrs. Figgis's illness was quickly followed by another, viz. the death of their second son, William Chaffey, at the age of eight. Willie, as he was called, was somehow his father's boy, and his death to Mr. Figgis was like losing a part of himself. Mr. Figgis wrote : " He was my ' Isaac, my laughter,'

Figgis of Brighton

yet as I walked at midnight to tell the doctor what had happened, the calm of God came down upon me from the vast vault of heaven, and I did but pray that those left to me might be 'baptized for the dead.'" The Sunday evening following the burial of this little beloved son Mr. Figgis preached under great strain. He took for his text the fitting words: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." The loving sympathy which this grief called forth was the means of considerably extending the circle of his friends. Among the letters of condolence which he received on this occasion were some from Roman Catholics, with whose system of church polity Mr. Figgis had no sympathy, but with whose adherents he always lived on the best of terms.

The vacancy created by Mrs. Figgis's long illness was during some years well filled by his eldest sister Miss Figgis. She was full of devotion and sympathy, and during her prolonged visits she took up the management of the home, and also rendered great help in all the social functions of the church. But her duty to be by the side of their aged father in Dublin during his last years deprived Mr. Figgis of her company and services at Brighton.

Her place was well taken by Miss Chaffey—the eldest sister of Mrs. Figgis—who, sacrificing a home of her own, more than once offered to her, became the "guide, philosopher and friend" to many of her nephews and nieces, as well as a kind and helpful companion to more than one of her brothers-in-law. In Miss Chaffey, who stood by him, Mr. Figgis found the help of one admirably fitted to shine in any social circle. God had blessed her with an abundance of good health, with a cultivated mind and a most genial disposition. In her the two boys found the care and counsel which the mother, owing to her illness, was unable to give. The kindness and service

Figgis of Brighton

of Miss Figgis and Miss Chaffey shown to Mr. Figgis in his days of difficulty helped him to say, whether it blows East, West, North or South—"God is Love."

These sisters of his indulged him greatly by reading to him. He was never tired of listening to friends who read to him. Books which he loved to hear read were biographies, such as the Life of Archbishop Benson; and Travels, such as the Travels of Nansen: sometimes a light book, sometimes a serious volume of theology. They also brightened up the breakfast and tea-table by all kinds of news about all kinds of people. In such ways, and many others, these good sisters helped to moderate his sorrows.

The many helps and friends who stood by him during the life-long grief which God thought fit to send him all tended to mitigate the grief; but the greatest relief came from the affection, devotion and much-honoured careers of his two sons.

The elder son was christened John Neville. Neville is an old family name on Mr. Figgis's mother's side. A cousin of hers became a chaplain to Dr. Philpott, the famous fighting Bishop of Exeter. The boy Neville in his early days was fond of books. He received his first training at the Brighton College, where he was awarded a leaving scholarship, and he also won a scholarship at St. Catherine's, Cambridge, where he had a brilliant career. He was a Senior Optime, and the following year was the only man placed in the First Class in the History Tripos.

It was only natural that the father should rejoice in his son's attainments. On receiving the news he wrote:

"You began well, you have gone on better, and you have ended best of all. I do indeed thank God for

Figgis of Brighton

giving you this joy and honour, an honour and a joy so well deserved.

"I trust that the modesty which made you fear that you would only come out in the Third Class will remain now that you have come out in the First, and will neutralize any danger from your almost dazzling position. . . . Now praying God to bless you and use you just as He will for Christ,

"Believe me, my dear Neville,

"Your affectionate father and friend,

"J. B. FIGGIS."

Mr. Neville Figgis also won University scholarships "The Lightfoot," the second "Whewell," and the Prince Consort Medal, which carried the publication of his essay on "The Divine Right of Kings." After taking Orders he served as curate at Kettering, and later on was appointed to the position of Rector of Marnhull, Dorset.

After a delightful visit to this parish, where he addressed the Centenary meeting for the British and Foreign Bible Society, Mr. Figgis wrote to his son the Rector:

"The visit will be a delightful memory for many a long day, especially the long tables on your lawn, and the hundred people enjoying the hospitality of the Rectory, and then the crowded audience in the school-room. When was it more true—'the eloquence is in the audience.' For I had found it very hard to recall many things I had read, and had quite a jumble instead of an ordered harmony 'in my head.' I enjoyed, too, your parishioners"

A few years later Mr. Neville Figgis decided to resign his living and so be free to join the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield. The father was somewhat taken

Figgis of Brighton

aback by this step. He did not understand the movement, so he wrote :

“ Dear Neville,

“ I hope that your filial heart—and no one could have been more filial—will prompt you to yield to one request of mine, viz., that you will not resign your living nor apply for admission to Mirfield—into the recluse life—until you have joined me in Italy Yes: I will do as you ask in your ‘Ora pro me’

“J. B. FIGGIS.”

Much correspondence on this change passed between father and son. Finally, the father understood that to resign a somewhat luxurious living in Dorset and join the fraternity at Mirfield was an act of sacrifice arrived at after prayerful meditation, and no doubt he was proud to feel that such a sacrifice was made by one of his own sons. He wrote :

“ It was good of you to spare all this time for making things clear to me. Now we will say no more about these subjects which divide, but rather about the many and far greater subjects which unite us. If our eyes turn to the City of God, it is always good to remember that, though there is only One Way, there are twelve gates into the New Jerusalem. I think your idea of poverty beautiful and your self-sacrifice in embracing it wonderful. May God uphold you in the step and grant you every blessing and make your soul as a watered garden and as springs of water whose waters fail not.

“ Your loving father,

“ J. B. FIGGIS.”

During the last few years Dr. J. Neville Figgis has established a reputation in this country and in America as a student, writer, thinker and preacher. The books

Figgis of Brighton

which have come from his pen, "The Gospel of Human Needs," "The Fellowship of the Mystery," "Civilization at the Cross Roads," "Churches in the Modern State," etc., etc., command a wide and intellectual circle of readers. The fact that he did not follow the churchmanship or ecclesiastical conceptions of his father made no difference to their mutual affections.

The father wrote :

"I should like to add that the manifest difference of our views has never made an iota of difference in our affections. If any thinks that this needs defence on my part, I would give it in the words of the great Bishop Butler : 'That the Moral Law (besides being as much a matter of revealed command as any other part of Scripture) is written upon our hearts, interwoven into our very nature. And this is a plain intimation of Christ the Author of it, which is to be preferred when they (moral and positive commands) interfere.' (Butler's 'Analogy,' Part II, Chapter 1.)

"Moreover—I say this for some with whom Bishop Butler's name has less weight—I might quote the reiterated conviction of such a man as A. N. Groves, one of the saintliest of the early Brethren : 'Should it be asked what is to be done with "errors," are they not to bar communion? No. Unless they bar Christ from the temple of the brother's heart.' If this be so in reference to those beyond, how much more in reference to our own household."

In most of his letters to his son Neville Mr. Figgis made references to books, usually commenting on them. On Father Tyrrell's "Christianity at the Cross Roads" he wrote :

"My Dear Neville,

"I agree with every word you say about Tyrrell.

Figgis of Brighton

I am just finishing his 'Crossways'—most fascinating, but so contradictory. Of course, the tilt he runs against, liberal Protestantism, is not against my sort of Protestantism. Indeed, he says so in two passages or more, and his last chapter shows that he has no early hope for Modernism inside Rome . . .

"Your affec: father,

"J. B. FIGGIS."

Writing of his son's own books he uses these words:

"My son's books, written in such striking English, have made profound impression in both hemispheres. People look askance at volumes of sermons, yet I am disposed to rank 'Anti-Christ and other Sermons,' as one of the very best of these volumes."

When his son Neville was winning his spurs at Cambridge the father often discussed the matter of an after-career for him. At first he suggested the Bar, feeling convinced that he would do well as a Chancery Barrister. Then he advised a Fellowship at Trinity College, Dublin, while all the time he was looking for an answer to his prayers, for the upspringing of the divine seed, as he was anxious that all such scholastic attainments should be used in the service of the Christian Church. While the father's mind was exercised on the matter he met Dr. Moule, then Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge. It was on the platform of the Glasgow Convention. The conversation turned to the son Neville. "Pray for him sometimes," said Mr. Figgis. "I do so every Wednesday" was the unexpected but welcome reply. "How good it was of God"—wrote Mr. Figgis afterwards—"to put such a petition into the mind of this 'Mr. Great Heart,' and how graciously Heaven answered his petition."

The father's wish was realized and his prayer answered when he received the news that his son had decided to

Figgis of Brighton

seek ordination in the Church of England. He expressed his joy in the following words : " Need I say what a joy it was to me ? There was just a tinge of regret in the joy that he did not adopt my churchmanship. But he greatly cheered me in this, by saying so filially, ' I am sorry that I cannot come and help you.' "

He was much impressed by the account given in the *Christian World* of Mr. Neville Figgis's first appearance at a Church Congress : " The concluding paper of a session, full of instruction but dull, was read by a member of the Congress of whom much will yet be heard. The Rev. J. N. Figgis discussed ' The Church and the Secular Theory of the State.' The paper was read with that tremendous force, such as the late Hugh Price Hughes used to put into his addresses, and was marked by the same incisive phrasing and earnestness. Nothing quite equal to it has been heard by the Congress."

After taking Orders he served as curate at Kettering ; after a time he returned to Cambridge as curate of Great St. Mary's. He held important appointments for many years and lived the life of a Cambridge " don." He was tutor at St. Catherine's College, chaplain of Pembroke College, editor of the " Cambridge Review," etc., etc. ; and finally left Cambridge to take up his position as Rector of Marnhull, Dorset.

No less was his affection for the younger son Bradley, who turned his attention to Medicine and took the degree of M.D. During his student days he became a distinguished athlete, especially as a long-distance runner, and of him the father once humorously said, " My younger son became an athlete and a student of science ; but I could not follow him in either field." The father used to say that he had two sons addressed as Doctors ; but as it had been pithily said, " one preaches and the other practises." Mr. Bradley Figgis, M.D., settled down at

Figgis of Brighton

Preston Park, Brighton, and, owing to the proximity of his residence, he became his father's constant visitor as well as his son, doctor and friend. In the following words Mr. Figgis expressed the affectionate wish of his heart as well as the prayer of his soul for his two sons. "May God bless the one to the healing of the soul and the other to the healing of the body, and both in further knowledge of Him to whom we owe soul and body alike."

The Parsonage was always a home to the numerous friends who called upon Mr. Figgis. He loved to have his parishioners and friends around him in his domestic circle, and he made a most excellent host. There was no limit to their number; sometimes between twenty and thirty friends—quite a record for any Parsonage—would be entertained to tea. Before starting out on some ministerial duty he would mention that one or two were expected to join him at the evening meal; instead of that number eight or ten would appear—often before his arrival—much to the consternation of the hostess and servants, and sometimes the guests themselves when they were strangers to one another; but the arrival of the genial host soon put matters right and everybody on terms of friendship. Many country ministers and their wives, whose only means of getting a holiday by the sea was an invitation to Mr. Figgis's home, testify to his overwhelming kindness. As one who had the privilege on several occasions of spending a few days with him in Brighton I cannot do better than use the words of a biographer in describing a great Scottish scholar in his home: "His home life was singularly beautiful. In his habits he was very simple, and in his ways very gentle, kindly and considerate. I never saw him angry nor heard him utter a harsh word. He was full of kindness and charity, with no guile or selfishness in his nature. A deep peace and calm ever

Figgis of Brighton

hovered over his spirit ; he lived near to God and was bright and happy always, and the sunshine of his life flowed out to all around him.

“ He was devoted to his family, and they were equally devoted to him. When meal time came he could leave his books and thoughts behind him, and at table talk with humour and interest about daily happenings and events. Truly he was a good man, simple and humble as he was great, and with all his learning he was childlike in faith. I shall never forget the sweetness of his life and character.”

LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF FRIENDSHIP.

During his long pastorate at Brighton, the high place which he held among both Conforming and Nonconforming ministers in the town, his devoted interest in all undenominational work, and especially his devotion to all efforts towards the reunion of the churches, brought Mr. Figgis into contact with a large number of people who were interesting in various ways, some of them distinguished.

It was, however, the religious side of their character, and especially their evangelical faith that chiefly attracted him to the men and women whose acquaintance and friendship he so much valued, and concerning whom he left behind him brief memoranda on which the contents of this chapter are based.

Among them a place of importance is assigned to that excellent nobleman, the Earl of Chichester, whose leadership in all good works, in religious organizations, outside as well as within his own church, made his name to be greatly revered by the religious community at Brighton, and indeed in many other directions. To the honour of the Earl, it ought to be stated, his name was respected

Figgis of Brighton

not the least by the rich and poor in the parish in which his chief residence stood.

The Pelhams are a notable race, and the men who have borne the title in recent years did not need their patent of nobility to give them distinction among their contemporaries. For more than a century they have resided at Stanmer Park, which is situated about four miles from Lewes, the capital town of Sussex.

The Pelham known best to Mr. Figgis's generation was invariably called "The Earl"—a man whose friendship was to be prized. He left Cambridge with no very serious thoughts of life, in common with many other young men of his social circle. He shared the social habits of his contemporaries with great ease, and, on coming into the earldom, went to the races and became the owner of a race-horse. Thus, in the orthodox and conventional way he started, and, to all outward appearance, was developing into a humdrum aristocrat. But the strength and individuality of his character soon revealed itself in a happy way. The second year after he became an Earl, he abstained from attending the races, and wrote a letter to the stewards, stating his objections to racing. This letter was read at the grand stand "amid shouts of derision." Such a courageous act gives us an insight into the character of the man who honoured Mr. Figgis with the most genial friendship.

The Earl soon became a tower of strength to all religious movements in the important Brighton area, where his social position, as well as his geniality and force of character, enabled him to exercise a great influence for good. Reference is made in another part of this biography to his work as President of the East Sussex Auxiliary of the Bible Society, a post which he honourably filled for fifty-three years, not merely as a decorative head, but as one whose interest in the work always found him at his post.

Figgis of Brighton

During the Franco-German war a Roman Catholic Colonel wrote to the Earl as to the means of obtaining a supply of the Gospels for his regiment, and the Earl was happy to forward them as a personal gift. It was through the Bible Society work that Mr. Figgis formed the acquaintance of the Earl. One of the early results of this friendship was an invitation to visit Stanmer, and this gracious hospitality was continued with undiminished warmth throughout the Earl's life. The smooth working of that distinguished household naturally impressed the somewhat youthful guest. Night and morning all its inmates gathered in the great hall for worship, which was conducted by the Earl with hearty devoutness, and on some occasions Mr. Figgis was asked to undertake the duty.

The Earl was the best of hosts, endowed as he was with a charming and interesting personality, and being an excellent conversationalist and a sympathetic listener. He was widely read, had travelled extensively, and met at home and abroad many noted people. Furnished with a capacious and retentive memory he had resources from which he could entertain and edify his guests.

Most fascinating to Mr. Figgis were the Earl's reminiscences of the two Archdeacons of his early days—Julius Charles Hare and Henry Edward Manning. Archdeacon Hare was the leader of the Broad Church party, and the theological antithesis to Manning. He was rector of the family living of Hurstmonceaux for twenty-one years, and had for his curate John Stirling, whose *Life* he wrote—as also did Carlyle.

Hare, after his visits to Stanmer, would, even on dark nights, drive home to Hurstmonceaux, and on one occasion he turned and said, "I want to tell you something—I want to tell you that I am going to be married." "Yes," said the Earl, "and I know whom you are going

Figgis of Brighton

to marry." "No, you don't," bluntly responded Hare; "no one does." "Ah, but I do; it's Esther Maurice." "However did your lordship guess?" asked the astonished Archdeacon. The reply was, "Don't you remember that when we sat together on a certain committee, and Miss Maurice was proposed for office, you said, 'She is an angel'?" "And so," said Figgis, repeating the story, "the Archdeacon married the angel."

The other *oculus episcopi*—"the eye of the Bishop," as Hare used to define the functions of an archdeacon—was a man of greater stature, and of him the Earl had many interesting things to say. But when Manning advanced towards extreme Ritualism, and finally to Rome, their intercourse was naturally broken.

In the earlier period, on one of his visits to Stanmer, while still an Anglican archdeacon, though steering directly towards Roman Catholicism, the Earl and he sat far into the night discussing ecclesiastical problems. After the Archdeacon retired, the Earl took down a volume to verify the accuracy of a statement which Manning had made. He found that it was inaccurate: so the next morning he asked him if he did not know it was inaccurate. "Yes," replied the future Cardinal, "but I did not think you would." Strange as it may sound to Protestant ears, we suppose that the misquotation would be permissible if the intention were to lead the erring evangelical Earl into the true Catholic fold. We are not surprised, however, to find that a severance took place between the two men. When asked directly by Figgis if he kept up any intercourse with Manning, the Earl replied, "No; it is too painful; and I cannot trust him." Later, after he had crossed the bridge to Rome, Manning was in the House of Lords. The Earl was attending a sitting. Lord Petre, who sat next to

Figgis of Brighton

him, seeing Manning walking up to the bar of the House, said to him, "I believe that's a friend of yours. We don't like him"; by the "we" he meant himself and the old English Roman Catholic party, who always regarded Manning with suspicion, and were afraid of his strong democratic sympathies.

One day at Stanmer Park the Earl said to Mr. Figgis, "I have had such a nice letter from Manning." The letter was in response to one written by himself intimating that they were both getting on in life, and that, for his part, he did not wish to pass away without a word to recall their old friendship. "Dropping all ceremony," said the Earl, "I wrote to him, 'My Dear Manning,' and his response was as kind and warm as could be." But the old friendship does not appear to have been resumed. Figgis understood that the last personal visit paid by Manning was in his transition period. He stopped at Stanmer on his way to one of the watering places on the Channel. The object of his journey was to confess a lady, a penitent of Pusey's, whom Pusey was unable to see then.

Remembering the strength and tenacity of Figgis's Protestant and Evangelical convictions, one becomes the more interested in his denunciation of Purcell's biography of Manning as unfair and ungenerous. It stands almost unique as the life of a celebrated man, written while his memory was fresh and green, from the standpoint of his implacable enemies. Figgis's generous Irish blood was roused against a want of fair play on the part of Purcell and his abettors. We cannot do better than reproduce his own words on the subject. Lord Rosebery, he recalled, had called the Life of Manning "the most interesting of British biographies." Figgis then proceeds:

"Interesting it is, no doubt: tragically interesting;

Figgis of Brighton

but if anything could turn the current of opposition to the great English Cardinal into sympathetic regard, it would surely be that travesty of biography. What can be more shocking than that a man should get the secrets of another, should get possession of his papers too, and then write two volumes in which on nearly every important event in his life he stabs him in the dark? Whoever reads Purcell on this personage ought to read Pressensé also."

This refers to two articles which appeared in the *Revue de deux Mondes*, and were afterwards reprinted and translated into English, from the pen of Francis de Pressensé, son of the well-known Edmund de Pressensé. Written by a Protestant they are a cutting criticism of Purcell's work. But to continue Figgis's words:

"I too have other reasons for mitigating the censure it might be natural for a good Protestant to pass on this great Catholic; for I know from a friend as true as Lord Chichester (who, had he lived would have utterly condemned Purcell's attack). This friend told me many secret things of Manning: how he—Manning—would admit that extreme Protestant teachers may be a blessing, 'they may even be a means of salvation, though they cannot give the rites of the church'; how one of his favourite authors to the last was Rutherford's Letters; and how, in a remarkable sermon which he printed when far on in his cardinalate, he warned his Roman Catholic congregation not to trust to Baptism, or the Mass, or to Extreme Unction. 'You may,' he says, 'send for the priest and he may give it you, but the disposition of the heart, that is the one thing needful, and that he cannot give you.'"

Another illustration of Mr. Figgis's stand for fair play was seen in a letter found among his papers. While he was giving addresses at Mildmay on the deepening of

Figgis of Brighton

the spiritual life Charles Bradlaugh was declaring himself an Atheist, and refusing to take the oath as a Member of Parliament, with the result that he was not allowed to remain in the House. To Mr. Bradlaugh he wrote the following letter:

“ June 25th, 1880.

“ ‘ Jesus heard that they had cast him out. And—
He found him ’—John ix. 35.

“ Sir,

“ The above words came to my mind yesterday when hearing at a meeting here of the vote given in the House of Commons, and though a total stranger and at the antipodes of opinion to you, I cannot resist the impulse to write and assure you, in common with very many earnest Christians, I regret what seems to me the unchristian conduct of many towards you. You are too honest, I believe, and too clear-sighted also, to confound such action with Christianity, still more to judge God in Christ from it. Asking your forgiveness for what may seem a liberty, and praying God, in whom I believe with my whole soul, that right may be done and that light may be given.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Yours respectfully,

“ J. B. FIGGIS.”

It was natural that the Earl would have much to say about the Brighton ministers, of whose work he had a generous appreciation, and especially of the incumbents of Trinity. James Anderson he thought was “ the holiest man he ever knew.” His successor, Frederick W. Robertson, of whom too little is recorded, the Earl considered extremely sensitive, and that he often supposed people to be hostile to him who had no

Figgis of Brighton

such feeling. He, too, often delighted to go to Stanmer to unburden his troubles.

There was a great variety of interesting people to be met beneath Lord Chichester's hospitable roof. Mr. Figgis met here Dr. Stoughton, of Kensington, the eminent Congregationalist. He was a frequent visitor, and the Earl paid an annual visit to the Doctor at Kensington. Here also he met the Rev. Henry Wright, the honorary secretary of the Church Missionary Society, whose premature death was so great a loss to the Christian Church. The work of the Society received warm support from the Earl.

But of all the men Mr. Figgis met at Stanmer Park few left upon him so deep an impression as did his countryman Achilles Daunt, Dean of Cork, whose conduct of the family devotions at Stanmer and whose reading of the Scriptures with comments, was an event in the household. The Dean and Figgis wandered about together in the beautiful gardens talking of many things, but especially of their "beloved Ireland." The Free Church at Cork—a regular Church of Ireland notwithstanding its name—was then vacant, and Daunt offered the incumbency to Figgis if he could conform. The Dean looked very favourably upon the Free and Reformed Churches of England which then were becoming a necessity.

Lord Chichester—Mr. Figgis tells us—was a diligent reader of the newspapers and did not hide his liberal opinions; but he seldom talked of politics or politicians. He had a portrait of Palmerston hanging over his bed, and there was an early connection between his name and that of Gladstone. This great statesman, it will be remembered, first entered Parliament as the member for the pocket-borough of Newark. The Duke of Newcastle had, however, offered the seat to the Earl;

Figgis of Brighton

but he preferred to go on with his military studies. In due time he took his commission and served in the Peninsula. He would sometimes speak of his younger days, and would recall his friendship at Cambridge with Marcus Beresford, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, and with John Hey Puget, the architect who built the schools at North Street Church.

A great gap was created in the common religious activities of Brighton when this good man, in the fulness of his years, was gathered to his fathers. He was succeeded by his son, Lord Pelham, a very retiring nobleman. Mr. Figgis's visits to Stanmer then became fewer. The new Earl was good enough to send him one of his father's books, and expressed the hope that the reverence they felt for the late Earl would be a bond between them.

The grounds for such an intimate friendship as existed between Mr. Figgis and the late Earl were lacking ; nevertheless, in the course of years a close and interesting association was formed between them, chiefly through the Earl's religious enquiries. He was not spiritually at rest. When the Countess invited Figgis to deliver an address at the Victoria Hall at Stanmer, the Earl did not attend. He was unable to accept the invitation to succeed his father as president of the Bible Society Auxiliary ; but he was a warm supporter of the Church Missionary Society, whose meetings continued to be held at Stanmer ; and the regular meetings organized by the Countess, a thoroughly devout lady, were always held in the Victoria Hall.

It happened that the speaker at one of these meetings was Miss Coker. Lady Chichester, who knew her well, wrote telling her not to be surprised if the Earl did not attend, or, in case he came, if he slipped away very soon. However, he did come to the meeting, and he did not

Figgis of Brighton

slip away very soon, but was deeply moved by what he heard. Soon after he wrote a note to Figgis expressing a desire to see him. "I am suffering from insomnia," he said, "and from some troubles which I think you could doctor." His troubles were of a spiritual character, and as sometimes is the case, so in his, they were enhanced by the unswerving uprightness of his life. He was also, as was the Countess, concerned about the spiritual welfare of his household. In the interview which followed, Figgis gave him such help as he could. He lent him a book by Horatius Bonar. In returning it he said that it did not suit him at all, except the chapter on Romans vii, and he sent Figgis one of Spurgeon's books entitled, "Around the Wicket Gate." Of this he wrote: "A great deal of it seems to be excellent, that book discussed would meet my case." He had a vigorous mind, as we may judge by a letter which a month later he sent to Figgis. In it he says: "I am immensely interested in the second Dale book you lent me. It is difficult to digest them—Dr. R. W. Dale's sermons—in solitude. Can you recommend me to any one who would read them with me? By 'them' I mean the sermons on the Evangelical Revival, and others."

A personal interview and several letters followed, in which Lord Chichester with much frankness explained his spiritual condition. He had had an interview with some person who, he said, "has failed to diagnose my case." But Hubert Brooke, Mr. Figgis's old friend, had been of greater assistance. To Brooke, the Earl in a letter stated, "I can say 'Just as I am' without wishing to plead any faith or repentance. I can say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Thou hast promised not to cast out any one who seeks Thee." Later he writes, "Miss Coker is fully satisfied that Mr. Brooke is the very best answer to my query."

Figgis of Brighton

On April 10th, 1901, the Earl wrote from Stanmer : " I should have liked to have seen you yesterday, though you called at a time when I am never at home. I continue quite devoted to Dale's books, two of which you allowed me to keep. I want you to allow me to present you with a copy of " The Atonement," which some one borrowed from you in an Israelitish manner." In the same month the Earl wrote to Miss Coker : " It was my study of God's provision that made me determine to leave no stone unturned to get possession of it. And I believe I have now got tight hold of the Lord Jesus and will not let Him go."

All this was very satisfactory, and even the villagers at Stanmer remarked on the devoutness of the Earl, his regular attendance at the church, and especially at Holy Communion. But physically he did not improve, and in 1902 he was gathered to his fathers in the Stanmer Churchyard.

The Countess survived him some eight or nine years, continuing even in a larger measure (being set free from many social obligations during her widowhood) her consecrated services, both at Brighton, where she took a keen interest in Mr. Figgis's work, and at her home at Embrook, near Sandgate, and also in London. No effort to benefit the people, temporally as well as spiritually, failed to win her sympathy. She not only generously supported such institutions as the Police Seaside Home, the Connaught Institute, and especially the Young Women's Christian Association, by financial help ; but gave what is more precious and difficult to obtain from persons of her rank in society, devoted personal services.

It was a happy circumstance in Mr. Figgis's life that the best of all his friends was his own brother, whose heart and home were ever open to him. At Mr. Samuel Figgis's house, at Brixton, Tulse Hill, Weymouth Street,

Figgis of Brighton

and at Hampstead, he met many interesting people : Lord Shaftesbury at a drawing-room meeting, where also he first met that popular evangelical clergyman, the Rev. W. R. Mowll.

When Mr. Figgis first came to London it was one of his great delights to visit his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Smith, who lived at Tulse Hill : he, tranquil and studious ; she, blessed with a buoyancy of spirit which even to the venerable age of ninety drew around her a social group comprising old and young, religious and secular. To this home, later, on his arrival in London, came Mr. Samuel Figgis, with the happiest result. He married the eldest daughter of the house. Of Mrs. Samuel Figgis, the Rev. J. B. Figgis wrote most warmly ; to him she was " a true sister in a thousand loving ways, and one who always seconded the generous impulses of her husband." Of Mr. Figgis's relatives in Ireland we have already written earlier in this narrative.

In Dublin several first cousins of his own name, and a large number of second cousins reside. He had the pleasure of marrying a young lady of his kindred to a gentleman who was one of the secretaries of the " Friends' Foreign Missionary Society," and he somewhat humorously describes the service which, it was requested, should suit " Brethren " and " Friends," as well as members of the Church of Ireland. He carried out the request by calling on Mr. Fegan, who had come specially from London, to pray. Then followed a brief interval of silence. Dr. Wright, of Birmingham, then followed with prayer. The questions were taken from the Prayer Book, and his own address he claims to have been " quite interdenominational." One of the guests bore the name of his own eldest son Mr. Neville Figgis, and he was one of those who later was " killed in action " at the Dardanelles.

Figgis of Brighton

To many Irish homes of his relatives he paid delightful visits through the years ; all were attractive to him because they were closely associated with some religious or philanthropic work. The Bradleys, his mother's relatives, we have mentioned on an earlier page. He formed their acquaintance on his first visit to England, and the personal friendship then formed he retained throughout his life. His uncle at Worcester later settled with his family at Droitwich. They were honourably known for their devotion to foreign missions : one son, Dr. Neville Bradley, is a medical missionary in China ; his sister married Dr. Thompson, a missionary in the Church Missionary Society ; a brother, Rev. Arthur Bradley, at one time a colleague of Dr. Stuart Holden, and later an assistant to Bishop Cassels in China, is now a worker in the Egypt General Mission.

Naturally, the largest space in Mr. Figgis's life was filled by his Brighton friendships. His long and distinguished ministry at Brighton and the special ecclesiastical position which he held, his sympathies extending equally to those of evangelical convictions in the Established Church and to those of the Free Churches, and especially to those associations which combined both, such as Mildmay, Keswick, Evangelical Alliance, etc., brought him a large and varied number of friends. No one had a greater genius for friendship. Where his spiritual affinities harmonized with those of the men and women he met in his church, and in the many religious activities he supported, acquaintances rapidly became friends, and friends became intimates, so that in his later days of vigorous activity, wherever he went, he could never get outside the circle of those who regarded him with genuine personal affection, and who never lost an opportunity of pressing him to partake of their hospitality. And while they delighted in his saintly

Figgis of Brighton

and genial fellowship, he never failed to appreciate their love and kindness. His memoranda are full of beautiful and grateful records of these friends. The years passed, but he never forgot them, or lost sight of them. He followed their children and their grandchildren with undiminished interest and affection. He records with beautiful simplicity the happiness of sitting at their table, especially when the social meal was followed, as it invariably was, by a season of spiritual fellowship. He could look out from his window in Compton Avenue and view the large house where once dwelt his earliest and warmest personal friend at Brighton, Mr. Tooth, Sunday School worker and treasurer of his church; the inspiration of his building scheme; a constant social companion and fellow traveller, as well as working hand-in-hand for the things of God. After his "home-going" he records that his widow continued to be an attached friend, as did the daughter, and the granddaughter at Dublin was always ready to give him a welcome.

He recalls the faithful services of Mr. Sawyer, long superintendent of the Sunday School, and his eldest son, a lawyer, an efficient worker; also Mr. Aylen, a church worker, a man of rare piety and quiet zeal, most excellent in council. Mr. Edwin Packham breathed the spirit of Christ. Many retired officers reside in Brighton and Hove, and a number of them attended his ministry. General Hoste, C.B., was a loyal worker, his sons and daughters following nobly in his footsteps; two of them becoming missionaries. General Stileman was another faithful worker. Colonel Duncan Mr. Figgis met at the Evangelical Alliance Convention at Basle; he and his wife rendered service in the great mission held at Brighton. Colonel Roberts's friendship was formed at the Cage Lane Mission, Plumstead, and became a worker at North Street and at the mission in Windsor Street. When he left,

Figgis of Brighton

his place was taken by Colonel James Philips and his devoted wife. In their hands the work so prospered that it became the Brighton Central Mission. Mr. McLean and his family were devoted friends of Mr. Figgis: to them is due the building of the Presbyterian Church in Hove. He spent many happy hours in their homely residence.

Miss Coker, already mentioned, was an excellent Christian worker; she and her sisters joined North Street Church.

Of two ladies, sisters, workers in his church, Mr. Figgis says that they ought to have been men, then they would surely have been bishops; for they were given to hospitality. Another lady had a facile pen, and with her help he was able to publish his "Keswick from Within" and "Visions."

It was a happy arrangement of his that with his leading church workers he often formed a touring party either in this country or in Switzerland.

Of Dr. Lowdell and his wife, notable religious leaders, more space should be given. She was from Miramichi in New Brunswick. She became indeed a "Mother in Israel." Over a hundred young ladies formally held her as a mother to them in spiritual things: they were proud to be called her daughters. Four gentlemen were permitted to have a place in this family. Mr. Henry Edwards was the first, Mr. J. N. Winter—who was the beloved physician to Mrs. Lowdell and Mr. Figgis—was the second. The third was Mr. Robert Wilson, chairman of the Keswick Convention; and Mr. Figgis was the fourth. The fortnightly prayer meetings held at Miramichi were marked by great earnestness and intensity of feeling. They gathered at the tea-table; then followed the real feast—hymn, prayer and address.

It was through Mrs. Lowdell that Mr. Figgis formed

Figgis of Brighton

the acquaintance of two Russian ladies. The younger was married to an Irish landlord, Mr. Crichton: he was of Scotch descent; he took seats at North Street, and this attached them all to Figgis's ministry. Some of the male members of the family joined him in a visit to Engadine. He visited the aged mother who with her son resided at Wiesbaden. The portière who took in his card announced that the caller was "a priest dressed as a man." He was on one occasion the delighted guest of the eldest son on his Irish estate at Sligo.

At their Brighton home he met interesting people: Miss Hogg, sister to the philanthropist; Mrs. Anna Shipton, Dr. Baedeker, and also Mr. Macartney. Mr. Figgis's friendship with a family of kind helpers in Brantridge Park is of unusual interest. A cousin of the family, thinking her life to be in danger, had taken refuge in the Roman Catholic Church, and had Cardinal Manning for her director. The curious thing is that she carried into her new communion a mind of her own, had very broad sympathies, and attended North Street Church—or at least she did until one Sunday morning she happened to be present when Mr. Figgis was delivering one of his occasional highly Protestant discourses. She acknowledged that she had no right to complain; but she said to him, "I cannot stay," and resigned her sitting, and for a considerable time was lost to his sight. She was a great lover of the Bible and used the Authorized Version. Stranger still, she used a copy bound in red velvet which had belonged to Cardinal Manning, who had ceased to use it in order to habituate himself to the Douai Bible. This remarkable lady, who had been led to North Street by the desire "to kneel where my aunt kneels, and pray where she prays," would come down from London after an interview with her Cardinal director and attend the week-evening service to hear

Figgis of Brighton

Figgis preach. The Cardinal knew of this and raised no objection, and when Mr. Figgis during this period paid a visit to Italy he received from Manning a card to introduce him to the head of the English College at Rome. Among other unusual views for a Catholic to hold, this lady held that priests ought to marry; and that the services of the church, though she herself knew Latin, should be in the vernacular; she even refused to give a sixpence to have mass said for any one. Then she hated Mariolatry, and went so far as to walk out of the church when it was being preached. On this point she was so earnest that she went to Birmingham to see the other great English cardinal, Dr. Newman, to ask him if she was obliged to pray to the Virgin. His reply, so she reported, was, "Not obliged: for it is not *de fide*; but I think you will be a loser if you do not pray to her."

Mr. Figgis, whose Protestantism could never be called in question, saw many good points in Dr. Manning—"the great ultramontanist," as he calls him. For instance, the Cardinal would offer extempore prayer at the altar rails; and when passing a street preacher, Protestant though he should be, he would lift up his heart to God, and ask for a blessing on the word of the open-air preacher. These views would certainly indicate that the Cardinal was the right kind of director for a lady who became a Catholic, and yet declared she could not live without evangelical services. After a long absence she resumed her attendance at North Street. Before Mr. Figgis's Jubilee Celebration meeting, he and Dr. F. B. Meyer dined at her house; after which she accompanied them to the service. This Evangelical Romanist often attended the ministry of Dr. Campbell Morgan, and distributed Dr. F. B. Meyer's books by the score to nuns and others. One can only hope that they read them.

Figgis of Brighton

With Dr. Butler, her confessor after the death of Manning, she read, during a retreat, first the Bible, then Dr. Meyer's "Isaiah," and later his "Shepherd Psalm." When they came to the words "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death" Dr. Butler said—"Beautiful, beautiful! but I must go." A few days later he died; his last words were, "How sweet to go and be with Jesus." The lady also soon followed, and in accordance with her last wish Mr. Figgis officiated at her funeral.

We can easily understand the mutual friendship and co-operation of Mr. Figgis and Mr. and Mrs. Kinloch-Cooke, and their devoted family, including their only son, later known as Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke. The father had been a member of Dr. Brock's church, and the mother belonged to Canon Melville's congregation; they both found that they could unite easily in the church at North Street. Nor is it strange that Mr. A. A. Head, so well known at Keswick and other conventions as a delightful president, should welcome Mr. Figgis to his family circle as a frequent guest. No friendship has been more fruitful than that of these two souls.

One of the memorable experiences of Mr. Figgis's life, into the enjoyment of which we can most easily enter, was his visit to Cambridge when his distinguished son, Dr. J. Neville Figgis, delivered his third Hulsean lecture on "The Gospel and Human Needs," now so widely known in its published form. He was the guest of his old Brighton friends—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Crosfield, who had settled at Cambridge. He spent a busy Sunday, beginning the day by accompanying the Crosfields to the Friends' Meeting House. There they had two addresses: one by a Don, clear, compact and expository; the other by a captain of industry, which was earnest and inspiring. Miss Stephen—sister to Mr. Leslie Stephen—quoted

Figgis of Brighton

a beautiful verse from Isaiah ; some one then prayed, and Mr. Figgis followed with another prayer. He had then to hurry off to lunch with his son at Dr. Foakes-Jackson's. Along with Dr. Jackson and Dr. Knight, now Bishop of Gibraltar, he went to hear the lecture-sermon at St. Mary's. The congregation seemed to a stranger as though assembled for a funeral occasion : from the Vice-Chancellor downwards, all the men wore black gowns, the only hood worn being that of the lecturer. On ascending the pulpit, which had been moved to the centre of the nave, Dr. Neville Figgis announced the hymn, " Praise to the Holiest in the height," after which he offered the " Bidding prayer." Then for fifty minutes he held his great audience spell-bound as he developed his theme, " The word made flesh," giving the greatest satisfaction to his father when he declared that " nothing but the complete identification of Deity with humanity can meet our needs."

After tea with the Crosfields Mr. Figgis went to the service at Trinity College. The contrast with the afternoon service at St. Mary's was striking. Instead of being attired in black, most of the undergraduates were in surplices ; and instead of all sermon and no service, they had all service and no sermon. At the close of the service Dr. Barnes, who is now Master of the Temple, invited Mr. Figgis to dine with them. It happened to be judge's day ; and Mr. Figgis noted that the undergraduates finished their meal and hurried away, while they at the high table had only reached the third of their " far too many courses."

Next day, calling to thank Dr. Barnes for his kindness, he found him occupying the " guest rooms." They had been tenanted by Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, when he was Professor of International Law, and he had decorated the ceilings with his arms. Soon after, Lord Goschen,

Figgis of Brighton

who had joined the political seceders, came to Cambridge and was lodged in those rooms. Speaking after dinner he thanked Trinity for its princely hospitality. The grand room in which they had lodged him, he said, at first inclined him to melancholy; for looking up he read "*Ver non semper viret*," which means "the spring is not always green." But by a curious sense of humour which belongs to motto seekers, by joining the *ver* and the *non* it becomes a tribute to Harcourt; for it then reads "*Vernon semper viret*," which means Vernon is always fresh and strong. "If Vernon," said Lord Goschen, "is always strong, it is a poor look-out for us Unionists." But when he looked up again and read, "*le bon temps viendra*," he took heart again, since those French words mean—"the good time is coming." The happy Cambridge visit ended with a visit to the Union with his son Neville.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell one afternoon entertained at Brighton a number of great preachers to tea. There sat at the table Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple; Dr. MacLaren, of Manchester; Dr. F. B. Meyer, of Christ Church; Rev. J. B. Figgis and Mr. Campbell himself. One would like to know what topics were discussed by this quintette of pulpit forces.

Even to name the people who made up the large circle of Mr. Figgis's friends would take up more space than can be allotted to this subject. One could write at length of Sir Christopher and Lady Rawlinson, at whose residence near Chichester Mr. Figgis often stayed, and who often attended his ministry at North Street; Mr. Corrie, a barrister, and his family who attended his ministry; Canon Hoare, of Tunbridge Wells, who told Figgis that he remembered Charles Simeon once saying—"You young men are content to preach with your lips; I preach with my eyes, I preach with my arms, I preach with

Figgis of Brighton

my fingers;" Mr. Edward Gedge, of Redhill, whose daughters became missionaries.

Naturally, Mr. Figgis would have a host of friends in Ireland. There was Mr. and Mrs. John Grubb Richardson in the North of Ireland, who constrained him to share their hospitality. Their beautiful house was near the town of Bessbrook—"that wonderful town without a public-house, without a pawnshop and without a policeman." Their son was in Parliament, and the father was once offered a baronetcy—which was not accepted—through the commendation of Mr. Gladstone.

Many others could be mentioned, if space permitted; also a large number of ministerial friends whom he greatly valued.

A FRIEND OF GOD

We have said that Mr. Figgis had a genius for friendship, and he found the companionship of God's people a source of help and inspiration. One of the inspired writers refers to Abraham as the "Friend of God." Those who knew anything of the inner life of "Figgis of Brighton" will surely join us in conferring the same title upon him.

On Sunday, September 3rd, 1916, he passed away at the age of seventy-nine. While resting in sleep, he was gently touched by the Divine finger and taken Home. In this quiet way a long life and a faithful ministry, which covers more than half a century, was peacefully closed.

At the funeral, which took place on the 9th September, representatives of all the missions and movements Mr. Figgis had helped and encouraged were present, and many hundreds who came to do honour to the memory of a beloved friend. The service was conducted

Figgis of Brighton

in North Street Church, the Revs. W. S. Lister (minister at North Street) and H. S. Gregory, M.A. (minister at Emmanuel), taking part. Bishop Eldridge, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, at Mr. Figgis's own express desire, gave the address.

"How shall I close my address?" said the Bishop. "How but as I began? 'And they glorified God in me,' said the Apostle. As in our grief to-day, and yet in our gladness, we think of the life and labour of this dear companion and helper whom the Lord, with a mother's tenderness, put quietly to sleep on Sunday, whom He gathered like a shock of corn fully ripe into His garner, whom He took as a weary child into the love and loveliness of the heavenly home—as we think of him, let us praise God on his account. And should there be one soul here that heard his voice but did not heed his message, oh that such a one might listen again to the Gospel invitation to repent of his sins, to accept the Lord Jesus Christ by faith as his Saviour, and to consecrate his life now and for ever to the service of God. Thus shall the work of our beloved brother follow him."

Laid to rest in the family grave in the Extra Mural Cemetery, Lewes Road, Brighton, he awaits the resurrection.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay :
Some friendly barks that I anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm or gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

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